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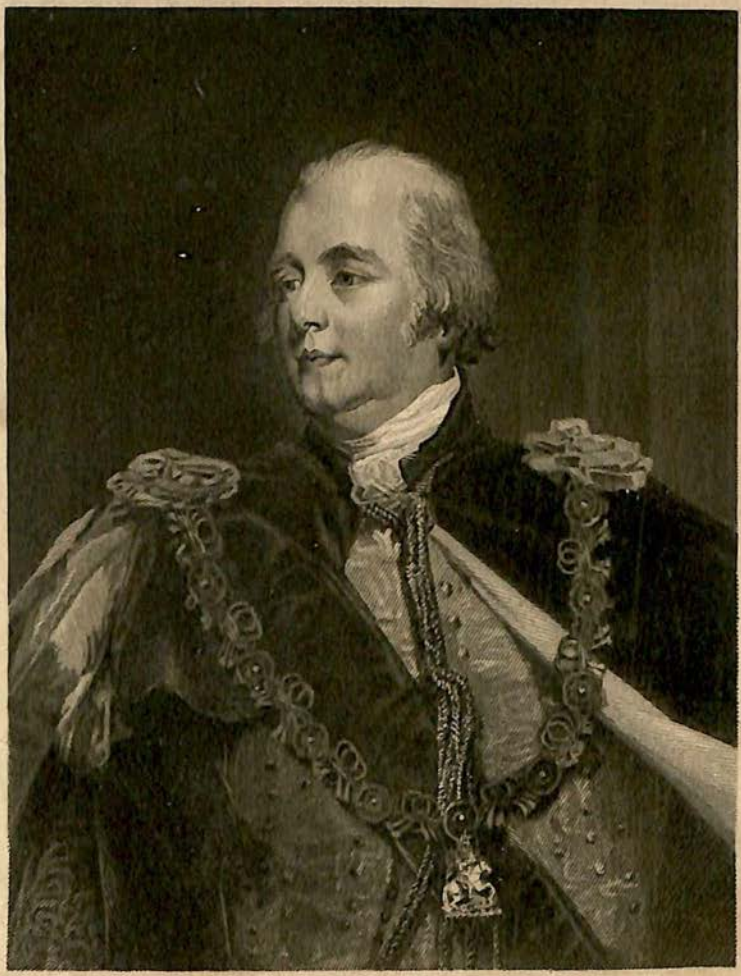

Richard
Duke of Buckingham & Chandos.
K. G. &c

London Hurst & Blackett

THE PRIVATE DIARY

OF

RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

AND CHANDOS,

K.G.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

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In the tenth chapter of the second volume of the "Memoirs of the Court of George the Fourth," there will be found an account of the remarkable political changes effected by the retirement from office, through serious indisposition, of Lord Liverpool; but the extraordinary struggle that ensued between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning could not there be done justice to. The reader, however, has now an opportunity of learning from a reliable source the secret history of the Court and the Cabinet during the more eventful portion of that memorable year. Such an exposition of ministerial intrigue does not exist in any published work; and whether the high authority on which it rests is considered,

or the distinguished characters there dealt with so freely, it must be acknowledged to be of singular interest.

Of the Canning Administration, as originally formed, only one member has survived to the year 1861. The then Secretary-at-War is our present Premier—a Minister evidently of resources corresponding with his wonderful experience. The revelations that have affected the reputations of other public men pass harmlessly over his—indeed, Lord Palmerston appears to have borne a charmed life; for, though constantly in the heat of party conflict, his good name has never received a wound.

It is not necessary to enter into any long explanation respecting the remarkable work presented to the public. It is throughout the genuine Journal of one of the most intellectual leaders of his time, and most intelligently tells its own story. There is, however, a private interest attached to it, to which it would be a mere affectation to avoid all reference. The lamentable position of the head of this once wealthy and influential family of Grenville has long been publicly known. How the embarrassments commenced under which the ducal resources finally collapsed, it is not necessary here to explain; but

unquestionably they existed before the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos succeeded to the title. His father had lived with princely magnificence; his expenditure in the luxuries of art and literature was enormous; and the munificent spirit with which he maintained the Royal Family of France and its numerous followers, during their residence on one of his estates, not only drained his exchequer, but burthened him with debt. Neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. took the slightest notice of the obligation they had incurred—apparently regarding such imprudent generosity as the natural acknowledgment of their exceeding merit. But with their benefactor the evil of pecuniary embarrassments increased year after year, till it became imperative that his expensive establishments should be reduced, and that he should go abroad till his large estates could be nursed, so as to meet the heaviest and most pressing demands. The Duke was a member of the Yacht Club, and now had a new yacht built, named by him *The Anna Eliza*, in which he purposed taking a long voyage. No member of his family accompanied him, and his suite, independent of the officers and crew of the vessel, consisted only of his Secretary, Chaplain, Surgeon, and a few domestic servants.

A Diary was commenced and maintained with regularity—broken only by occasional indisposition, and is printed as written, with some unimportant exceptions. The deep interest the writer continued to take in the affairs of his own country is constantly appearing in its pages, and was kept up by communications from England by Lord Grenville, the Duke of Wellington, and other able observers or actors in the shifting drama then proceeding.[1] Not less evident is the interest with which he watched the critical state of the principal governments of the Continent, then on the eve of a convulsion that threatened more than one of their dynasties. At the several courts at which he resided the Duke received confidential communications from their representatives, including the celebrated Chateaubriand. Equally remarkable will be found his accounts of the various members of the Buonaparte family with whom he associated—then anxiously waiting for the opportunity that might open for some of them a way back to the honours they had lost. In short, the Duke of Buckingham's high character, quite as much as his rank, was recognised by favours conferred on no ordinary tourist; and he

[1] See these Letters, published in the "Memoirs of the Court of George IV."

has been enabled to draw a picture of the States of Italy, which, although the government of these countries has recently completely changed, cannot but be recognised for its general fidelity. It also may lay claim to artistic and scientific merits, rarely to be found in combination.

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DIARY

OF

RICHARD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G.

CHAPTER I.

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JULY 3rd, 1827. Sturges Bourne[1] writes me word that a vice-lieutenant must, in decorum, be appointed during my absence. Fremantle[2] writes that Canning looks dreadfully ill, but *says* that he is better—that, to be sure, the weakness of Government is apparent, and will be so until it is seen that the patronage of the

[1] Then Secretary of State for the Home Department.

[2] Right Hon. W. H. Fremantle, Privy Purse to the King (George IV.), soon afterwards knighted.

Crown is really in the hands of the Minister. Binning's[1] peerage is settled. The King well. Tone of the Duke of Wellington to Fremantle that he will not be at the head of, nor act with a systematic Opposition, and that, somehow or another, before the next meeting, he expects to see the Duke again at the head of the Army. All one can say to this is, *vide* Peel's language in the House of Commons, and the Duke's conduct in rejoining the Army the other day without communication with his friends.

I work in the museum, and take a dismal ride with Chandos.[2] In the evening Sir Stephen Glynne[3] came from Dropmore on his way to Hawarden. I go down to the manuscript room to take leave of the poor Doctor.[4] He scarcely spoke, but, beginning to talk about thanks, gratitude, &c., I stopped him, and endeavoured to speak cheerfully to him, and of seeing him again. I then kissed the old man's forehead and left him. I felt deeply the parting with an old friend. He shewed no emotion. Is this an enviable state of mind to be reduced to? And yet if old age is not blunted by apathy how sharp must be its edges!

4th. The poor Doctor leaves Stowe. This terminates

[1] Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington and Baron Binning in the Scottish Peerage, created Baron Melrose in the English Peerage, July 1827.

[2] Marquis of Chandos, the late Duke of Buckingham.

[3] Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire.

[4] Dr. Charles O'Connor, the Librarian at Stowe, to whom the Duke had been a most liberal patron—printing at his own expense the costly works illustrating the early history of Ireland, compiled by the Doctor. He had long been unable to afford the slightest service—indeed was imbecile, to some extent insane. Dr. Dibdin has left a kindly notice of the librarian, in his description of the Duke of Buckingham's literary treasures. Dr. O'Connor died the following year at Balanagare, Roscommon, the seat of his brother, The O'Connor Don.

a connection of twenty-nine years. He leaves me in the greatest possible aberration of mind. For the last three days he has been packing and unpacking and repacking, and at last leaves three trunks corded up and directed with the greatest care, with the keys on the table, saying to Broadway that they must be examined by a justice of the peace, and then forwarded to me. All his letters and papers he leaves scattered about. His books he leaves as my property, which, in fact, most of them are; but there are the thirty-six copies of the "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," which I gave him, and some other books, which indisputably are his, and which I sent after him with his trunks untouched, and the keys sealed up. My own letters, and those of my family, I see scattered about; I put them all up in his papers and leave them. He lost one of the keys of the ebony chest in the mess-room, which we are obliged to have opened.

To shew the wanderings of the poor man's intellect, he went yesterday or the day before to Broadway, to tell him that he had been to the kitchen door, which was shut against him; that he was famished, for that I had ordered that he should have nothing to eat in the place, and therefore that he begged Broadway would give him some victuals as for himself. Broadway tried to reason him out of the folly; and when he found that he failed, he went to Pool, the steward, who assured him that no such order was given. The poor Doctor had never been near the kitchen-door, and had just been eating a hearty luncheon when he told them so.

5th. I took a ride with Chandos round the park. I determine to turn all the red deer into the park, and then liberate their paddock for more productive purposes. Shewed Chandos where I wished trees to be planted in the old park. In the evening I drove out with my poor wife, and remained out until ten o'clock at night. She

bade adieu to every scene, of every former favourite haunt. In silence we drove up and down, until at last, after the moon had risen upon us, we came to the flower garden, and sent home the carriage. She burst out into a violent fit of tears, in which I participated without saying a word. In this manner she went through the two gardens, and left them in silent sorrow. I gave her a rose which I gathered out of the garden as we passed, and I know that she treasured up the *last gift*. I never thought that she loved this place enough to make her grieve so much about leaving it.

6th. I took a ride with Chandos and Brown, the gardener, and fixed the planting of next year. I also marked out the piece of kitchen-garden to be attached to the keeper's lodge. The Groves dined with me. In the evening I drove with the four ponies through the woods to the Siliton Lodges, and home by the Dadford Road.

I hear from London that Lord William Bentinck is to go out Governor-General. Thus terminates Wynn's[1] friendship and gratitude, and Canning's honesty, Canning having himself told Chandos that it was impossible he could send Lord W. Bentinck. I shall now decidedly act with Peel, and see the King before I go, to tell him so. I expect my brother[2] and Lady Nugent to-day. I talked over with Broadway my plan of the new apartment which I purpose occupying myself, when I come home from the evidence room to the servants' hall. It is very practicable, and at small expense by fitting the apartment up with groined arches like crypts, which will appear like introductory apartments to the manuscript room. The principal expense will be cutting the window down.

[1] Right Honourable Charles Williams Wynn, at this time President of the Board of Control. [2] Lord Nugent.

Lord Aboyne[1] is talked of for Ireland. This, if true, is a Conyngham[2] job. Two turtle arrive. I send one to be dressed and potted, the other to be preserved.

I have applied for leave to make Chandos, Pigott,[3] and Fremantle joint lieutenants during my absence. Chandos at first affronted, but it went off again. Precedent against him, as when I went to Bordeaux with my regiment I made Lord Grenville, my brother, and Pigott, vice-lieutenants. I see plainly that he wished to pick a quarrel, but could not.

7th. In the morning I selected from amongst a great heap of things sent for me to look at from Birmingham, articles in steel, cutlery, &c., for presents in the Mediterranean. I rode in the afternoon, but found it dreadfully hot. Captain Schomberg came to dinner.

Lord Binning made Lord Melrose. Canning is represented to be very unwell, and the impression very strong that the Government cannot last. The Duke of Clarence[4] begins to be dissatisfied with the Government, which is too economical for him, and refused him £450 per annum to pension out fifty old masters and commanders, in order to make room for others. This is being penny wise, &c., as, if the Lord High Admiral promotes these people and gives them ships, which he has a full right to do, they will cost the country more, and get a retiring pension at the end.

It is at length finally arranged that Lord William Bentinck goes to India. But who to Ireland? My brother and his wife came this evening. She deeply regrets that they are not coming with me. I hear from

[1] Charles eldest son of George Gordon, Marquis of Huntley.

[2] Henry, first Marquis of Conyngham.

[3] Colonel Pigott, of Doddershall Park, Bucks.

[4] His Royal Highness had lately been appointed Lord High Admiral.

Chabot[1] that he is ready to meet me at Havre de Grace whenever I choose.

8th. I receive a very affectionate letter from my wife. She wants me to sell my house to the Duke of Gordon.[2] I offer to let it, but I know that the house will be worth at least a third more when the works are finished. Budd and Robson quarrel, as I expected they would, and I shall drop between them. My son behaves extremely ill to me, not recollecting that he put me into Budd's hands—forgets himself entirely, treats me as if I was his groom boy, and refuses to take any steps to get me out of this new difficulty. I express myself warmly on his conduct towards me, and his lordship sulks the rest of the day. I wrote to London to endeavour to set things right.

I propose to Schomberg to come with me to the Mediterranean. He declines, lest he shall put himself out of mind by keeping out of sight of the Lord High Admiral. The language of the latter is, that he has nothing to do with politics; and he told George[3] that I was the only person fit in these times to go to Ireland. George raised the objection of the Catholic Question. The Duke said the time might come when those objections would not pass. George thinks that Canning has so biassed and tampered with the two parties that neither of them could serve the country without him. This would mainly depend upon whether the friends of Mr. Canning would stick by him *out of office*. But I have no idea that his health will stand the tide of the next session. Vance is called in, and he states it to be a case of great

[1] Vicomte de Chabot, a French courtier in the suite of the Duc D'Orleans. Several of his letters are printed in the "Memoirs of the Court of George IV."

[2] George, third and last duke. Died in 1838.

[3] Lord Nugent.

exhaustion, and that they have bled him too much. Huskisson, too, is very ill. Amidst all this illness a great finance plan is talked of.

Some say the Duke of Portland[1] is to be ostensible Minister. But this I don't believe. My brother says that he himself has refused office. This I don't believe. He refused to tell me what it was. He declares that the King will not have a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. I asked George why he refused office? He answered, because Lord Lansdowne[2] was not in office, and the Catholic Question did not lay straight before him. I asked whether the Catholic Question not laying straight before him prevented Lord Lansdowne from holding office? He declared such to be his opinion, and that of others.

9th. George entered into a detail of his reasons for not continuing the communication between me and Lord Carlisle,[3] beginning by a misstatement, viz., that I had broken it off. This I denied. I again declared that I could not act with Canning and Wynn; but with Lord Carlisle I had no objection to enter into discussion; and that having none then, I have none now. There it rests, and nothing will come of it.

To-day, the weather very hot and calm; as Chandos and Ledbrook were standing upon the cascade on the rock talking to each other, an oak fell over into the water. There was no appearance of decay, until it appeared that there had been an old leak, and the water had completely undermined the tree. Morgan of Bil-

[1] Lord Privy Seal in the Canning Administration, and Lord President of the Council in that of Lord Goderich.

[2] The Marquis of Lansdowne succeeded Mr. Sturges Bourne as Home Secretary.

[3] George Howard, sixth Earl of Carlisle, First Commissioner of Woods and Forests under Mr. Canning.

lesden, lost all his fish the other night. In twenty-four hours, or forty-eight at most, many hundred brace of every kind of fish died. Of course they suspected poison or narcotics, but dead fish have been examined and the water analysed, but nothing could be discovered. It is possible that the late hot summer may have produced some poisonous weed, hitherto unknown, in the ponds. He has lowered them all, but I have advised him to let them go quite dry, and take a crop of some grain upon them, in order to produce fermentation.

Everybody is in amaze at the five dandies having succeeded in persuading the mother of L—— to accept invitation to themselves and their second or third daughter. In short, their prettiest and youngest, to the exclusion of the other, and of as many chaperones as possible. One of the dandy youngsters of the *fête* could not get even his mother asked. What will they do next?

George says that Canning is looking worse and worse every day, and that he may die, but that even then the Tories cannot come in. I see that the former "Too bad" is a very sore subject, and I think a very serious one. I do not see how Canning can answer this simple question: "The paper was a private one in your office. Then Mr. Brougham[1] saw it, took it from thence, carried it off to Lansdowne House, where it was given to Tommy Moore,[2] by whom it was conveyed to the *Times* newspaper office. You were Secretary of State for that department — how came Mr. Brougham by the paper?" I know that if the case had been mine I would have brought it to that office long ago.

10th. The Duke of Portland goes out entirely. Lord Lansdowne takes the Home Seal, Carlisle the Privy Seal,

[1] Afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux.

[2] The Poet. His odes to Cash, Corn, and Catholics were then in course of publication in the leading journal.

Sturges Bourne the Woods and Forests. How can the Whigs do this without carrying the Catholic Question?

The secret whispered, overheard, repeated, and reported at the Horticultural *fête* was this: —— was overheard whispering to —— that the King was determined not to be caught in the trap which was set for him; that he had taken alarm at the progress made by the Whigs, and said he should settle it all by turning out Canning. Bates comes from London, and brings with him our passports, &c. He says that the general talk of London is, that there must be a change of Government. George repeatedly told me that he had refused office. I don't believe it.[1]

11th. This is a very heavy day with me, people pressing me on all sides with business, and my heart longing to be alone. God's will be done!—but my mind is very low, and I cannot look at the scene of my childhood, manhood, and age, for perhaps the last time, without a very, very bitter pang. Some feelings, too, of sorrow swell in upon me and help to overwhelm me. But although I have cause for regret, I have none for self-reproach. My country and my neighbours have been the better for my money. No unworthy pursuit has consumed it. With a little management and the blessing of God, I may yet recover and pass what age God gives me in comfort. My reason tells me all this, but my feelings fight against my reason and prostrate my strength. Reports from London state the situation of the Ministry to be anything but as satisfactory as Ward[2]

[1] Lord Nugent subsequently received from the Whigs the appointment of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

[2] The Hon. Robert Plumer Ward, M.P. He had been a Lord of the Admiralty and Clerk of the Ordnance—more recently Auditor of the Civil List. He was the author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," and other literary works.

asseverated it to Chandos, at the Quarter Sessions, to be. Canning and Lansdowne are said to be at war, and that Canning cannot redeem his pledge about the Catholic Question. If this be so, the whole Government will fall to pieces. Both parties are trying to get the Duke of Gordon. He is nibbling at my house. I close the evening by a melancholy drive and visit to all my dear scenes. Adieu dear, dear Stowe!

12th. My grandchildren took leave of me, and the little girl was deeply affected and cried. Even the little boy repeatedly bade me good-bye. My old servants could not speak, but grasped my hand in silence as I passed: and thus I left my poor dear old residence of my fathers. Reached Dropmore in the evening. I gave my grandson a prayer-book and a testament. To my little girl I gave the "Pocket Encyclopædia."

I gave a letter to the Lord Steward, to Dymock, and sent him on to the Royal Cottage. In the letter I mentioned the being at Dropmore, and the anxiety which I felt to kiss the King's hand before I went away. In the evening Dymock came with an answer, appointing me the next morning at one o'clock.

I found Lord Grenville well in health, and fine and sound as ever as to mind. But he is shrunk, altered, and more infirm. My uncle Tom quite well. Lady Ebrington[1] alive, and although quite in a hopeless state, it does not appear that any active work of death is rapidly going on. Mr. Price, the picturesque, and his son and his wife were here. She rather pretty but in bad health. The father is an old man of eighty, who has been upon the full gallop all his life after the picturesque, is still as active as ever in pursuit of it, eats enormously of everything, and complains of the weakness of his

[1] The Lady of Viscount Ebrington. She died shortly afterwards.

stomach. But he is very entertaining in conversation. Rogers[1] is also here, as agreeable as ever, and as satirical; but not looking well.

13th. I went to the King, according to appointment, and was received most graciously. He made me sit down, and I had an audience of near three hours. He had kept me waiting, owing to some boxes arriving from London. He therefore sent the Lord Steward to entertain me, offer me refreshments, &c. I began by asking him about his own health. He is much altered and aged, walked but feebly, but still without assistance, but complained of his knees. This conversation related at first to his own health, and to that of his old companions in the gout, Lord Forester and others.

I then told him that I could not take advantage of his gracious permission to leave the country, perhaps for some time, without laying at his feet the testimony of my deepfelt gratitude for his great goodness manifested to me, and the assurance that he had not a more attached and grateful servant than myself. I was the more anxious to do this, because the times had been such as to place me in a situation not to be able to prove it in the usual way by service or support.

He then exclaimed: "Ah! these are indeed strange times, and it is a strange political atmosphere which we are breathing."

I replied, "So strange, Sir, that I cannot breathe it, and I retire to avoid it."

He then, hardly allowing me to say a word, entered himself into a detail, for two hours uninterruptedly, of the whole circumstances attending the late change, and most clearly made out a story against Peel and the Duke of Wellington, the truth of which I cannot doubt, and

[1] Samuel Rogers, the banker and poet.

which perfectly surprised me. The King, on the political "smash" of the Ministry, urged the Government to hold together, and to choose some one—he cared not who, Protestant or Catholic—to recommend as Prime Minister. That, of course, he could not admit the situation to be elective, but that if they would name anyone that would hold them together on the principles of Lord Liverpool's Government, that man should be his Minister.

Twice he saw the Duke of Wellington, and twice said the same thing to him, urging them to unite—and twice the Duke of Wellington declined himself suggesting any person, specially saying that he could not be his Minister, that he had gained all he wished for, more than he had hoped for—that he had been bred up amongst camps and armies, that all his political views had arisen out of, or had been secondary to his military proceedings, and therefore that he *could not* be his Minister; that as to a purely Protestant Government, it could not be made.

The King suggested several names—Bexley, Bathurst, &c., &c. Why not make them sticks to rally round? No, they would name nobody, and the Duke of Wellington persevered in excluding himself.

At last Peel, who had kept a very high and mighty bearing, declared himself ready to meet Canning upon the subject; and after their meeting Peel wrote to the King to say that one had been suggested, but that he would wait upon the King, as he did not like to put the name in writing. In the meanwhile several delays occasioned by Peel intervened, and at last after Tierney had declared that he would ask a question in the House of Commons about the Government—that he must do so to keep it out of other hands—Peel came to the King and thundered out the Duke of Wellington's name.

The King, having been refused twice by the Duke himself, and having under that refusal announced that he was not to be the man, said he would not then, in the last moment, in the eleventh hour, have a man crammed down his throat; declined the Duke, and suggested *any other;* and then upon, for the first time, a refusal being given to act with Canning, refused the Duke of Wellington, named Canning, and then the resignation took place—the Duke of Wellington leading the way, because his own suggestion had been adopted; and he followed it up by throwing at the King's head the whole of his employments, military and all. The King begged him to keep the army. No—all or nothing!

Now, the Duke had an entire right to say that he was the fittest man to be Minister, and the only one to keep parties together. But he had no right to protest until the last moment that he would not be the man, and then employ that last moment in putting the pistol loaded with his own name to the King's head.

With respect to the Corn Law, when the King found that his own brother was against the Government upon that subject, he sent the Duke of Wellington to them; and the Duke told the King to be easy, for that he had "castrated" the Bill of all that could be objectionable. That very bill *he* threw out! It is plain that the Duke meant to be King, and failed. So much for Canning's nomination.

Now, as to the Whigs, I found this was the same part with the King. I asked him if he had any hope that they would stand steadily by him on what both he and I considered the best interests of his country?

The King's answer was, "*Alors, comme alors.*"

I then asked him whether he did not see that the Whigs would pledge him much closer to the carrying of that question, the Catholic, than any other public body

would? His answer was, "*Alors, comme alors!*" Canning has pledged himself never to press me upon that subject, and never to be a member of the Cabinet that does!

I begged to have that repeated to me, that I might be sure of the fact. The King repeated them, and then said: "As yet he has kept his word, and I think he will go on and do so; but, by God, the moment he changes his line, he goes—and, of course, I look only to my Prime Minister. It is his business to complete his Administration upon the same principles on which he himself consents to form it, and it is no business of mine to look further."

He then entered into a long detail of his opinions on the Catholic Question; and I gave him mine, assuring him that with my anxiety to see that question carried, nothing would induce me to acquiesce in it, unless the promise of the veto, in some shape or another, was conceded to him, and that I thought it perfectly unfit to pledge him upon a question beforehand, on which the Constitution gave him a right to decide as a King—that it was enough to press the question when the time for it arrived, and then, under the circumstances of the moment, it would be for his Majesty to decide whether he would agree to it, or continue to receive the counsels of the Ministers who thus pressed the question upon him; but that previously pressing him upon that question was like pressing a question upon both Houses of Parliament for their opinion before you would agree to be a member of them.

The King then went into the whole argument against the New Opposition. The House of Commons is safe, the Lords not so—but that they had the summer before them to try conciliation in. "Canning has been desperately ill. I have told him to get well, to take care and

give no one additional offence, and we must take the chances of the next Session."

I then requested him to remember how often I had had the satisfaction of finding His Majesty agree with me in opinion, that the unmixed Whig principles, as now existing or named in common parlance, were not suited to the feelings of the country—how often we had seen the Whigs fail the country at a pinch, and how lately they had turned upon him personally and outraged his country's interests as well as His Majesty's feelings. What assistance could he look to from them?

He replied: "I cannot help it; you may be sure I cannot forget the past. But where else could I go? I did all I could short of making the situation of Premier elective. I offered to take anyone whom they would name, Protestant or Catholic, provided I could have kept the thing together. Canning from the beginning was ready to undertake the task. I told them so. They expressed no feeling against him personally at first. I only asked them to name—they declined. I must have a Minister; the Opposition threatened to storm my citadel. I again urged them. They again refused, and in the last moment, when they saw that I was driven to the wall, they pressed upon me the very name which they and the individual himself had repeatedly declared was the *only* name that could not and ought not to be put forward! I then had no resource but to direct Canning to write the note to the Duke of Wellington, which you saw, and all the occurrences which you are aware of followed. If it is the great devil that has been forced upon me, it is they who have done it. I did not want Canning in the Government upon Castlereagh's death, but they forced him upon me. Now they wanted in the same way to force Wellington; but I am, at least, somebody in the State, and have shewn them that I will not

be bullied. "The future must take care of itself. Now, as to the Opposition, the Corn Bill has held it together; but draw the Catholic Question round it, and what becomes of it? Like a salamander, it must expire, surrounded by its own fire."

The King expressed much indignation against Lord Mansfield,[1] who had accused him in the House of Lords of having changed his opinion on the Catholic Question.

"He lied. Had I been an individual I would have told him so and fought him. As it was, I put the Archbishop of Canterbury in a fright by sending him as my second to Mansfield, to tell him he lied. The Archbishop came down bustling here to know what he was to do? 'So,' said I, 'go and do my bidding—tell him he lies, and kick his behind in my name!'"

After the King had gone on in this manner for a long time, I took up the cudgel, and in very few words told him that he had related much that I had not heard before, much that I had, but higher coloured and stronger stated. That he certainly had been ill-used. That, in the first place, experience had taught us that wherever was the Prime Minister there also must be the patronage of the Crown. This alone would have prevented him from making the nominal Prime Minister in the Lords, and the effective one in the Commons. Lord Rockingham, Duke of Portland, Lord North, Fox, Pitt, his father Chatham, Lord Grenville, and Fox again, Liverpool and Castlereagh, were all illustrative of this. The choice, therefore, lay between Peel and Canning, and Peel had all along refused unless he could have made an exclusive Government, which he knew he could not do. Then they ought to have given the King fair

[1] William, third earl, died in 1840.

play, and the means of making out of the public men round the throne, under Canning, the Government which they had declared they could not do themselves—and that the attempt in the last hour to put the Duke of Wellington upon him, was a measure avowedly to take him prisoner, which he could not submit to.

He did not change my opinion of his Minister. Mr. Canning had taken advantage of His Majesty's goodness to me to browbeat, insult, and proscribe me. In the Whigs I could not place confidence. I hoped His Majesty would find reason to approve of their conduct. If he did they must change it, for what they had pursued was not calculated to give that approbation. But I had no cause in common with the Opposition, and could not assist them in persevering in a line of taking His Majesty prisoner and binding him hand and foot in the manner in which he had described to me. That I felt I owed everything to him. He had continued to me my father's honours, although opposed to his Minister. He had augmented them, and had placed me upon one step only lower than that upon which his throne was placed, and had done so in my case alone. That I felt I owed him a debt of gratitude, and that he never should think even that I had forsaken him, or would forsake him—that I would prove it now by humbly placing in his hands—not his Minister's—all the support and strength which I possessed; and that so long as he found reason to support Ministers, I would place my strength in his hands to do the like; but especially requested him to understand that I would have nothing to say to his Minister.

The King thanked me most warmly, expressed his gratitude, said he should never forget it, and I then kissed his hand. His Majesty wished me my health, again expressed his gratitude, and I left him.

I returned to Dropmore—related to my uncle what had passed. He approved warmly of every part of the line which I had adopted. I then told him that the best proof I could give him of my intentions to act honestly by the King, was to put my proxy into His Majesty's hands, to do what he pleased with. The poor man cried bitterly, as he said, with joy at seeing us in the last hours of his life again acting together, and this remunerates me for all. I leave Dropmore, and regret to say, with the conviction that the scene there cannot last long. His mind is unchanged and as strong as ever, but his form is sadly shrunk, and continues visibly to weaken.[1]

I came by Englefield Green. Fremantle was at the Cottage during my audience. *My belief is, that he was sent for.* The King followed me out, and then called Fremantle, related *part* of what had passed, expressed himself much pleased, especially with what I had said on the Catholic Question, and then said, "I shall not make use of these expressions of the Duke, but I have now a right, which I shall clearly exercise, of calling upon him to assist to carry me through my difficulty."

Thus I have established myself in the King's confidence, and have made it necessary for His Majesty to call upon me the first time Canning and the Whigs come to blows, which *must* be soon. It is plain that the King does not look to the permanence of the Government. Indeed it cannot last unless the King gives his Minister his support and patronage. As yet Canning has none. Two bedchamber situations and the Gentleman Pensioner are open—and who will appoint to them? Bishop Percy was appointed directly in the teeth of Canning. Lord Chancellor Manners[2] still refuses to put the King's seal

[1] Lord Grenville survived till 1834.

[2] Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He died in 1842.

to Dogherty's appointment, and is not recalled. Then Canning is not Minister.

Fremantle thinks the King is ready to go even the length of dissolution of Parliament. But this I take to be a Windsor threat. If things are not better at the next meeting of Parliament, the Ministry must go to the wall. The Duke of Gordon, pressed by the King, refuses office under Canning. In my way stopped at Eton, and met Sir Scrope Bernard by appointment. Executed deeds, transacted some business, and then saw young Nugent and Cholmondeley, whom I duly *pouched.*

I forgot to say that the King declared he knew that the Duke of Wellington was acting under the influence of Lord Grey.[1] I asked the King whether he did not think Canning had had communication with the Whigs long ago? The King said he thought not, from his language to him respecting them. My interpretation of all this is, that both the Duke of Wellington and Canning were determined to start for the plate, and that the Duke was third and was thrown against the post.

I found Sir Edward East and Gower here. Low at thinking that I have parted from Lord Grenville for the last time. Fremantle *hinted* that Chandos might have Lord Courtown's office, the Pensioners, and reserve his Catholic opinions in the fullest manner.

16th. I wrote my brother a bulletin of what passed with the King, from Dropmore. I find everything in great beauty here. I detailed to the Duchess and Sir Edward East all that had passed with the King. The latter approved, the first of course not, for nothing would please her but my joining the Tories. Nothing can equal the beauty of the flower-garden and conservatories, &c., and all the new improvements tell wonderfully. Captain Neville

[1] Earl Grey of the Reform Bill.

called upon me and offered me "some shells" which he had collected, and which he said were of no use to him. I said he ought to give them to his sisters. He said they did not care for them. Hollis came over and bored me.

The kitchen-garden in good order, and more fruit than at Stowe.

17th. Receiving from Wilcox a very slack letter about the yacht, talking about "a fortnight more," &c., I sent off Alexander to him with a letter, saying that unless he engages to be ready for sea on the 24th inst., he is immediately to give up charge to Lieutenant Radcliffe, and understand that he is not to go with me. He tells me what I know to be lies, viz., that he has been detained for the windlass. N.B.—I have a letter saying that the windlass was on board *a month ago*, and for the topmast fids. Now, unfortunately, her sails were bent and her royals across a week ago. How could that be if the topmast fids were not come? What I suspect is this, that Rubie and Wilcox have caballed to keep me until after the regatta at Cowes, in order to shew off the yacht. Alexander returns in the evening with a penitent letter, declaring that he will be ready on the 24th. I shall keep him to his word, and on the 25th he shall get under weigh and run over and fetch Chabot.

Tichbourne (Rob) and his wife dined here. The mother called. Neville's present of "a few shells" came over here, being a wardrobe containing a large and beautiful collection, arranged and ticketed. I am really annoyed at the splendour of the present.

The Duke of Gordon declines my house, it being too large for him. Offer it to Lord Bute.[1] Receives a letter from George, outrageous at my joining the King, and not the Whigs. He evidently sees my plan of holding

[1] The second marquis—he died in 1841.

the reins between the two contending parties, and sees the probability of the downfall of the Whigs. He treats the pledge of Canning not to press the Catholic Question as a lie of the King's. Says that the outline of my conversation with the King was known in London the day after I was at Windsor. I dare say it was. There was no secret in it, and I dare say the King communicated it to the Minister immediately.

I wrote to Lord Cassillis[1] to tell him what had passed, as an old friend, and one who used to agree with me, and to propose to him to hold my proxy. Fremantle told me that he had joined the Tories. The Duke of Gordon refuses office under Canning.

19th. My children and grandchildren arrived to-day. Chandos is evidently very low. I have not yet talked politics with him. Young Neville came here, and did the honours of his collection of shells, which is beautiful, and wholly made by himself. He is an eternal talker, and an egotist; but not without cleverness. I had a long letter from George, strongly urgent against the line which I have adopted, and declaring the King to tell falsehoods, and to intend to deceive. I prefer trusting the King to the Whigs.

20th. I entered into the whole detail of what had passed with the King to Chandos, who acknowledged the advantages of the line which I had adopted, and saw the almost necessary result of the Ministers quarrelling, and my being called in. But I see that his objection lies too deep to Canning to be got at and removed, and that although he sees my support is the least satisfactory thing to Canning in the world, given as it will be given, and that it is much better calculated to turn him out instead of keeping him in; yet it is "support," and not

[1] See his letter to the Duke, "Memoirs of the Court of George IV.," vol. ii., p. 346.

opposition to him, and that Chandos cannot bring himself to. Household office he dislikes, because of the personal *gêne*, and of the obligation which it puts him under of maintaining Canning so long as the King chooses. He says that from some hints dropped by Peel, he rather suspects that the result of my interview with the King has been anxiously looked to, and is known.

Tindall[1] went over to Chandos at Waltham, and in the course of conversation said that Brown had told him that I had been with the King. This he might have got from my servant on his return. But it proves how every step I take is watched. I fished with Chandos, and then did what I have not done these twenty years, I went into the bath and took a swim. It was very refreshing, not cold, and did me much good. I found that I could swim as strong as ever. I drove with my wife and son through the woods, and finished the evening by looking over the beautiful charts of the Mediterranean, and the coasts of Greece and Italy. They are a collection of the very best Admiralty charts from the Hydrographic Office, and are corrected down to the last moment by Captain Smyth himself.

21st. The Duke of Wellington has been sent for by the King. This has caused great speculation. They say there has been a kick-up in council. If this be true, this is the consequence of my visit to the King, and is the commencement of a change. But it may be that the King feels the burthen of the army too heavy upon him, and that it is necessary to place it in other hands. However this may be, Chandos is determined to clear it up, and wrote off an express to Peel, who is at Strathfieldsay, to say that he wishes to see him. He means to tell him what passed between the King and

[1] Sir N. C. Tindall, then Solicitor-General.

me, and to claim on his own part a knowledge whether there is anything doing elsewhere.

Lunn arrived from London, and says that the unpopularity of the Government increases every hour, and that it is considered impossible for Canning to stand. A late ecclesiastical promotion in favour of a very unworthy object at Cambridge, merely because he was a friend of Lord Lansdowne, has given great dissatisfaction, and Lunn says that there is a sense and a knowledge of existing and increasing jobbing going on, very detrimental to the existence of the Administration. My own conviction is that there must be a blow-up on the Catholic Question, and that the King will force that forward, in order to get rid of the Whigs—the faster now that he knows he has friends who will stand by him.

Lucy Tichborne that was, Mrs. Nangle now, called here two days ago, and was most desirous of seeing me before I went. She evidently meant to draw a strong contrast between herself and her bullet-headed brother of Tichborne House, who has taken up Brother Dogherty's quarrel, without knowing what it is. She and her husband Mr. Nangle, with Robert Tichborne and his wife, dined here to-day. I was the more glad to see her because she acted in opposition to the wishes of her family. Mr. Nangle is a gentlemanlike man, of a sickly appearance.

26th. From my last date to the present I have been travelling about from place to place, to Ryde and Southampton, and on board of my yacht. Upon the whole, I like her, but she is certainly too sharp forward. Whether the breadth of her beam will remedy that defect it is impossible to tell until we have been at sea. But the delays on the part of all have been abominable, and the conduct of Rubie, the builder, disgraceful. He has turned her out of hand in a state which would disgrace

any dockyard. My presence has served to drive them forward, and I think they certainly will be ready to sail on Monday. Wilcox is ill—much, I believe, from vexation. I like my second officer, Radcliffe, very much.

I passed a whole day at Ryde. My poor little cottage is beautiful, and the trees grown so that I should not know it again. Lord Tenterden[1] takes it for a month on Monday next. Admiral Locke returned with me to the vessel. Percy Gower with me. Lunn remains at Southampton, superintending arrival of instruments, &c. Ship holds more bottles and goods than I expected. My own cabin beautiful, and great height throughout. As the object of all parties is to extort as much as possible, I have insisted upon all accounts being referred to arbitration.

Southampton Races. Great crowds of people. The Wilsons here. Bates goes over to-morrow in the steamboat to Havre, to notify to Chabot my reasons for not calling for him before. He is to remain at Havre and buy French luxuries for the table, which he is to bring off with him when he finds us off the harbour. My brother here. Chandos also returned. Saw Peel. The King *sent* for the Duke of Wellington—again tendered the Army to him. He refused. The King repeated word for word the conversation with me. Peel said that this was the game which Canning now was playing. He had told the King that the House of Lords was against him, and that the King must make as many friends as he can, or he cannot carry on the Government.

The Duke of Gordon has refused. Lord Cassillis sticks by Peel, and declines holding my proxy. Lansdowne accepted the Seals, giving the same pledge that Canning did, not to press him upon the Catholic Ques-

[1] Sir Charles Abbot, recently raised to the peerage.

tion, nor to suffer others to do so! Chandos asked Peel whether *he* (Peel) would in any respect compromise any part of his line on the Catholic Question? He answered "No"—that he had taken his line and must abide by it.[1]

Thus, then, all action with Peel is at an end. I cannot be blamed for voting with the King, and at the same time for maintaining my own principles on the Catholic Question.

I write to Lord Grenville to explain the terms on which my proxy is to be held by him or any one else. I bar the Corn Law, the Test Act, and the Unitarian Marriage Act. I also send Fremantle the copy of an extract to shew the King, in order that he may see how entirely my support is his and not his Minister's! This may do good. The King expressed to the Duke of Wellington the pleasure which his seeing me had given him.

[1] It is well-known how completely he altered this determination.

CHAPTER II.

Sail in the Yacht from Southampton—Adventure with a Snake—The Duke of Clarence at prayers—Bay of La Hogue—A Welsh Idea of the Sea—Madame de Genlis and the Fishermen—A Yarn about Trafalgar—Land at Gibraltar—Excursions—Sir George Don—A Sunday at the Alameda—Charles the Tenth's Account of the French and Spanish Combination to secure Gibraltar.

AUGUST 4. I was sworn in on Thursday a Free-man of Southampton. Yesterday we lay all day in the Itchen, vainly endeavouring to get out. We fastened a steamboat to our vessel, but she only dragged us on the mud, and we were obliged to drop our anchor, and remain all night. This morning two steam-vessels towed us out, and then we came spanking down at the rate of ten knots an hour, to our anchorage at Ryde. The townspeople saluted me with nineteen guns—I returned thirteen. We came down only under our top-sails, spanker, and jib. We passed Lord Yarborough at anchor, under quarantine, nine days from Gibraltar; a good heavy hulk of a vessel. It is twelve feet out of the water, and looks like a good clipper. Mr. Vernon came on board to examine my yacht; building one of his

own much the same size as mine. Admiral Locke came on board and dined with me.

Before I left Avington a curious and unpleasant accident befell my brother George.[1] He and Mr. Lunn were coming home from bathing in the river, and found a snake, upon which they immediately began philosophising, believing it to be a common grass-snake. He bore it with great good humour, until at last he endeavoured to get up George's coat-sleeve, who, resisting the intimacy, the snake bit him in the hand. They killed him; and then Lunn began to suspect it was of the viper species, although different from any viper he had ever seen, but he certainly had fangs. George's elbow and arm swelled prodigiously: he took some eau-de-luce immediately, but at dinner grew faint, and was obliged to leave the table. But all was going on well when I left Avington, and continued to do so as late as last night.

The Duke of Clarence at Portsmouth asked me to dine—declined; also asked to all the Admiral's dinners; also declined, as I am anxious to get to Havre de Grace, where Chabot and Bates are waiting for me. Sent Jones to the Duke of Clarence to get leave for his carpenter to go with me. All my crew dead drunk the morning before leaving Southampton: mutinous and ungovernable, and the captain doing nothing to prevent them.

5th. All the fore part of the day remained at anchor at Ryde. Morning beautiful, and the wind north-west. At half-past ten we had divine service. A salute was fired from the ships at Spithead, in harbour, &c., and which we found out was because the Lord High

[1] Lord Nugent, author of "Lands Classical and Sacred." 2 vols.; "Legends of the Library at Lilies," 2 vols.; "Memorials of John Hampden," 2 vols. Died Nov. 27, 1850.

Admiral embarked to go on board the "Victory" to church from the dockyard, a distance of perhaps 200 yards. I think his Royal Highness might have said his prayers with less ostentation. He certainly did not pray like us Publicans; but whether the Pharisees' prayers, sent to Heaven on the smoke of a 24-pounder were more acceptable than the noiseless aspirations going on at that moment in every part of his Royal Brother's dominions, God, who is the Judge of all, will one day let us know. When the royal prayers were over, and again he embarked to seek the shore, another salvo of artillery announced to the world that the royal devotions were concluded. The Russian frigate at Spithead added its thunders to announce the news to St. Nicholas and the Greek Church. This is all in singular bad taste. To announce this royal sacrifice, all Portsmouth on shore and afloat were kept from their devotions. If Pope had been alive, who in keen measure satirized the wafting the soul "on a jig to Heaven," what would he have said, and in what terms would he have denounced the soul being bolted up into heaven by a cannonade? It was understood that his Royal Highness went to church on board the "Victory," to avoid attending Lady Grey's Dockyard Methodistical chapel. I know not who preached there, but I do really think that whoever prayed there had more chance of being heard than the Lord High Admiral of England amongst his thunder.

Lord Yarborough[1] got pratique this morning, and sailed

[1] Charles Anderson Pelham, Baron Yarborough, well known as a zealous patron of yachting. He was created an earl in 1837. Since his decease in 1846 this favourite rendezvous of members of the yacht club of which he was president—Appeldercombe Park, near Ventnor, Isle of Wight—has been turned by a speculator into an hôtel, under the auspices of a joint-stock company; the scheme, however, proved a complete failure.

for Cowes. His ship looked as ugly under sail as she did at anchor. After the men had done their dinner we weighed anchor, and departed, with a fine breeze, for Havre. The wind lulled away, and the evening was beautiful.

6th. At half-past nine o'clock this morning we anchored in the little road of Havre de Grace. Hoisted my banner and fired a gun: Chabot and Bates hoisted a red flag in answer. At three o'clock, P.M., Chabot, his son Philip, and Bates, and the party that went on shore, returned laden with all sorts of things, eatable and drinkable. We got under weigh at three o'clock, P.M.; the wind is at north-east. We crossed the Bay of La Hogue, the scene of one of our great naval victories—

> "Where Tourville on the main triumphant rode,
> To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep."

The moon cast its pale rays over the scene, but the spirits of the dead lay quiet in their watery grave; and the reflection that we were passing over the waves that covered them did not bring with it feelings strong enough to check the rising sickness of my companions.

7th. At daybreak we were off Portland, and at meridian had left the Start behind us. The breeze continues favourable, and the vessel is rather more steady. Our sick begin to shew their sallow faces from below, but they are still very melancholy. I have directed a quarter-bill to be made out in case we meet an enemy, and after dinner I shall sound the bugle to quarter. The distresses of last night were various: the cook was pitched out of his berth in the middle of the night upon his head, and everybody had some moving history to tell. The little Norfolk dumpling of a maid casts a round face upon us like a full moon in a haze every now and then upon deck; and the Welsh cook-maid blesses

her stars, and wonders how the sea can be so sickly a place, as she has always heard of people going into it and to its borders for their health! However this may be, she never saw it before, and hopes never to see it again. The evening closed in beautifully, but a nice breeze continued, and we saw the Lizard light about eight o'clock for the last time.

8th. Two sharks followed the vessel the greater part of the morning. One was about four feet long; but we were too busily employed all the morning to mind them. In the evening Sharp, who was ill, wanted a hot mess, and all the fires were out, so I dressed it by my self-acting blowpipe, which answered beautifully—a quart of water was set boiling in less than four minutes.

12th. We have not fallen in with a single vessel, except an American brig, which spoke us in true Yankee fashion, to learn her latitude and longitude; for, as her master said, "he guessed he did not rightly know his westing." He was bound from Havannah to some place in the Bay, we could not make out what, as we passed very rapidly. We are now off Peniche, and shall make the Rock of Lisbon to-night. I must go upon deck, because of the sea: we hourly expect to get into smoother water as we get under the land. Yesterday the crew and marines were exercised to their guns and small arms, and did very well. We have at least one old sailor to each gun—to some two.

13th. The sea went down as we approached the Spanish coast, and ran down that of Portugal. We still, however, keep out of sight of land, having left the Rock behind us. At six this morning we were close under Cape St. Vincent, which we rounded at eight, and then for the first time encountered a southern sun and sea. The mist lay so heavy on the land that we saw but little of it. Still, we had a pleasant breeze,

which carried us on steadily and pleasantly, and every fly which had been crawling about our cabin came up with us to enjoy the life-inspiring scene and feeling.

Two or three fishing-boats are in the horizon, anchored to heavy logs of wood, being out of soundings. About midday one of them lay directly in our course, and we made them haul up their lines, which were full of pink bream and rock cod. We began to look about for the means of conversing with the fishermen. No one on board understood Spanish or Portuguese, so Captain Bates was loudly summoned, who, on the first intimation of having his linguistical talents employed, had dived down below to prepare himself for the important task; and when he appeared again on deck, with his thumb marking Madame de Genlis's "Manuel des Voyageurs," which he held in his hand, and with a loud and sonorous tone began, "Amici Pescadore!"—the astonished tenants of the boat stared, and at last pulled off their caps, believing him, I suppose, to be the padré of the vessel, or St. Peter come again to preach to the fishes. However, Bates could go on no further, even with the help of Madame de Genlis; so he held out a piece of pigtail tobacco to his auditors, to whose bargaining faculties it spoke volumes, although naught to their pious feelings. In a moment the ship's side became a scene like that of the Tower of Babel of old, which, however, ended in the purchase of all the fish and all the grapes the poor devils had on board. The fish we paid for in silver, the grapes and figs, which were their sea stock, with biscuits, of which they seemed very fond, and a dram. The bargains being concluded, and the Babel conversation closed, I was very glad to break off the communication with the boat, in which were eight sailors, as dirty as possible. Their fish, however, and their grapes, well washed, were excellent.

Evening closed in. We cleared our guns for action, loaded them, and delivered out small arms to our passengers, and filled the marines' cartridge-boxes; as, although we did not expect to be attacked, it was as well to be prepared against a set of lurking thieves, who would give us no credit by being beat off by us, and would treat us marvellously ill if they ran upon us suddenly with one of their sharp galleys and took us. In the evening an immense shoal of porpoises, full a mile and a-half in length, passed plunging by us in pursuit, to the north and west, probably of a large shoal of fish. A cloud of "sailors" attended them. We fired two or three rifle-shot at them, but they passed on, heeding us not.

14th. The morning is come, and no Algierians, Tunisians, nor Moors of any kind have touched us or come near us. The day beautifully fine; but a fine breeze carrying us across to Cape Spartel. No land in sight. As it at present holds, the wind will be dead against us in the Straits. At eleven o'clock the thermometer was at 74° in the airiest part of the shade of my cabin. In the evening we made Cape Trafalgar —the action was fought within five miles of the place where we were, and the wind was just the same. Carphy, the boatswain, had been in the action on board the "Britannia." We called him aft, and made him tell the longest story he had of the action, which he did with much unction and interest; and when I bade him go below and give his mess a can of punch, and drink the healths and memories of his old comrades. The rough sailor's eyes filled with tears, as he turned round, hitched up his trousers, and walked off the deck. It appears evident to me, from all the conversations which I have had with many who were in the action, Sir Thomas Hardy included, that some inexplicable reason exists for

the latter not complying with Nelson's last order, "Anchor, Hardy! anchor!" Hardy told me that many of the ships had their anchors and cables shot away; but still that does not account for the signal not being made—and if it had been made, it could have been obeyed, and most of the prizes would have been secured. The most extraordinary anxiety was manifested to destroy the vessels which had been taken, even unnecessarily. That on board of which Carphy had been sent to take possession of had been secured, jury-masts had been got up in her, sail was got upon her, and she made three knots per hour. In two other tacks she would have been safe in the Gut of Gibraltar, when a positive order came to destroy her.

15th. At one o'clock this morning we made Cape Spartel, and, with a fine working breeze, we entered the Straits of Gibraltar. I never saw a more magnificent scene than the whole passage of the Straits. It has been so often described that it is useless to repeat what so many have said before. But the rugged, stern magnificence of Ape's Hill, and the whole coast of Africa, with the brown, sterile, sultry face of more civilised Spain on the other side, with the Rock of Gibraltar advancing far into the beautiful expanse of the Mediterranean on one hand, and Ceuta, placed as if in direct eschelon at a quarter distance behind it on the other, form a picture which nowhere can be surpassed. We were close under the Coast of Africa, and, one knows not why, but the first sight of an enormous continent, other than that of Europe, for the first time, inspires the mind with feelings which no one can describe, but which certainly belong to the class of melancholy more than any other. As we entered the bay the towns of Algesiras and St. Roque, with the batteries which fringe top and sides of the Rock in every place on which the foot of man could

steady sitself so as to form a platform for guns, give a new turn to the mind, and recall scenes and names of English glory.

Although I never saw the scene before, it seemed as if it was familiar to my eye, because my young mind in boyish days had devoured with great avidity the whole of Drinkwater's account of the celebrated siege; and the King's Bastion, Willis's and Europe Points sounded like household terms to me. We anchored under the New Mole.

16th. Desperate men will still individually face the horrors of this tremendous scenery, and endeavour to escape down the face of the Rock. Within this week three have made this desperate attempt: one succeeded —the other two came at length to a place from whence they could neither ascend nor descend, and were left there for some time to enjoy their situation, and then drawn up by ropes. General Miranda, who commands the Spanish lines at Algesiras, does not comply with the request of these poor wretches to enter the Spanish service, but neither does he surrender them to the British garrison: he imprisons them by the civil police as vagabonds, having no visible means of getting their livelihood.

17th. This morning we again started at the same hour in the barge, for the same purpose of surveying the land on the other side of the peninsula, and so round by Algesiras. The road to St. Roque was full of people coming to Gibraltar market, and afforded an amusing scene of grotesque figures and varying costume. The men are a remarkably fine race: tall and well-formed, and all wearing the Spanish costume of sober brown, with the cloak thrown over their shoulders; and the broad-brimmed hat. The costume of the women was precisely that of the women of Ireland, with nothing on

their heads but a piece of linen drawn tightly round. The elder women are fond of gaudy colours, their mantillas frequently being bright scarlet—the young of black or plain white; but all the women, old as well as young, indiscriminately ugly. The men were mostly armed with the carbine; and a fat Hidalgo, in a little hat, and blue pantaloons, which had rubbed themselves up to his knees, over a pair of half boots, was puffing most uneasily to Gibraltar through the heat, leaning his head over his horse's ears, and with his bridle-hand up to his chin, he sat on an embroidered saddlecloth of bright scarlet and yellow, followed by a tall, raw-boned servant, riding his Spanish jennet as if he were glued to it—so close and graceful was his seat—armed up to the teeth.

We were visited by some ladies dressed in deep orange, with tawny faces, black hair, nothing on their heads, and huge fans in their hands. They were attended by their male relatives, and behaved with due decorum; but the moment we were gone we saw them run into temporary sheds erected by the seaside, undress, and rush into the water in bathing-dresses—surrounded by fishermen and soldiers—like so many seals.

From this place we proceeded to Algesiras, and laying off there, refreshed the men and ourselves with our grapes, the cold meat which we had brought with us, and grog.

We dined at the General's.[1] Don is very angry at our very foolish treaty with Russia and France, which is fast tending to make all the Moorish powers our enemies, and take from us the carrying trade of the Straits, which is getting into the hands of the Sardinians, Genoese, &c. The Turks are rallying round the followers of their prophet, and making them

[1] Sir George Don.

believe that the union of Christendom is a crusade against their religion. I myself see no good policy in their arming a tribe of barbarians against ourselves, merely to introduce Russia, the northern hordes, into the Mediterranean. Nothing would please the Russians better, nor the French neither, than the getting us into a war with Turkey, from which they would withdraw themselves the moment we were well in it.

Algesiras is General Miranda's head-quarters, but so little importance does he attach to his charge, that he has not yet once visited his cantonments, although they extend to the ruins of forts St. Philippe and St. Barbare, and the line of sentries before Gibraltar. He has about 3,000 men, entirely provincial militia, under his command; and as they get no pay, they get what money they can from the English by taking up stragglers who go without papers on shooting expeditions, and releasing them for a quarter dollar.

18th. There is scarcely any society except what the garrison forms within itself for itself. Nobody stirs out until dark, and then a few people are seen moving along the Alameda. What Sir George Don has done for this place is amazing. He came here the year after the great sickness, and his attention has been exclusively paid to the health and comfort of the town. He has established a civil hospital, and has divided the town into districts, each of which is under the control and management of health-directors, chosen from amongst the shopkeepers of the place, who act without fee or reward, and daily report to the town-major's office the state of the health of their respective districts. He has widened their communications, and made sewers and roads, none of which existed before. The consequence is, that the inhabitants highly respect, and almost idolize him. Some people who always find amusement in

cavilling, think that we have overdone the thing, and overfortified the place. George II., asking a general officer his opinion about the strength of the place, was answered—"At present, Sire, I think it impregnable; but there is no knowing what your Majesty's engineers may make of it."

Mr. Wolffe and Lady Wolffe are here converting the Jews, but he talks low English, and makes no way,[1] as the Jews—who are the richest people here, and are privileged, being driven out of Spain—have no wish to be converted.

19th. This day we spent quiet in the vessel, giving the men a holiday. At four we dined, and the officer on guard dined with me: we are within ten yards of his guard-room. At six o'clock the General came for me, and took my party and myself to the Alameda, on which he had ordered the bands of all the regiments to attend. The consequence was a great crowd, who rushed immediately round us, as if they had never seen a broad English face before. The collection of Moors, Jews, and Christians was very bizarre and curious. The Moors evidently pressed forward to make the salaam, and I felt many-a pluck at my sleeve, which, upon turning round, I found proceeded from a Moor, with his—"God bless you, gentlemen!—a good day!" The General walked us all over the Alameda. The orderly men could scarcely make way for us, and the heat was excessive; until at length, when I again took refuge in the Governor's carriage, the mob gave me three hearty cheers. I was at a loss to know the cause of this courtesy, until I found my friends the 85th, or Young Bucks, had raised the acclamation and had propagated the story of my volunteering into Spain.

[1] Dr. Wolffe has since made his way into the Church of England, in which he has obtained an excellent living.

The Governor took us to see a statue which he has put up to old Lord Heathfield, standing up stiff and erect, with a special cocked hat and pigtail, and the keys of Gibraltar in his hand, pressed against his breast. What makes this interesting is, that on the base of the statue stands one of the original grates in which were heated the shot which set fire to the Spanish floating batteries. A set of tables made out of the wood of these trophies, and of candlesticks fabricated of the brass metal of their guns, are in constant use at the Governor's cottage. The grate on the base of the statue is filled with shot and laid with charcoal, as if ready again for service. All the batteries are now furnished with furnaces on an improved principle and of greater powers.

We returned to our vessel and passed a delicious evening on deck, listening to the music of the bands on the Alameda, softened by distance.

I always thought that to have defended Gibraltar as Heathfield did was the greatest achievement of which man's life is capable; and now I found myself upon the spot where all that glory had been achieved, which in the early spring morning of my days had filled my young mind with admiration. I remembered, too, how often the present King of France, Charles X., had told my father and me the story of his being summoned to meet almost all the Catholic princes of Christendom, and all the flower of the French and Spanish armies, as to a party of pleasure, to see the "taking of Gibraltar," where various amusements, and bull-fights, and balls, were provided to while away each day of anxious expectation, when the propitious morning at last arose which was again to plant the flag of Spain upon the walls of Gibraltar. So certain did they consider themselves of conquest, that dinner and a ball were prepared at Algesiras for General Elliot and his officers when

made prisoners. At length the Spanish batteries moved down, constructed with all the care that science could bestow and art invent. The *Academie Française* contributed its labours to improve upon these mighty engines of destruction—and they moved down, the monuments of the combined science, as well as anger of Europe, united against this one object so near to the vanity, so dear to the interests, of the parties engaged in the attempt. The princes witnessed the scene from the first parallel, and the surrounding hills were crowded with the population of the country, fancying even the reality of the visionary existence of the Queen of Spain in her chair, who had vowed to remain there until she saw the standard of Spain float upon the walls of the fortress she called her own. In a few hours all was dust and ashes, and the few survivors amongst the assailants owed their lives to British generosity and humanity. On the next day the Spanish and French princes got into their carriages and returned home, *parceque l'affair avont manqué.*

He attributes the burning of the floating batteries very much to the tin tubes which were inserted in their sides, "like veins in the human body," and which were intended to communicate with reservoirs of water, which, pumped through them by forcing pumps, would, as they calculated, keep a strong stream of water meandering through the sides of the vessel, and thus prevent the hot shot from breaking out into a flame.

CHAPTER III.

A Salute of the Batteries—The Neutral Ground—Napoleon's Spy—Death of Mr. Canning—The Devil-Fish—Capture by a Spanish Guarda-Costa of a Smuggling Boat under the Guns of Gibraltar—Easy Labour—Sail to Algesiras and Ceuta—The Governor of Ceuta—A Public Reception—Spanish Political Prisoners—Soldiers and Deserters.

AUGUST 21st. This day at two o'clock I proceeded in the Governor's carriage, with the Governor, to the neutral ground, where we found the whole population and garrison assembled. My barge conveyed the rest of the party of the yacht to the same place, where they joined us. Precisely at three o'clock a six-pounder fired a signal from where we stood, upon which a salute commenced of one round from every 24-pounder mounted which bore upon the neutral ground, 101 in number, commencing with the Rock Gun, through St. George's Hall, Lord Cornwallis's Hall, the Galleries, Green's Lodge, Upper and Lower Willis's, the Grand Battery, Montague's Place of Arms, and the Devil's Tongue or old Mole, at the water's edge. None of the carronades, mortars, or howitzers were fired. The effect was beautiful. That of the smoke of the Rock Gun,

especially opposed to the clear blue sky, and carried in fleecy wreaths by the wind, was particularly so.

When this was over, and a little time had elapsed to give the men time to load, during which Sir George Don, in the most flattering manner, gave me the honor of the salute—another signal was given from the six-pounder, when the whole rock, comprising the same guns which had before fired the salute, commenced an independent fire, which lasted some minutes. The effect was tremendous. Small parts of the rock gave way and came thundering down, and it literally is no exaggeration to say that the neutral ground shook under us. It gave a faint idea of what the whole line of fire would be in case of a siege; and at the last siege those excavations did not exist, so the firing was greater for the time it lasted than what was ever witnessed during that period upon this front of the works.

When this was over, the Governor's carriage conducted us into the Spanish lines, where Sir George pointed out the position and works of the enemy during the siege. The traces of them are perfectly visible still in the sand, especially of the great communication of approach, and of the 64-gun battery which was traced out, thrown up, completed, and animated in *one night.* Above a million of sandbags were used, and 25,000 men composed the working party. The extraordinary part of the work was the arrangement by which so vast an undertaking was completed, and the regularity which enabled it to be done under the eyes of a watchful and active garrison. Napoleon employed spies in the garrison, to give him information to enable him to calculate the chances of a successful siege; and his principal spy was the Jew Cadoza, the great friend of the English, and then the richest man in the garrison. He also gave information touching Lord Exmouth's fleet and the Dutch squadron

employed in the Algerine expedition. Sir George intercepted his letters. Cadoza found himself detected and set off for Lisbon, where he now lives. After the Spanish works were destroyed, and Don had succeeded Campbell, the Spanish general then in command commenced working again to restore the lines. Sir George told him that if he persisted he would fire two shot over the workmens' heads, and if that did not stop them he would fire at them. The Spanish general desisted, and Sir George Don got a reprimand from Lord Bathurst, for thus acting without previously communicating with our Minister at Madrid—as if the Spaniards would have permitted the letter to pass, or would have stopped their work until the answer had returned from Madrid!

22nd. This day we went up the Rivers Palmone and Guadamannche. General Miranda having sent orders to all the ports on the coast of Spain to permit me to pass unmolested, and accordingly his sentries asked no questions.

The mouths of both these rivers are flat and sandy, but the mountains rise finely beyond, and receive them into their recesses. The land is almost wholly marshy. On the left bank of the Guadamannche, and on a hill about a mile from the sea, stands the Carthaginian, then the Roman, and afterwards Moorish city of Carteja. We returned and dined with the Governor, when we first heard the news of Mr. Canning's death, brought by packet from England. He died three days after I left England. Things are quiet in Spain, but look ill in France. A strong party is forming against the Apostolic party and the King.

I have seen what has quite confirmed my belief in the old story of the diver drawn under when diving into Charybdis, by sucking-fish. The sucker, or devil-fish, which is caught here, is the most disgusting animal, and

at the same time the most dangerous in the seas. His head and body are like a toad in shape and colour. His eyes prominent from his head, with a head somewhat like a turtle's. This animal is in the centre of a large gelatinous web, full of suckers and feelers, and from this extends long arms in every direction, which twist and twirl and secure their prey. The arms are studded with suckers, from which it is very difficult to withdraw the finger when applied to them. By the web this monster adheres to the rocks, and by its arms it encircles and drags down its prey. It has the power of crawling with considerable velocity, and of rising to the surface. They are common here, of a small size, and I have seen them of four feet in circumference. But they are to be found much larger. They are the great terror of bathers. Many stories are upon record of men being drawn under water by their power. Since my stay here, a dog belonging to one of the officers of the garrison was swimming, when one of these animals enveloped its head in its folds and carried it down. A diver on shore immediately plunged in and brought up both dog and fish, and rescued the former from otherwise inevitable death. The animal has the power of throwing out a quantity of black inky liquor all round him, like the sæpia, and thus to hide itself in the turbid water for the purpose of concealment from enemies or of avoiding attack. The very idea of being touched by the devil-fish would throw a swimmer into convulsions and make him quite unable to save himself, and entirely destroys all my sentimental ideas connected with Mediterranean bathing.

23rd. In the night we had several Levanters, and the morning broke with an easterly wind, the thing the most abominated by the Gibraltarians. It answers to the sirocco of the Italians, only that it comes in violent gusts, but gusts which bring no coolness, only dust upon their

wings. The bay is covered with white squalls, and ticklish as is always the sailing through the Gut, in an east wind it is more than ever necessary to be on the alert. Vessels have been upset at their moorings, and it is a standing rule of the garrison that no boat should be allowed to carry sail in an easterly wind.

24th. A most atrocious insult has this morning been offered to the garrison by the Spaniards. A zebeck was seen standing in to her anchorage at Gibraltar from the Spanish coast, with a Spanish guarda-costa following her. Another joined, and when she was decidedly under *very near* point-blank range of the guns, certainly not a mile and a half distant, the two began firing at her. The zebeck had English colours flying, and returned no fire. The guarda-costas first fired round shot at her, and at last one fired grape. By an unlucky shot the zebeck's main-yard was carried away in the slings, and her fore-topmast wounded, which afterwards fell. She, of course, although before escaping, lay now at the mercy of her enemies, and both the cowardly rascals poured grape and canister into her, although she was resistless and at their mercy. We saw the zebeck lower a boat which pulled off with thirteen men, and the Spaniards poured musketry into her, but the boat pulled stoutly for the garrison. The Spaniards, seeing that so many of her crew had left her, took heart of grace in them, and ventured to appproach her, threw a parcel of men into her, and, hauling down the English colours, took her off. All this while the garrison was quiescent.

At length when the guarda-costas, re-inforced by a third which came up, had carried their prize almost out of reach, the King's Bastion opened its fire upon them. The first shot fell very short; the other shots were good, but none struck the guarda-costas—indeed they were out of range of the 32-pounders—and thus the Spaniards

took a vessel under English colours, under the guns of an English garrison! If the garrison had commenced its fire when the Spaniards began theirs they must have been struck and sunk. But the fact was that there was great negligence. The orders for firing under such circumstances are upon the garrison orderly-books, and the officer on guard at the King's Bastion, strictly speaking, ought on his own responsibility to have began much earlier. But some time ago an officer did fire upon a Spanish boat, in obedience to orders, killed a man, and got into a scrape by it; the officers are now, therefore, shy of acting upon the letter of their orders.

Sir George was at the back of the rock. He did all that in him lay, and ordered a fire to be opened the moment he heard of what was going forward, but before *his* orders came down it was too late to do anything. The second in command and other officers were in town, but when they heard the fire they thought it was a salute, or some artillery practice, and remained quiet. In short, all parties are angry and vexed, and none triumph but the Spaniards. When the prize's boat came on shore, she turned out to be a Maltese vessel, built, no doubt, for smuggling, and had most probably landed her cargo on the coast of Valencia. The guarda-costas had information respecting her, and followed her from the Spanish coast. However this might be, they had no right to attack, take, and strike the British flag, under the nose of a British garrison. What is most extraordinary is, that neither in the zebeck nor the boat was there a single man killed or wounded, although they literally were covered by the enemy's fire, both of round and canister-shot and musketry

The Lieutenant-Governor means to make a strong remonstrance on the subject both at Madrid and in London, and to make use of the incident to press for a naval force

here. A single 18-gun brig would have prevented this from happening. In fact, the limits of the port of Gibraltar are very ill-defined, and the treaty of Utrecht is so drawn up as to make the doubt greater. The Governor naturally says that until he has express limits given to it by instructions from home, he shall assign to his port the limits affixed to every other frontier port in the world,—viz., the range of his guns. All this has occasioned much discussion in the garrison. It is believed that the boat which came from the zebeck brought on shore the money which was on board her, the proceeds of her cargo. The merchants of the town have a meeting this evening on the subject, on which to ground a representation to the Governor.

In the afternoon Sir George Don took me to see the military library here, and the convent.

25th. The merchants here are extremely angry about the event of yesterday, and have sent a remonstrance to the English minister at Madrid. They accuse Sir George of favouring the Spaniards too much, and of giving such uncertain orders about firing that the officers do not know how to act. The zebeck had 30,000 dollars on board, 1000 of which only came home in the boat. The Spaniards wished to get rid of the Captain, but he refused to quit his vessel. He said the capture was an illegal one, that he would not quit his vessel, and that they might do what they pleased with him. He, a boy, and one other, remained therefore in the vessel, and are carried with it into Tarifa. They would not carry her into Algesiras, lest Sir George Don should demand her of General Miranda, who has not the opportunity of saying that he knows nothing of the transaction. The Spaniards had information from some one in Gibraltar of the probable arrival of the vessel.

26th. The rate of labour here is very high. No work-

man of any sort will stir under a dollar and a-half per diem, and for that sum will do less work than any man in the world besides. I have been much amused sometimes by seeing the leisurely and gentle manner in which a carpenter has employed himself during a whole day with planing at one little plank, or dubbing at one bit of wood. I went to one of these laborious souls, and in derision, as I thought, expressed my hope that he would not hurt himself by excessive labour. He took my expression of anxiety seriously, and, stopping his gentle labour, assured me that he was grateful to my Excellency for my warning, but that he always made it a rule not to overwork himself, and by these precautions, thank God, he preserved his health. Then, resuming his segar and his tools, proceeded gently on his job.

On the English side of the neutral ground now stands a large village, of distinct and separate cottages, with gardens annexed. These were built and laid out by Sir George Don, who lets out the houses in the summer time to the poor inhabitants at a moderate rent, which goes to the repairs and maintenance of the village, and to the account of the expenses of the place. By this precaution the dirty narrow lanes of what remains of the old town of Gibraltar get relieved from their filthy inhabitants during the hot and sickly months of the year. In the winter the lodgers return into the town, and the village remains empty. The inundation, formerly a sickly morass, has been deepened, widened, and confined within walls of masonry, with regular sluices, by which means the whole can be let out and the place cleansed. All this, too, has been done by the present Lieutenant-Governor.

The Spaniards keep up a regular line of sentries along the isthmus, and are very jealous of persons passing into Spain without passes. They take every advantage of

the English. A short time ago some of the midshipmen belonging to an English frigate in the bay, took a lark on horseback, and rode at full gallop, which is prohibited, along the road. One of them rode over a boy and killed him. The Spaniards revenged themselves by firing at an English boat at Orange Grove, which had no pass or English jack flying, and killed a man. With all this, they feel and know that the English are the best friends they have—that through the means of the garrison they obtain many luxuries, and even necessaries, which the foolish prohibiting system of their own Government would deny them; and nothing could annoy the inhabitants of this province more than to see Gibraltar again in the hands of Spain.

27th. A French frigate of thirty-two guns is at Algesiras, taking in provisions for Algiers. We drop anchor at Algesiras after nightfall.

29th. The feeling that we were now in Africa, the peculiar form of the palm-trees, the Moorish village, and a little Moorish tomb with its white cupola, amongst the woody heights of Ape's Hill, and the scenery of Mount Atlas, make one indeed feel one's distance from home! In the morning, about ten o'clock, I proceeded with all my party in my barge, with the British jack at the bow, to the landing-place, where I was received by a deputation of the officers of the garrison, and the clergy in their long black dresses and broad-brimmed hats. Our cook was to have acted interpreter, but one of the officers understood French. We were from thence led in great force to the Governor's house, which stands on the saluting platform, and to which we were conducted over a stone bridge which is thrown over one of the wet ditches of the works. The house is a miserable one. We were told the Governor's own house was repairing, as an excuse for not taking us there. But the fact is,

that the whole place is poverty-stricken, and the Governor has no house to receive in. The apartment we were shewn into was a long gallery, with a few chairs, evidently put in for the occasion, and no other furniture. In the midst of this dreary apartment stood the Governor, surrounded by his staff—a little, dry, withered, dark, and gloomy man, who, through the medium of his interpreter, paid me many deep and solemn compliments, which I returned with an equal number, shot for shot. After I had introduced my party we were set with our backs against the wall in the little chairs aforesaid, and then began a series of questions and answers as solemn as our compliments. I could not avoid the malice of expressing my hopes that his Excellency had received good news from Spain. To which his Excellency duly answered, "Yes, very good." I knew at the time that he had just heard of the troubles in Catalonia, and that he was one of the supporters of "the arbitrary King," and was sent to Ceuta for the purpose of guarding the miserable state prisoners inclosed within that fortress. I then asked permission to see the works, &c., and a whole bevy of officers was directed to accompany me. In the meanwhile we plunged through the heat—which, however, was not very excessive, as a fine air blew from sea to sea—to see the batteries and works. The view on the African side is magnificent. In the deep and wide bay below, the tunny fishery was going on, and many boats marked the circle of the nets. On the other side arose in splendid magnificence the range of Mount Atlas, extending as far as the eye could reach, until the real mountain bearing that name overtopped the whole in the distance, where lay Oran and Tetuan. Underneath us was a range of batteries as strong as those which defended the Northern Bay. From thence we mounted our horses, and the crowd to see our cavalcade was immense. Es-

corted by a picquet of cavalry, we proceeded to the outside of the garrison, and there was to be seen the fact which is obvious, viz., that Ceuta is not a strong fortification. It is too strong for the Moors, but an European enemy would be certain of taking it, with a proper force.

30th. In the dell below us, just beyond the line of Moorish sentries, lives a solitary hermit, a converted Moor and a saint! who to this day works miracles! and to whom the Governor of Ceuta goes occasionally to say his prayers, and pay his devotions. A certain number of Ceuta-bred Moors are retained in Spanish pay. They are previously made Christians of, and, as the Spanish officers told me, were half Catholics, half Mussulmans, and therefore good for nothing, deriding both Christ and their prophet. After making this circuit we returned to the garrison, and visited what it pleased them to call their cathedral, a great barn of a church, with no ornament except a very finely carved altar-screen, of cedar apparently, and probably from South America, and some enormously large painting by (?) Cano, a Spanish painter. There was an organ which we did not hear, and a wax Mater Dolorosa, with a silver tawdry, brown, and embroidered petticoat. The patron saint is St. Christopher, of whom a figure, reaching from pavement to roof, is painted in fresco on one side of the cathedral, on which, an inscription told us, every one who looked became entitled to a day's indulgence, by a special Bull of the Pope never repealed.

Here, too, are confined in hopeless imprisonment what the Spanish officer called "prisoners of opinion," which means the different victims of political opinions in all their varieties, victims of the different tyrannies which have disgraced, and continue to disgrace, the country of Spain. Here men who have fought against each other

in the field, and contended in council, who have alternately saved and been betrayed by their profligate King, meet in common misery. The Spanish officer told me that they were "*fort maltreité*,"—that the Governor had his private orders respecting them, which he executed in all rigour, and that many were secreted *en cachet*. This conversation passed as we were proceeding along one of the ditches of the place; the sun of Africa reflected from the walls and the pavement, burning our feet as we trod it.

I asked him, "On sont ces cachets?"

"La bas," was his reply, spreading a broad, brown hand over the surface of the bottom of the ditch; and, upon further inquiry, I learnt there were tiers of cachets below each other, even below the surface of the sea, where many lingered whose very names and existence were now unknown to all but the Governor and his immediate *employés*. All this disgusted and sickened me so much, that I was delighted when I heard on my return to the garrison that the Governor and the Bishop were enjoying their siesta, and that the moment was an unpropitious one, therefore, for a visit of adieu. I could not have seen them again and behaved with common civility. So I bade adieu to my conductors, thanked them for their civility, and returned on board.

31st. This morning at ten o'clock weighed anchor and stood out of Ceuta Bay. The wind continued at east, and the swell was so heavy, that after we had worked and tacked some hours without effect I determined if possible to put into Malaga. The swell is unusually great for the Mediterranean, and must proceed from heavy gales to the eastward. At all events, it is most unlike boasted Mediterranean sailing.

At noon we were off the town of Marbella. The view of the Sierra de Marbella, and the whole line of

Spanish coast, was very fine and romantic. The description which the Spanish officers gave me of their garrison at Ceuta was very deplorable. The infantry were fine men, and neatly clothed in a white waistcoat and trowsers. But they have no pay except a nominal one, and no meat. Their rations consist of three quarters of a pound of biscuit and half-rotten peas or beans, the refuse of Gibraltar. This is the treatment of their regular regiments who are on duty every day. They cannot get away, and are sent here as a punishment. Still they do endeavour to desert, even to the Moors. One wretched man endeavoured to make his escape last night. We heard some musket-firing in the bay, and in the morning heard that a poor fellow had been taken in the attempt. The cavalry, who perform the duty of videtta, are volunteers, who receive the same no-pay, the same wretched rations, and in addition clothe themselves and keep their horses, which, like their masters, eat nothing.

When I told my conductor, who wore a decoration of some order of knighthood, that Arquelles and Garcias who had been imprisoned here were in London, he sighed and said, "Happy men! If your Excellency's vessel was large enough, and you would take us, we would to a man go with you to your happy country!"

I must confess I did long—not to take them—but to storm their foolish citadel with my forty-eight men, which compose the crew on board my vessel. This I verily believe I could have done, and carried off the wretched mixture of victims of horrid tyranny who were groaning away their lives in hopeless captivity, with me. To them my vessel should have been with welcome open.

The salary of the Governor is about equal to £250 sterling per annum; but as he paid an enormous price for the situation to the Spanish Minister, it is to be sup-

posed that he has indirect means of increasing his receipts, which, in fact, is the case. From his wretched prisoners he wrings money for indulgences, and on their miserable rations he makes an immense profit; and every article in Ceuta is monopolized by the Governor and retailed by him. What would be thought of an English officer who could permit himself to make the declaration to a Frenchman which my Spanish conductor made to me? They all deplored the miserable state of their country, which they foresaw would be necessarily subjected to fresh commotions. The Moors hate the Spaniards, and take every opportunity to mark it. But when the English occupied the citadel of Ceuta the Moors immediately established an intercourse with them and a market, which were closed again immediately upon their departure. In the last war which the Spaniards had with the Moors, the guns of the latter were worked by Spanish deserters. They had 24-pounders and some 10-inch mortars.

Having previously obtained permission, I sent out a boatful of my men to bathe on the only piece of sandy beach which exists, close to a Spanish guardhouse. The boat remained so long that, night coming on, I grew uneasy, and burnt blue lights. When the boat came on board I found that the surf had run high, that one of the bathers had been afraid of coming into the boat, but had made for the shore, where he was taken by the Spanish sentries, who took him for a deserter from me, and the officer very properly refused to give him up to the boat until I sent for him next morning. When I did so he was immediately delivered up. The Spaniards had conveyed him by an underground communication from the advanced post where he was taken, under the ditch into the fortress. With him was conducted the poor

wretched man whom I before mentioned as having been taken making his escape; but his hands were tied behind his back, and was immediately conveyed, heavily ironed, into a dungeon. My sailor was left unmolested.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Malaga—Appearance of the Neighbouring Mountains—El Retiro—Entertainment at the House of the Prussian Consul—Prisoners and Slaves—Mediterranean Sailing—A Riot on Board the Yacht—English Sailor in a Spanish Prison—Coasting—Turtle Hunting—Phosphorescence of the Sea.

SEPTEMBER 1st. After much pitching and tumbling about we reached Malaga this evening. The entrance into the Mole is beautiful. The lighthouse stands at the end of it, a plain white tower with a fine revolving light. An immense square custom-house has been building these forty years, and is yet unfinished. It is a handsome edifice, calculated to contain all the goods, all the business, and all the clerks belonging to the commerce of the island of Malaga forty years ago when the building was planned. But one quarter of it would contain all that exists now. The Spanish Government pays no one, and is determined to have no revenue. Its system is one of exclusive prohibition; and even the necessaries of life, vegetables, potatoes, &c., are contraband.

The houses here, as throughout Spain, are barred from basement story to garret. Below the robber and above the lover enters; so, to escape both, every window is caged up with iron. Wine is to be had for next to no-

thing, and words are not much wasted in quarrels, which the knife can so much more speedily terminate. The murderer is taken up. For a few days he is in prison, and for a few dollars he gets out. But any offence against the Church is punished by instant death.

The French managed things differently when they occupied Malaga. They forbade the Spaniards wearing the cloak, and whenever an assassination was committed they seized two persons—one the assassin, and the other the first Spaniard of the lower order whom they met, and, throwing a noose round the neck of the former, made the latter hang him over the first tree. So there were no assassinations in Malaga during their stay. They are, however, restored to their own blessed government and the consolations of the knife.

The sierra evidently presents the picture of a convulsion of nature entirely different from that, whatever it was, which formed the elevations of the north of Europe. The broad outline of our mountains includes broad and deep vallies, running up into narrow gorges, and forming, as it were, long buttresses to the mass of mountains themselves. Here, the whole mass, from the serrated line of the sierra's summit to its base, is composed of a multitude of inferior hills, each having its own class of little vallies and gorges, presenting sunny nooks filled with vines, figs, pomegranates, oranges, and olives, and summits crowned by quintas, cottages, and country seats. Fancy a great cauldron in a state of violent action, and this ebullition turned at once into a mass of stone, unalloyed and unabated, and we shall form the miniature of a range of a Spanish sierra. These hills are composed of a very ancient limestone containing belemnite, on a base of beautiful brescia and schistose slate. The date tree, the custard apple, the aloe, vine, &c., clothe the sides, the stone pine the summits.

About eight miles to the west of the town we visited El Retiro, once a retreat, as the name expresses, of a branch of the royal family of Spain, beautifully situated in the midst of olive and orange woods. The orange trees are beautiful in foliage, and magnificent in growth. We measured one at the gate of El Retiro, and at the smallest part of the trunk, where it ceases to be thickened by the root and before it enlarges into branches, it measured five feet seven inches, English measure, in girth. Both orange and olive trees were loaded with fruit, but green. Green, however, as they were, they are now packing off for the London market, and are to ripen on their voyage. The pomegranates are ripe, enormously large, and delicious.

From the terrace of El Retiro the view is beautiful. On the right the blue waves of the Mediterranean, in front the city of Malaga and its ancient castle, and the rest of the landscape composed of the fertile plain extending to the foot of the rugged Sierra de la Vegas Malaga, over the summit of which lies the road to Granada, studded with farmhouses, cottages, and quintas. Below the terrace is a formal parterre garden, cut into little Christmas-pie shapes, full of flowers and little marble statues, and a great sprawling group of white marble, representing Neptune and Amphitrite, who seemed sadly to lament the want of water, for the fountain was dry.

From thence we descended to a beautiful wilderness of orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, and a whole range of fantastic fountains, which, however, had the advantage of their marble comrade above, for they played, when let loose, in every possible shape, and played beautifully. I am one of those who, where the architecture and situation correspond, delight in fountains; and most certainly when viewed amongst orange and pomegranate

groves, and from trellis-walks blooming with the white and pink oleander, the great Spanish jasmin, and the vine—their effect was delicious, although individually and separately taken the fountains would be considered childish and trivial. In one alcove, at the head of a canal full of fish and crystal water, we sat and ate grapes and pomegranates. The fish had got an acquired taste most creditable to their palates, for they came up in shoals and greedily devoured the pomegranate seeds which we cast to them. Where could fishes have learnt this taste for fruit? The date tree and custard apple were here full of fruit.

We followed the spring to its source, where we saw it bubbling up through the sand, and, plunging a thermometer repeatedly into its crystal bed, we could not reduce the temperature of the water thus shaded, and at its gilded fountain, lower than 70° of Fahrenheit. At the head of the alley, where most of the waterworks played, was a cottage, in which were represented a sick man, apparently in the last stage of sickness, and an old woman attending him. We, who were in the secret, persuaded Mr. Moore, our medical friend, to feel the pulse of the sick man, who invitingly held out his wrist for the purpose—whereupon the old man got up in bed, and the old woman turned her head, to the great discomfiture of the startled doctor.

After spending the forenoon pleasantly here, we proceeded about a mile to the seat of the Prussian Consul, where he received us most kindly and hospitably. The house is built upon the same plan as El Retiro, but, of course, being occupied by its owner, is kept, as well as the grounds belonging to it, in perfect order, and is a most enjoyable residence, affording pretty much the same view as that from the Retiro. In his saloon were the portraits of his sovereign and his deceased, lovely, and

amiable queen, and in his dining-room was a portrait of the great Frederick, and engravings of different scenes in his military life. The lady of the Prussian Consul being fond of flowers, her taste appeared accordingly; and the old gentleman had employed himself so well in planting, that the sugar cane, coffee tree, and bananas fruit plentifully and grow in his garden, and the orange trees, which he himself had planted, had grown into large trees. He had made a skittle-alley, in which some of our party played, but found it a hot amusement.

After partaking of an early dinner, at which I insisted upon introducing some of the provisions which we had brought for ourselves, not expecting to have met the master of the house at home, we returned to Malaga, leaving behind us a pleasant pie, which he never had tasted before, and an English salt tongue, which tasted exquisitely to his German palate. We tried him with English strong beer, which he declared was too strong, but which his Spanish concierge who dined with us voted excellent, and expressed his surprise that England should produce "un vin si charmant," and his wonder when he was told that it was "le vin ordinaire du pays."

The men are a magnificent race of beings here. I never saw such forms as the galley-slaves and the peasantry presented—models for the statuary; and what struck me most was the fleshiness of both sexes. One should have expected that the constant exposure to the sun, the want of animal food, and the constant labour, would have produced a withered, decayed, and stunted, appearance. On the contrary, a slight or little man is hardly ever to be seen; most of them are what in England would be called large men, but all muscle, many very fat, and the women all of rounded form, although anything but beautiful. M. Rein, the wine-merchant here, lent me, with great civility, at the request of the

British Vice-Consul (the Consul absent), his modern barouche and horses. The remainder of the party, who could not be accommodated in it with me, were conveyed in a carriage which we hired, and which was exactly the counterpart of representations of the Spanish carriages in the old editions of Gil Blas and Don Quixote. They have not in the least altered the shape of their public vehicles, or the quality of their harness, or the dress of their muleteers.

5th. The British Consul, who arrived from England yesterday, called upon me to-day. He left London the 11th, and the Downs the 17th ult., but the weather was so heavy that he had no communication with the shore, except by telegraph, and he heard in that way in the Downs, from the flag-ship, that it was likely Lord Goderich would be Minister. This agrees with the Portuguese Consul's blind story to me, that he had heard Mr. Canning's successor was a name they had never heard before, beginning with a G. The Consul gives a terrible account of the state of things here, and appears a very intelligent man. Everything is done by money, and every station bought. The Governor gave 25,000 dollars to the Minister for his place. The Bishop, who was a Dominican friar, and has been an active supporter of every change—beginning with that of the French—which has taken place in this country down to the present hour, gave the Ecclesiastical Minister 160,000 dollars for his episcopate. He is now a *servile!* The Government pays equivalent to eightpence per day for the maintenance of the prisoners here and at Ceuta. This is all pocketed, except enough to provide each wretch with a few rotten beans and a bit of black bread every day. These prisoners are composed of murderers, felons, *political opinions*, and persons guilty of selling a segar, all mixed together and all in irons, on the public works,

unless they can command a little money, in which case the Adjutant, receiving it, pays part to the Governor, and the man then, as long as his money lasts, may go about the country where he wills, presenting himself once a month to the Governor. The moment his money goes, the poor wretch is clapped again in irons, and has to labour.

The slaves are sent from Madrid. They are also condemned at the will of the Governor, for trivial offences—such as selling a segar—to *ten years slavery*, without trial of any kind! This city is supposed to be only a depôt passager for prisoners to Ceuta, Albora, and Melilla. Albora is a barren rock, which has no water but what is sent from hence in barrels—consequently, in heavy weather, prisoners, garrison, and all, have been known to be eight days without it. The Government at Madrid believes that there are only forty or fifty slaves here at a time, and that the rest are sent on to their destination. About three years ago there was an apprehension of a revolutionary movement here, and an order came to send *all* the slaves to Ceuta. The beast of a Governor had no vessel but one of thirty or forty tons. In this he crammed 1400 wretches, without food or water, and in irons! They sat upon each other all night, and in the morning heaps were drawn out dead, and laid upon the shore naked! This party included all descriptions of persons confined for criminal offences, for no offences at all, but selling segars, and for political opinions.

The Prussian Consul and his two sons called to take leave. His two sons are men of intelligence. The account from Catalonia dismally bad. Arragon beginning to rise, and a speedy change expected. I don't expect it, for the parties are too nearly balanced. But there will be much bloodshed and much commotion. The

Prussian Consul has at last got the names of the new English Ministers: Goderich, Prime Minister, Herries at the Exchequer, Lansdowne. I hope that this may be true.

We sail to-day. We warped out accordingly. But the wind was so strong at south-west that, in spite of all our exertions, we touched the ground off the Mole head, but, setting our head-sails, got off directly without damage and let drop our anchor. We hauled upon it, and, getting our warps well across the bay, succeeded in getting out safe.

The heavy rain of yesterday, unprecedented in violence and duration at this period of the year, in the memory of the oldest man living in Malaga, has destroyed the raisin crop not before secured. Raisins rose to-day fifteen per cent. in price. The vintage is not forward enough to be hurt. The grapes will swell and yield a greater produce, but not of so rich a quality. Quitted Malaga and coasted to the eastward. The sight of the range of high mountains leading to the chain of Grenada is very fine, and the shore very bold. The lower ranges of mountains are covered—many of them up to the summit—by vineyards, oranges, and olives, whilst in every shaded nook rises a white quinta, group of cottages, convent, or village. On the edge of the water are several watch-towers, called the Cantales, until the land tends down to Vecchia, or old Malaga. A small river here falls into the sea. We past in succession two places each with its castle. From thence the land again rises, and becomes steep and rocky, and the mountains in the background increase in size and magnificence, their sides clothed with clouds and fog, but their summits clear of snow. From Herudar we passed by the town of Almunecar, with its watch-towers and island fort, and the tower of Velilla. The evening closed in beauty, and the moon rose in splen-

dour. The night was delightful, the sea calm, and we had a beautiful specimen of Mediterranean sailing.

6th. We make but little way. The wind is again at east, and we have to beat up the whole way. But the water is smooth and the wind scanty. The sight of the land is beautiful, as, indeed, it is along the whole of this part of the coast. Whatever is not high and lofty mountain is beautiful vineyard, orange and olive groves, interspersed with flowers and high trees.

As the night came on we were obliged to stand out to give the land, which here runs out in a long, low point, a good offing, and at the same time we must be cautious to avoid the Spanish island of Alboran, which is low and rocky, and lies directly in our course. The wind fails us, and we are becalmed, or in light breezes only the whole day and night. The vessel is quite steady, there is no swell, but still the wind is steady in the east.

Whilst we were at Malaga my men were one day riotous. They had been fighting each other some time, and I was determined to put a stop to it. I therefore went forward, and, seizing the most riotous, put a sentry over him, and as he made use of insolent language to me and to Captain Wilcox, I immediately sent on shore to the English Consul for a guard. The boat came with a corporal and two soldiers with fixed bayonets, who took my rebel off, to the great astonishment of the rest of my crew, who would not believe that I was in earnest. I had him put into prison, meaning to get another man and ship off my fellow for Gibraltar. But the next day the accounts which I received excited my pity, at the same time that they were amusing. My men who had leave to go on shore, on passing a prison heard most piteous exclamations, and, looking up, saw their unfortunate messuali—who had been clapped into a cell by himself—sitting with his legs and arms through the bars, and his

red face and whiskers, trying to get through them, imploring his comrades to intercede for him. In the loudest key of dismay he said that he should be eat up by the rats—that he had endeavoured to lay down but a rat immediately ran into his bosom, betwixt his skin and his shirt, and he should certainly die if he was left there. He implored pardon, and vowed obedience, &c.

As I knew the man was fed, because I paid six reals per diem for his food, which was given to the English Consul, and the provisions sent by him, I thought his being there would do him and his fellows a great deal of good. I therefore pretended to be obdurate, and comforted him with the assurance that he would remain where he was until a ship sailed for Gibraltar, which might be in about a month. Strictly speaking, I was enabled by our English law to do this wherever there is a British Consul. I reminded all parties that it was at his own desire that I sent him out of the ship, as he vowed that he would not stop a minute in her, run away, &c. Thus I left him for two nights and three days. I then sent an order for his release. The moment he saw the door open he rushed like a maniac through the town, never stopped until he came to the seaside, plunged into the water, clothes and all, to get rid of the vermin and dirt of a Spanish prison, and then came on board, vowing he never would behave ill again if I would but take him back. He is one of the best sailors of the ship, and I have willingly taken him again, as I perceive that my point is carried—that my crew see that I am in earnest, and will not be bullied. As I am very indulgent to them all, continually giving them little articles of luxury and comfort, and, above all, fruit and grog when good for them, I know that I am popular with them, and we shall be all the better friends for this little breeze.

7th. The morning finds us still with an easterly wind and light breeze. We are close in with the land, and the town of Adva, the ancient Abdera, under our bow. The town appears to be large and populous, and on the beach are the lofty chimneys and ranges of a manufactory—perhaps of Barilla. 'A French convoy with a small frigate is working to windward with us. This morning we pass the first turtle we have seen floating on the water, of the hawk's-bill kind. We were not prepared for him, otherwise we might have pegged him. Here the river Adn falls into the sea. In the evening the French convoy became tired of contending with calms and contrary breezes, and bore up for Malaga. As the day closed in a corvette crossed us, cleared her guns, and spoke to us. She turned out to be a French corvette, called, as far as we could learn, "La Cigne." She inquired anxiously after Algerines, and was very civil. Her cruizing ground was the Cape de Gatte.

The night turned out stark calm, and we had some difficulty in clearing out of the bay formed by the point de Gatte. But, however, at length we got out, the breeze coming out a little from the land, and left the point behind us. The coast of Spain is very easy to sail upon. It is perfectly steep, with deep water close to it, and no rocks but what are conspicuously visible. As long, therefore, as daylight lasts, a vessel may play with it and keep as near it as she will.

8th. Dead calm. Saw many turtle floating. Mr. Wilson went out in the jolly-boat with his rifle and the turtle-peg. He fired at several. Hit one, but the ball grazed off the shell. The fish, although stunned, escaped. He was more fortunate with another, which he first struck with a ball, and then secured with a turtle-peg. It was a small one, which promised us, however, a fresh meal. How far this promise was kept will be

seen in the sequel. The rapidity with which the turtle swims is excessive. He appears to be sleeping torpid on the water, but as you approach him you see him put his head slyly up, and in an instant he goes head foremost down with the rapidity of lightning. In this amusement we passed the whole day. Flying-fish, bonitos, and grampuses were seen.

The coast of Spain is very magnificent; the chain of mountains called the Mountains of Granada is still to be seen clothed with clouds. Under the Cape de Gatte is a flat surface of rock, as it were, cut sheer down, of a dazzling whiteness, probably of white marble, as chalk does not belong to this region. Just above it is a castle. Much flat, marshy ground at the foot of the mountains, between them and the sea, which must make the country very unhealthy in the hot weather. We sank Dr. Wollaston's bottle to-day, with 360 fathoms of line. No bottom. At that depth the difference of temperature very great.

9th. This is the hottest day we have had, and not a breath of wind. Occasional cats'-paws from the eastward. I was obliged to give the man at the helm an umbrella and a tumbler of very weak gin and water every two hours, his exhaustion was so great. To windward of us we saw, broiling on the opposite tack, the Russian fleet, of eight sail-of-the-line, a frigate, and a brig—which has been so long expected from England. Some of them sail very ill, as the headmost ships are obliged to carry only topsails, while the sternmost luggers are under royals. After our dinner we came upon deck. We had divine service in the cool air of the evening. A little breeze sprung up. After dark the sea was beautifully phosphorescent. It is impossible that this effect can be produced either mainly, or to any extent, by the spawn or the putrescence of marine animals. I don't

mean to say that these causes will not produce this effect. We know they will; but do not account for what we see in the ocean on these occasions. The whole ocean is a sheet of fire. Wherever a rope is dropped into the water, as the ship sails on it makes the representation of a comet with a beautifully illuminated tail. Wherever the water breaks it breaks in fire. A large shoal of bonitos came round the ship and kept up with it. They were at some depth under water. The shape of every fish was distinctly made out in phosphoric pale light, and whenever he turned sharply, a flash of light came forth like the flash of an electric illuminated jar. Eternal putrescence does not exist throughout the whole mass of salt water of the sea.

During the morning we had seen many of the small medusæ float by, and had observed several substances which we believed were small eels or snakes. They appeared to be from two to four feet long. At length we caught one in a small insect-net overboard, and we discovered it to consist of a number of minute medusæ, all floating in the same gelatinous fluid. They separated on being placed in a tub of water, or on being handled, and on one of the little red spots being put under a lens, it appeared to be a perfect and a distinct animal.

With respect to the phosphorescence of the sea, is it possible that it can be the effect of condensation of air? We know that by the smart stroke of a piston air can be so compressed as to produce a flash of light. Is the air in water capable of being thus condensed by the combined motion of the water, and being thus put into a state of compression, kept so by the constant motion of the fluid? But then the effect would be increased in a proportionate ratio with the motion, and in proportion to the violence of a storm would be the luminous appear-

ance of the sea, which is not invariably the case. However, the idea is worth pursuing.

We are now approaching the meridian of Greenwich, and I contemplate with feelings of sorrow, and remembrance of times gone by, the stars which for so many years I have contemplated on the meridian of my home! *Alpha Lyræ* I have taught myself to consider as the star presiding over Stowe. Night after night have I sat watching its brilliant green lustre shining over the centre of the great south portico, and here it is in almost precisely the same position over my head. When and how shall I see again the dear scenes which it looks down upon in my native land!

A large bird of the falcon or buzzard species was seen to-day soaring and flying his course to Africa. It is not generally known that these birds migrate, but they certainly do, and especially from the coasts of Norway and Sweden to those of England.

CHAPTER V.

Chased by a French Frigate—Anchor off Benidrom—Heroism of General Richards—Absurd Quarantine Arrangements—Bonito Fishery—Government Tobacco Monopoly—Visit Palma—Reception by the Captain General—Body of King James II. of Arragon—Geological Remarks—Description of the Coast—Remarkable Dream.

SEPTEMBER 10th. We made a long leg over to the coast of Africa into a capacious bay. We saw a large frigate with her main-sail aback, having just detained and spoke a brig. She evidently was one of the French Algerine blockading squadron. But she shewed no colours. It was our time for tacking to stand over to the Spanish shore. The frigate perceived we did so to avoid him, and he instantly filled and stood after us. We shewed our colours; he did not shew his, but continued the chase. We, of course, did not stop for him, and kept our course, taking in a reef in our mainsail as the breeze increased. He did the same in his topsails. It was just the strong breeze to suit a heavy frigate's sailing, and he ought to have come up with us, but, after four hours chase, he wore and gave it up when he had not neared

ms an inch, and we had weathered him so much as to make it impossible for him to catch us.

11th. The same tumbling sea and wind at east. We have scarcely made any progress, and are thinking of running into a small anchorage on the coast of Spain at night. We don't like Alicante, as it is a wild road. Carthagena we have passed, and we cannot appreciate the idea of retrograding. But beating on night after night and gaining no ground is very disagreeable. In addition to all other comforts we have a plague of flies in our cabins. We have all mosquito-nets, but in the day-time the torment is incessant, and we have perforce recurrence to the practice in the island of Laputa—every man has his flappers.

We have determined to try and make the anchorage of Benidrom. It lies about thirty miles from Alicante. At the entrance is a small island which goes by the same name, 455 fathoms across, hilly, uninhabited, and without water. The water is quite deep close to it. Between it and Alicante is the village of Villajoyosa and the Cape de la Huerta. The immediate Bay of Benidrom is formed by a low point to the westward, on which stands the tower of Guiboa, and a high point to the eastward on which stands the tower of Escaleta. The town is small, and stands on a rock defended by a small work mounting two guns. The land gradually recedes from the shore, covered with orange and olive trees, but brown and arid until it reaches the base of a high chain of mountains, the most remarkable of which has a deep cut in it, precisely like an immense embrasure for a gigantic cannon, called La Cuchillada de Roldan, or the gash of Roldan.

It was dark when we dropped our anchor, so we had no communication with the shore, but saw that our approach had excited much observation and some alarm,

inasmuch as beacons were immediately lighted, and corresponding fires ran along the mountains to the right and left, denoting the presence of a suspicious stranger. The fact is, that our man-of-war rig, and yet our not wearing a pendant, makes us suspected to be the animal most disliked and dreaded by the Spaniards, called a Columbian privateer. We find anchorage but not repose, as we roll as much here as out at sea. But we look to fresh meat and milk in the morning.

We have passed by Alicante, upon which I could not look without having strongly called to my mind the bravery of the gallant but romantic General Richards, who, being besieged in its castle by the Duke of Berwick, suffered himself to be blown up rather than surrender, although he knew the mine was forming under him, and to the last moment noted its progress and calculated its effects in his journal and letters, which I have at Stowe, locking up his garrison, who, to use his own expression, were "not so bluff as he was," in a part of the works to which he calculated the explosion would not extend, and himself and some of his officers who stood by him stood the brunt of the explosion. He was the only one who perished. The ground opened under him, and again closed, burying him in the chasm. The defences of the castle were not injured, and the garrison held out until the English fleet came into the bay and took them off with all their baggage, &c.

12th. Our night was indeed a most uneasy one. The roll was excessively heavy and uncomfortable. We sent a boat on shore with our interpreter and cook, Fontara and Ford, with the Brêvet de Santé. They were met by the Alcalde, who positively refused to let them land. We ought to have got our Brêvet de Santé at Alicante; Benidrom is only a fishing town; and they could not give us pratique. But they at length allowed Fontara

to touch the sacred soil of Spain, previously ducking his baskets, &c., in the salt water, in order to avoid any danger of infection from us to the town of Benidrom, and very nearly making him go through a similar ablution. But they would not allow him to quit the beach, clapping a man with a rusty sword at a safe distance sentry over him, to prevent communication between him and the fishermen and dirty-looking boys who wanted to crowd round him and see what he was made of.

Fontara having made known in a loud voice that I, E. Il Signor Duca, wanted refreshments, the market of Benidrom was immediately transferred from the hot corner of the one street of fishing huts of which the village consisted, to the sea-beach on which stood Fontara and his dollars; and, notwithstanding the fears of Il Signor Alcalde lest the population of Benidrom should be swept off by the plague contracted on board my yacht, we were soon supplied with fresh meat, fruit, and all we wanted except water, which the conscientious Alcalde said must be fetched by themselves, and we must pay half a dollar per hogshead for it. As this was nearly as dear as wine, and probably was asked only because the spring was in the Alcalde's garden, and, as we had plenty on board, we refused to submit to the imposition.

We were told we might land upon the island and welcome, but on the mainland we must not set our foot. The common sense of this was not apparent, because the whole population of Benidrom went daily to said island to haul the Seine for bonitos, and consequently were sure to catch the plague from us in the island, which they dreaded so much on their own mainland. But the regulation being as sensible a one as most other quarantine arrangements, and a point in our favour besides, we agreed to it. So Fontara kept up his Indian market on

the beach, and we prosecuted our discoveries on the island. It is of singular construction, forming an inclined plane to the sea from west to east. The rock is precipitous to the sea, and there is deep water quite close to it all around. It is formed of limestone, in strata parallel to the plane of the declination of the island, viz., 22°, alternating between compact and shelly limestone, full of organic remains, madrepores, &c. One piece which we broke off appeared to have been subject to fire, and to be burnt into a red colour. Through the glass we saw the same red masses form part of the distant mountains, and especially under and about La Cuchillada de Roland, which I am convinced, from the similarity of its shape, although on a tremendously larger scale, to the Whindykes in Scotland, is itself a whindyke, formed by a vein burnt out, leaving the charred limestone rock behind it. We must, however, more carefully examine our specimens before we decide this point, which we were unable to carry further than by the analogies furnished by the island.

The whole island is covered with crystallised carbonate of lime. There is no water upon it, but a daily population of not less than 150 souls carry on the bonito fishery. This they do by a series of long Seine nets, which they haul up the ledges of the rocks. How they catch any fish I know not, as the nets, although long, are shallow, and the fishermen seem mainly to depend upon pelting the fish with stones as they approach the rock, into the purse of the net. But the greater part must, and, in fact, do, escape. It was very amusing to see the myriads of small fry covering the surface of the sea, escaping the nets and fearing the bonitos. The poor people were most anxious to be civil, and assiduously assisted us in getting on shore, and in securing our boat.

The great object of their adoration was to be found in

our segars, which we distributed freely amongst the poor fellows. They were a great treat to them, as their segars consist of very minute particles of a wild tobacco, made up in slips of paper or bits of reed. At one guard-house which we entered near Gibraltar we found the whole guard making up their segars for the day. One of them to-day sunk in deep water, I should say seven or eight feet at least. A little swarthy monkey, as brown as mahogany, threw off his shirt—the only garment he had on—plunged in, and, diving, brought up the valued prize. We bought a fish dinner for ourselves and the ship's company, and were very popular with this part of the civilization of Benidrom, notwithstanding the anxious fears of its worthy Alcalde. I never saw a finer race than the men, and the manner in which they stripped for the fishery shewed off to great advantage their fine muscular forms. Their dress consists in a shirt tucked up to the elbows, a coloured sash round their waists, and a pair of short drawers coming half-way down their thighs. They make fires, broil the small fish which they take, bring water in banias from Benidrom, and with a segar seek for the night repose under the ledges of rock.

13th. The Alcalde had the impudence to ask us twenty-four dollars for a live sheep, and was much astonished at our refusal. He declared he had sent a great way for it, but we left it on his hands and sailed away, leaving the Alcalde and the man with the rusty sword still sentry on the beach. We passed Altea and its bay, at the bottom of which a small river runs into the sea. The bay is a fine open one, but there is no safe anchorage in it with an easterly wind. The range of craggy mountains with La Cuchillada de Roldan still form the background of the scene. In the evening we again stood in for the land, and made the Pennon of Calpe, other-

wise called the mountain of Ifak, which forms the western boundary of the Bay of Calpe, in which is a small town of the same name. The resemblance which this rock, connected by a low isthmus with the mainland, bears to Gibraltar in miniature, is very remarkable. Although there is anchorage on both sides of it, on neither is it eligible, and on the eastern side a reef of rocks renders it unsafe.

Here again, as at Benidrom, a great alarm seems to have arisen on our appearance. We stood close into the land, and immediately lights ran from right to left, as if giving notice of our proximity to shore.

14th. The wind has mended during the night, and has brought us up opposite Cape St. Antonio, having passed Cape St. Martin. The former is made remarkable by a very high, furcated, pyramidical mountain which rises behind it. These two capes form the Bay of Xavier. From thence we tacked and stood for Tirza, the high land of which was in sight at eight o'clock, A.M.

16th. We cast anchor within a mile of Palma. Above the lighthouse is the castle of Belver, which is the state prison. Here, as elsewhere, we found prisoners "of opinion" in irons. Twenty-five poor wretched people of that description were moved here from Ceuta about a fortnight ago, and are, as elsewhere, "*fort mal traité.*" Amongst them is a former bishop, and a major-general in the Spanish army, who are chained together and forced to sweep the court of the castle; and, with an infamous anxiety to increase their misery, they are obliged to perform this duty with short-handled brooms, in order to oblige them in this hot climate to stoop, and consequently double their labours. This, of course, is the act of the Governor, as the length of the broom-handles certainly was not sent from Ceuta. One consolation is, that this cruel system of arbitrary power brings with it

a system of perfect equality, and "S. E. Il Capitan-General" is just as likely, in the course of the revolutions which threaten this unhappy country, to taste the comforts of the short-handled brooms as the bishop and the general who are now in the enjoyment of them.

On each side of the town is a long range of little windmills, with six arms each, which go round so constantly and so slow, that they appear as if they were all moved by one wheel. They look exactly like our toy windmills for children, and are just of sufficient size to justify Don Quixote in mistaking their brethren for long-armed giants.

17th. At half-past eleven o'clock I landed according to appointment, and found a close carriage, resembling those painted in the pictures of Louis XIV.'s time, by Vermeulen, and probably of that date, without springs, but hanging upon leathers, consequently having no motion but a side swing and a forward or backward jerk. It was drawn by a pair of mules. In this vehicle I proceeded to the royal palace, where dwells S. E. Il Capitan-General dellos Islos Balearos, who received me dressed out in full costume of scarlet uniform and many orders, with the key of one of the Royal Chamberlains fastened to his pocket-hole. He was surrounded by staff, &c., who stood round us, and afterwards drew up in line opposite to us, as we sat on ricketty chairs against the wall, exchanging solemn compliments and low bows—which ended in His Excellency offering me the whole island of Majorca, and assuring me that he, the population of the town, and all the towns, were my slaves, requesting me to dispose of them as I pleased. I felt strongly inclined to take His Excellency at his word, and to put him to the short-handled broom in the citadel.

The house was like a barn. We passed through one great staring room, without any furniture save two thrones

under a canopy, and two pictures vilely daubed of the King and Queen of Spain. The other rooms had nothing but bare plaistered walls, and no furniture. In this howling residence, the ancient receptacle of the Kings of the Balearos, lived exclusively S. E., who told me that he had no other house.

From his august presence, after demanding free ingress and egress, leave to see his town and fortifications, and after again receiving the assurance that they were all my own, I sallied forth into the town on foot, as I preferred that mode as less fatiguing than the delights of the ancient coach. Our first visit was to the cathedral. The outside of it has been cased and fronted in the fifteenth century, the style an ill-conditioned, spindly Gothic, affecting something of the Saracenic, but neither having the lightness of it nor the gravity of the Gothic. The front consists of a large arched portal, tolerably handsome, with a slender Gothic octagon pillar, very high and slim, surmounted by a pepper-castor top on each side. It consists of a nave and two side aisles, and in the left-hand one stands the organ: there is also a transept. On entering, a tolerably good marygold window presents itself to view over the high altar, which is of stalactite marble, adorned with a good deal of tawdry gilding and ornament. Before it stands the sarcophagus containing the body of King James II. of Arragon, the son of the man who conquered the island. Here is the body, but he is far from enjoying the repose of the tomb, for the coffin containing his wretched remains is drawn out of a door at the end of the sarcophagus, and the body is exposed to view to everybody who pays a pesetti to see it, dressed in its royal robe and inner vest of white satin, as he was first consigned to the grave. The nails of the feet are entire, but the corpse presents only the bad edition of an

Egyptian mummy, and is very disgusting. If it is any object to one not to look "frightful when one's dead," it is safer not to be buried in the pomp and garb of royalty, and not to be embalmed. In no case is the appearance of death so ugly as when a body is preserved "to the life" by the art of man.

From thence we proceeded to the church of St. Michael, which is the oldest one here, and was a Moorish mosque when King James I. of Arragon conquered the island. He carried with him on the prow of his ship a figure of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, which he had taken off and carried before him. He brought it to this place, then a mosque, and establishing it here, dedicated thereby the first Christian church in Palma. No Moorish remains are now to be seen, except the Campanella, or belfry, which is as it was at the time of the Conquest. Every other trace of pagan architecture has been carefully erased; but El Padré the Curé shewed me with great veneration what he said was the original Madonna which King James of happy memory brought with him in the vessel, and two daubs of pictures, representing the monarch's landing from his Virgin-prowed ship, and the procession of the figure-head Virgin to the Church. Of course we took the padré's word for the originality of the figure. The petticoat and gown were, however, new, and of the most gorgeous and modern make.

18th. The number of monasteries and religious buildings is immense; consequently the population teems with religions of all colours and all shapes, padrés with shovel hats, and begging friars. The very best figure I saw, exceeding anything burlesqued on the stage, was a white-friar, fatter and more rubicund than was ever dressed up by the prurient and profane fancy of any comic actor—with a black skull-cap, filling a boat

in the noon of day and the middle of the Bay of Palma, fishing with a long fishing-rod. We rowed close to his boat, and seeing some of my men smile at his appearance, he laughed good-humouredly too at himself, and saluted us, in the doing which he nearly overset himself and the boat which contained him.

Our cook is a native of this place, and left it thirty years ago. He went on shore and told immense stories of Il Signor Duca and his vessel, consequently numerous parties from Palma came off to see both. He had boasted of the steam-kitchen on board: the consequence was, all Palma believed the vessel to be a steamboat, which some had heard of, but none had seen; so they crowded to see this new sight. Although disappointed in this respect, they were not so in any other. Scarcely any had ever seen a vessel larger than one of their own sparonaros, in which all their trade of oranges, wine, corn, and brandy is conveyed. Men and women, therefore, were all surprised at the size of the brig; all went below, admired everything, scarcely dared touch the cannons, wondered at the folding-chairs, and declared everything and everybody to be "muz benito."

Some of the families here are very old, have never left the island, are the lineal descendants of the Moorish women whom King James found here, and to whom he gave Limosin husbands, and look down upon the Spanish Marcheses and Dons, whom they consider as Intrus. The English, I know not why, are not popular here; and, to my dismay, I found, when we were fairly embarked in the middle of the town, that white hats were the badge of the radical party, and not permitted to be worn. All our party, myself included, and my warrant-officer, had none other but white hats to wear. A Frenchman who came here a short time ago had a white hat, and received an order not to wear it. We

had no such intimation given us, but I saw that our going in so large a white-beavered party occasioned much observation and remark.

There are one or two good private libraries in the town, but no books are allowed to be printed except on religious subjects. This is a new regulation, and even a geological and statistical account of the island, which is much wanted, there being no description of it in print, of which the first volume is published, was not allowed to be continued, although the details were of the most innocent and unpretending description. The author gave Mr. Lunn his first volume, and the manuscript notes of his second.

The island seems formed of compact and stratified lime, with organic remains. I went in my boat round the Bay of Palma, which on the eastern coast is formed of high sand-hills, rising from thence into weathered limestone and sandstone breschia; and, as we proceeded to Cape Blanco, of compact limestone and building rock. We found a curious effect produced by the water entering a fissure of the weathered limestone rock, and propelling the air with violence through some other fissure unseen, producing a sighing and singing noise which scarcely required any stretch of fancy to make one believe it proceeded from a human creature. A moonlight night and a sentimental frame of mind were all that were necessary to constitute a mermaid in her cool recess; and I am convinced that many a story of sailors' ghosts and landsmen's fears never had so well-authenticated a basis as that furnished by this moaning rock.

The sands are covered by dwarf firs, myrtles, rosemary, wild lavender, and the prickly pear; the orange-tree, the olive, and the locust-tree adorn the mountain sides. The mountains rise in sudden acclivities and

high peaks, leaving deep and narrow gorges and gloomy valleys, affording beautiful varieties of light and shade to the landscape painter. Every promontory and lonely cape is crowned with a watch-tower, serving as a look-out against the Barbary corsairs, when the absence of the King of Spain's tribute, annually expected, of gunpowder and warlike stores, affords them a pretext for going to war with her. At present it has been duly paid, and the best intelligence exists between them.

The Jews are obliged to reside in one part alone of Palma, and the hatred to them is still kept up. No Majorcan tailor will take a Jew apprentice—no Jewess, however handsome and rich, and they are the richest and handsomest part of the population of Palma, can marry any other than a Jewish husband. The breach of this rule would excite the wrath and draw down the thunders of the whole Pretraille—blue, black, grey, and white—of the place.

19th. Mr. Lunn has heard of some caves on the side of the island near Arta, and is gone across on a mule to visit them, in search of animal remains. We take him and my servant, Vernez, who accompanies him, up in Bay of Arta, and weighed anchor and left the Bay of Palma accordingly, with a fine westerly breeze, for that purpose, this morning. A very fine light wine, something like Vin de Grave, but of a much stronger body and superior flavour, called Vino Albuflor, is made here, which is very little known in England. I have bought a quarter cask and take it with me. The common red wine made here is very good and cheap. The island abounds with hares, quails, and red-legged partridges, and woodcocks in their season.

The coast continues of the same limestone formation, and appears to have many openings of caverns on the face of the sea-cliff; but anxiety to pick up Mr. Lunn, and to get

to Sicily, induced me to pass them by. The wind was too light to enable us to fetch the Bay of Arta to-night. The state of government here is dreadful. At the time of the Constitution the Inquisition was destroyed in Palma, the building destroyed, and all its registers burnt. But the clergy have kept careful note of the latter, and the names upon them are still known. There are many families watching only the moment, when that scourge is re-established, to fly from the island, knowing that they will be the first victims of its vengeance. The taxes now are four times as heavy as they were in the time of the Constitution. None of the bargains or sales made then are valid now, consequently there are instances of persons resuming their lands which in those days they sold, and had received the consideration for, without refunding the latter, or allowing the defrauded original purchaser even the usufruct of the land. In other cases the usufruct is allowed by a sense of justice on the part of the re-owner of the land, but never as a right done to his neighbour. But in all instances the perpetuity of the land is resumed without the purchase-money being returned, as the law knows nothing of, and will not even consider any bargain made in those democratic times.

No tobacco or salt is allowed to be bought, except of the King, and out of his stores, at the price it pleases him to put upon these articles: consequently, the worst qualities of these articles, and at the dearest price, are alone suffered to be bought by the subjects of H. M. C. Majesty in Majorca. They are not either permitted to decide whether they will consume less of these articles of necessity than H. M. C. Majesty considers they ought to consume. His revenues must not suffer because his subjects may not like bad tobacco or bad salt. A family of so many persons is supposed to consume so much of

these articles per annum, and that quantity is brought to the dwelling-house by soldiers, who will not depart without payment, and who accompany the demand with a strict search for any other articles of that or other kinds which are contraband. Entire and bitter distrust prevails throughout the island, and nothing is known or believed but what the priests or the government choose to circulate. Where *they dare* speak, the language of the Majorcans is *decisive* enough. They abominate their government, and would consider any change a blessing—they would leave their island to settle anywhere if the means were afforded them. In short, they seem to have but two objects of horror—their own government and the Algerines. They are excessively eager after news, but ignorant to a degree of what is going on, that is quite astonishing. Amongst the higher and best-informed orders, they are convinced, because the heretic English had been held up to their detestation, that the Duke of York and Mr. Canning were both poisoned by their respective political opponents. At the same time they are very anxious to know anything about England—and, above all, curious to know whether she will take any, and what, part in the present state of affairs of their own country, Spain.

They have a coral-fishery in the Bay of Alcudia; but the coral is immediately taken off to Marseilles. No part is worked up in the island, and I was told that there probably was not a pound weight to be found throughout it. The Majorcan honey, at least what is so called, all comes from Valencia in Old Spain.

20th. At length we open upon the Bay of Arta, but look in vain for our adventurers. We saw the precipice in the front of the Cape, which we knew Mr. Lunn was to visit. But he had promised to make a signal with a white handkerchief, which was to point

out where he was. Although the Cape had a tower upon it, and another on a point behind it, we could distinguish no signal. The weather got worse all day, and we were obliged to make short tacks off and on, to keep hold of the land, as, of course, we could not leave it.

We were on the point of giving them up for the night, when our new Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were seen on the beach, and the signal was made. Fortunately the wind lulled a little, and we were enabled to lower a boat, which brought them on board safe. They had seen us all day, and had once made the signal from the Cape, but the haze was so great that we could not discern it; and Mr. Lunn having a pocket sextant in his pocket, ascertained by it that, with the wind as it was, the vessel could not make the Cape; he therefore very wisely made his way on mules across the mountain to the beach, on which he made the signal agreed upon.

21st. We are now passing the widest part of the Mediterranean, and the heavy sea that rolls in from the Gulf of Lyons is tremendous. Many heavy seas struck us, but fortunately we shipped but few, and in no proportion ever to occasion the least alarm.

22nd. Last night we continued going at the same rate, and the sea was running the same height. This morning, however, both the wind and sea are moderated as we are all upon deck. We have run 180 miles since twelve o'clock yesterday, in longitude; and as we altered our course twice in the night, to avoid the Toro Rock off the Island of Sardinia, and again to clear the sunken rock on which the "Fox" cutter was lost, we may safely add ten miles more to the account.

As for myself, I am ashamed to say that I am more low than I should dare confess to anyone, by a dream

which haunted me in my sleep, with a degree of precision which is really frightful. I was at Stowe, my dear and regretted home. All was desolate—not a soul appeared to receive me. My good dog met me, and licked my hand. Accompanied by him, I traversed all the apartments—all desolate and solitary: every room as I had left it. On my return from the state bedroom, I met my wife! She told me all my family were gone, and that she was left desolate—that even her little favourite dog, which had been her sole remaining companion, had died a few days ago. We went out at the north hall door together, and all was solitude and desertion. I awoke with the distress of the moment, and I slept no more that night. I do not like to confess how much effect this has had upon me. I have not the slightest faith in dreams, but this has strongly accorded with the feelings and tone of my mind, and I cannot shake it off. Those who will ever see this journal will, I am sure, not laugh at my feelings.[1]

[1] The picture of Stowe represented in this remarkable dream was realized in many of its features, but not in the life-time of the writer.

CHAPTER VI.

Anchor at Palermo—The Viceroy's Dinner—Land-letting—Villa of the Principe de Buttero—Presentation at the Palazzo Reale—The King of Naples and the Carthaginian Rams—Arabic Inscriptions in the Chapel of the Royal Palace—Visit of the Viceroy—Dancing and Gambling—La Favorita—The Hôpital des Foux—Mad Lady in Love with Lord William Bentinck.

SEPTEMBER 25. The British consul has been alongside, and is gone again to exert himself in our behalf in the matter of our quarantine. He tells me of the completion of the new arrangements in England—of Lord Harrowby's resignation, and of the Duke of Portland's appointment in his place; also of the Duke of Wellington having kissed hands. This evening we have the pleasing intelligence sent to us that there is every reason to hope that we shall gain pratique to-morrow. If this be so, we shall have had done for us what no vessel, not even a man-of-war, has ever obtained: the utmost indulgence has been to strike off the number of days occupied by the voyage. A declaration is sent to me to sign upon honour that we have touched nowhere since we left Majorca, have communicated with no ships on our passage, and have no sick. A quarantine boat rows guard round us, and has

the impudence to ask of us to provision them. I refuse, telling them that I don't want their company, that those who sent them may feed them, and that they may row round us, but that if they come near I will fire at them. I say this because our fresh meat hangs over our stern, and I find our guards always contriving to find some excuse for lurking about under that part of the vessel. The moment we dropped our anchor a young begging friar came off in a boat and asked for money. We told him we could only give him the plague, and he went away.

26th. This morning we got pratique, owing to the exertions of our Consul, and the civility of the board of health.

27th. I landed to-day, and established myself in Mr. Lindeman's house. He has given me up a large suite of rooms for myself and suite. My apartment is splendid, as all the palazzi are; but this is furnished with a degree of English taste and comfort which seldom attends Italian splendour. The town presents a melancholy scene of splendour and misery: nothing can be finer than the fronts of the palazzi, nothing more wretched than the interior. The nobility live entirely in Palermo, except just at this moment, when they are in Villagiatura, but have not the means of repairing the houses they live in. Almost all let part of them. Few keep any servants, except the footman and coachman, who are hired by the day or week, to convey them to the mansion: even the Viceroy contracts with a cook to furnish his table, at about half-a-crown English per head; and when he gives a splendid dinner he increases it to 3*s*. 6*d*. each. The cook enters, brings the dinner in a fiacre, warms and shakes up his casseroles, serves it up, and carries off everything again in the hackney coach the moment the dinner is over.

The Consul was dining with Prince Belmonte at his magnificent palazzo, about a mile from Palermo. Dinner was just over, when il Baron Somebody, who had been expected, and who had been unavoidably detained, arrived.

"Ah, caro Barone—have you dined?" exclaimed the Princess.

"No."

"Oh, ring the bell! Cook, anything in a minute for il Barone. Make haste!"

In came the maestro della casa:—"Scuta mi, Signora Princessa; but the chef is gone, and nothing can be dressed."

"Well, but then some cold meat?"

"Signora Princessa, scurate me, but the cook has taken away everything."

And not a morsel could be got, or was got for il Barone!—and this at the house of the richest man in Sicily. Such is their mode of living.

I received a message of compliment from the Luogo Tenente, who, after begging me to consider all Sicily as my own, appointed seven o'clock to-morrow evening to receive me.

Labourers here get about tenpence per diem, *when employed*, for agriculture; but this is at very uncertain periods, and for a short time only—the remainder of the year *they starve*. The Principe lets his land; that lessee at ploughing time calls in the aid of another, to whom he furnishes the seed necessary for the ground. This second lessee goes to an individual who is at the head of a certain number of labourers, and tells him he wants men and oxen to plough such a quantity of ground, and makes his bargain with them. When the harvest comes the first lessee comes, and first of all repays himself in kind for the seed which he has advanced, then takes the

half of the remainder; and the other half of the produce goes to the second lessee, who pays himself for the culture. Land thus bearing corn one year lays fallow for two, and then bears wheat again. During its fallow it bears grass, and the first lessee underlets it to cattle-dealers for their cattle. Thus there is no communication whatever between the lord and the land; and the land is so heavily taxed that much remains uncultivated. Independent of all other taxes, the land, and all other property in houses, or lands, or tenements, pay 12 per cent. to the state.

The net revenue to the King is about one million sterling. All the duties of all kinds have been let to a Fermier-General, a Frenchman of the name of Dumont, who has broke; and a firm composed of several individuals, including some English merchants, are now in treaty with the government to take the duties. The clergy and pretraille of all kinds swarm here, and are omnipotent.

News of the Grand Signor's refusing all interference in the affairs of Greece received here. The Consul sends it off to the Russian admiral, who, however, takes the thing coolly, and does not stir. At my suggestion, the Consul went to the Luogo Tenente, and urged him to send off a telegraphic message with the news to Naples. A telegraphic communication reaches Naples in two hours. I think it very material that our Government should be apprized of it as soon as possible —the Luogo Tenente sends it off. I fear the Austrians are backing up the Porte, who would not thus set at defiance England, France, and Russia, unless he fancied he was supported by some strong power; and I strongly suspect Metternich to be the author of the Turkish manifesto. When war once breaks out, who will say where it will stop, or with whom? I find the opinion

here is, that the Turks will give way immediately. If the Turks thought so themselves they would not run the risk.

We proceeded to the villa of the Principe de Buttero, about two miles from the town. The gardens are very pretty, laid out and planted about seven years ago by the present Principe, who is fond of botany. Most of our tenderer green-house plants flourish in the open air here. The Rencalucia Nutares in full flower, and growing luxuriantly. The climate is too hot for the tribe of Ericàs. The geraniums are of very few species. The Principe in despair at having lost the two hen gold pheasants which belonged to a fine cock bird of that species, and cannot get any here or in France to replace them: I have said that I can get him the birds if he will point out the mode of conveyance. His garden department is under the care of a very intelligent German, who seemed much interested in the collection. The house is very prettily furnished, and shews that the prince and princess had a knowledge of English furniture comforts. The rooms are small, but capable of being kept cool and pleasant.

In the evening I went to the Palazzo Reale to be *presenté*. It was an enormous incongruous building, of Saracenic, Norman, and Roman architecture, forming part of a square. Passed up a prodigious flight of stairs with marble balustrades, full of filth and bad smells; open corridors full of guards, and guard-rooms full of fellows lounging, sleeping, lousing themselves, and spitting about. Then one ante-chamber where halbardiers stood like our gentlemen pensioners—then another, filled with gobelin tapestry, representing the adventures of Don Quixote—then, after much scuttling about of aides-de-camp, and grand ceremony of guards turning out, and—precisely like the Castle of Dublin—we

were ushered into a small room, into which, from the other end, issued S. E., a well-looking man, covered with orders, &c., who received me with great civility, and offered me all Sicily, assuring me that it was mine. I presented my suite; and after being seated on the edge of a sofa, and certain solemn questions, and answers, and compliments duly laboured through on both sides, he asked me to stay to the Fête du Roi, which was to be on the 4th of next October. I answered that of course I should make it my devoir, and then I took my leave, he re-conducted me to the top of the stairs, and gave me notice that he would pay me a visit the ensuing evening.

In the room which adjoined that in which I was received are the two Carthaginian bronze rams, which were originally gilt. They were perforated with holes in such a manner, that whichever way the wind blew it was received into pipes, which sent forth a sound through the mouths of the animals imitating their roaring. The late King of Naples, during his residence here, coming home one night in the dark, by these animals where they were placed, was so frightened by the noise, that the next day he ordered the holes to be stopped up, and the animals to be put into a room, where no air could reach them to terrify the Royal nerves. The Viceroy has been thrice re-appointed to his situation—a strong mark of favour.

29th. The chapel of the Royal Palace is the most superb specimen of Saracenic architecture and ornament I ever saw. The whole of it, from the door to the high altar, from the floor to the ceiling, covered with gold mosaic, on which are painted religious subjects, saints, &c., with inscriptions in ancient Greek, Arabic, and Latin. The padré who attended us voted the whole Arabic, and so they were to him. His astonishment

was excessive when we read off to him one of the inscriptions, which he pointed out as such, in Greek, and translated it for him. Still he persisted in it that the whole was Arabic.

In a closet there was a curtain drawn, and some of us peeping behind it, found a whole-length picture of the late King, cut, and hacked, and shot through. By inquiry, we found that, at the time of the revolution, the people stormed the palace, imprisoned the whole garrison of the city, let out the prisoners, and destroyed all the furniture of the palace, and particularly all the pictures of the King, which they could find. They attempted to get into the observatory, where the old Astronomer defended his narrow staircase, and his magnificent equatorial so well, that they turned their rage from his instruments to the old man, and led him away to execute him. With difficulty they were diverted from their purpose, and the instruments and astronomer were saved. Had the same firmness been shewn by the garrison and officers, probably the same results would have followed. The great room in the palace, where the Parliaments *were* once held, and *ought to be held now*, is magnificent—Labours of Hercules all round, and apotheosis on the ceiling.

In the evening the Viceroy paid me a visit of ceremony. Lit up my rooms, all my party dressed out in gala—marines lined the staircase, holding lights—the consul receiving him at the foot of the staircase, I at the top—ceremonies the same as I experienced at my reception. Nothing could exceed the civility and real *empressement* of the Viceroy.

The director of the Casino Nobile sent an invitation to me and my whole party to the ball that evening. It is upon the same footing with our Almacks, but on a much more liberal scale, and one is not exposed to the

caprices of Lady-Patronesses. It is confined to the noblesse, none other *can* be admitted; and all strangers of rank, or well-recommended, receive special invitations. The ball was not very brilliant, owing to many of the noblesse being out of town—but the room was tolerably good. It appertains to the suite of apartments connected with the Opera House. There is a billiard-table adjoining, but no play is allowed, and, in fact, *none exists now in Palermo.* Never was seen so complete a change in the manners of the people. At the revolution the only good thing which the populace did in its fury was to pull down the greatest gambling-house in Palermo, where thousands had ruined themselves and the peace of families had been destroyed. The result was that, when order was restored, a Royal decree was issued prohibiting gambling, or play of any kind, under the severest penalties. And now not even a whist party, for which game the Palermitans were famous, is to be seen in society. I would willingly make up my mind to one riot in London if the consequence to that extent would be sure of being the same as in Palermo.

The dances were confined to the waltz and quadrilles. They are fond of English country-dances, but there were not women enough to make one out. There were but few pretty women; in fact, during my stay in Palermo I saw but few. All the noblesse of Palermo desired to be presented to me—and it was literally for some time, to my great annoyance, a circle: but it was all meant as a special civility. The Russian Admiral was there, and invited me to come on board him on Monday, with the Viceroy. The society in Palermo is very limited, as not only the nobles are too poor to keep open house, or to give soirées, but they are all afraid of

each other. The remains of the old Queen's party still exist, and are strictly watched.

The revolution, in withdrawing its flood, left the slime behind, and the consequence is felt in the city and the country, the cottage and the palace. People are in the habit of abusing espionage. Espionage will and must exist in countries subject to Sicilian vespers and revolutions like the last. Arbitrary power breaks revolutions, and revolutions make abitrary power more excusable, and espionage necessary. If a man feels that the safety of his own throat depends upon watching his neighbour's movements, he will not moralize, but he will save his throat.

I visited the Favorita, the King's country-house. Beautifully situated in the middle of olive and orange groves, and a park full of pheasants and game, all reserved for the King's chase, who never comes here. The Luogo Tenente's son is governor of the Favorita, and cannot fire off a gun or kill a head of game—neither can the Luogo Tenente. In the meanwhile the Garde Chasse live upon pheasants, and sell to the whole country round. The Viceroy told me that, when he was newly *un particulier*, he bought game constantly of them, as all Palermo does; and that now he dare not do it, and has scarcely ever any game at his table besides that which is publicly sold in the market.

Just before we reach the house of La Favorita there is a fine fountain, consisting of a high fluted Egyptian pillar, with a lotus capital, and at the four angles of the base are Egyptian sphinxes and marks. Upon the top of the column is a statue, in white marble, of Hercules leaning on his club. This is incongruous—but the effect upon the whole is fine. The house consists of small rooms on five stories. The first set are vaulted, and made as cool as possible for the hot weather; each suc-

ceeding story is fitted up in a different style, but the Chinese is the favourite, and the paintings upon the walls in fresco, of Chinese costumes, are beautiful. Here is a large circular dining-table, which is placed directly over the kitchen. In the table are circular trapdoors, with counterweights precisely like those used in a theatre, and upon these dishes ascend and descend on the ringing of a bell. The changes of plates, knives and forks, &c., are placed upon dumb waiters, so that the whole dinner passes off without the necessary presence of a single servant. The other stories are furnished after the French and Italian, and above all, the King's apartments, in the English style, furnished throughout with common coloured prints of Morland's pictures. In the Italian suite are the late Queen's apartments, and in her bedroom are cameos of the King, herself, and children.

From the top the view is superb, commanding Palermo, with the whole of the Concho d'Oro, and the sea terminating the prospect at the two ends of the vista. Immediately round the house below are gardens in the Italian taste, with statues and fountains, some of them good, but the general effect glittering and pretty. Round them, beyond again, are the continuation of olive and orange groves, cultivated grounds, &c., and all enclosed in the Royal park, the boundaries to which are the lofty precipices of Mount Pelegrino on one hand, and of Monte di Gallo opposite, the finest boundary imaginable to be seen of a King's park.

We saw the new Hôpital des Foux, established by the present Viceroy, under the superintendence of the Baron Pisano, a gentleman, not a professional person, who has undertaken this establishment on motives of pure humanity alone, and without fee or reward. There was before an hospital for mad people, and when he

came to it *the whole population* of it was chained and treated with all the violence and inhumanity which we have read of as appertaining to these and similar establishments in former days. The first thing the Baron did was to send every pair of fetters and every chain out of the place, except one set, which he has hung up against the wall, with an inscription signifying the change. One victim also of the system is retained, an old man, still insane, who is bent double by wearing chains for twenty-five years, and who now walks about the house unencumbered, happy, and contented.

The Baron's principle is to act upon the feelings and moral principles *alone*. The first thing that is done is to place the patient, the moment he is introduced, into a preparatory apartment, where he is carefully watched, and the case minutely examined into; and he is then removed into the ward appropriated to the cases under which the particular species of disease is ranked. *Every fancy is indulged.* If a man fancies himself a king he is treated with something like apparent respect due to Royalty—if a poet, he is permitted to scribble poetry, and he is told that his verses are printed and considered equal to Ariosto's and Tasso's—if the man either was or fancies that he is a soldier, he is put into a sort of uniform, and a toy musket of tin, with sham accoutrements are given him.

When I came to the door of the establishment I was astonished at being received by a drum beating "*aux Champs*," two sentries who never finished presenting their tin arms; and a guard of twenty-five or thirty men, all armed in a similar manner, commanded by a Suisse, with a tremendous pair of moustaches and a cocked hat, who put them through their exercise, which they performed, some facing to the right, some to the left, playing each other all sorts of tricks, treading on each other's

toes, but all enjoying the thing, all laughing, merry, happy—*and all mad!*

The melancholy mad are put into rooms, the walls of which are painted in fresco with flowers, and lively and pleasing subjects; and the ward for that class of the lower order of maniacs are covered with representations of Punchinello, Harlequins, and grotesque figures of all sorts, to amuse them. The men have one garden full of trees, under which they sit and work if they choose, or amuse themselves. The women have another of the same sort. In these gardens are cells for the refractory and violent; but they even vary in their degrees of confinement. Some of them have grated gates open to the garden, where they can see their quieter brethren walk about at liberty. The cunning of madness soon enables them to see that their liberty is commensurate with their state of quiet, and they become quiet in order to be free. What, therefore, begins in a madman's cunning, leads to his health eventually, and probably to his recovery. Other cells are open only at the top, for the more violent; and others, for the outrageous, are quite dark, but mattressed on all sides, below and above, so that the maniac is in a mattressed box, and *cannot* injure himself. When there, no further restriction is imposed upon them; and, outside, the straight-waistcoat, which is very rarely permitted, is the only confinement.

In addition to these pleasure-gardens, or courts, is a large kitchen-garden, also cultivated by such insane as choose it, and like to amuse themselves that way. In the midst of each of the first-mentioned courts is a little fountain, which serves also to amuse the eyes and the minds of the melancholy mad. Those who are nearest to recovery have a sort of charge given them over the rest. All know that they are mad, all consider themselves in an hospital, and each fancies himself the least

mad of the whole fraternity, and speaks with pity of his insane friends.

When I was there an outrageous madman, whom I heard howling and moaning, was confined in one of the cells. The Baron requested me to ask of him as a favour the liberation of the man. This of course I did, before the other patients: it was to have its effect *upon them.* The door was partly opened, and out rushed the maniac. The Baron fixed his eyes upon him, and saying two or three words quietly to him, the maniac's violence ceased for the moment. The Baron told him he owed his liberty to S. E., meaning me, and that I trusted he would merit my indulgence. For the moment the poor wretch was quite quiet, thanked me, called me a good *Muscovite* (he fancied himself Czar of Muscovy), and asked me to dine with him. He was then let into the garden to the rest, and soon began roaring again. The others—as mad as he—all flocked round him, and pretended to keep him in order. We left him there, but before I quitted the house the poor fellow at dinner got so outrageous that he was obliged to be conducted to his confinement again.

The establishment of baths is perfect, and there is a small museum attached to the building, containing such anatomical preparations, especially connected with the head, from the bodies of persons who die in the establishment, as are calculated to throw any light upon the disease in any of its branches. A complete staff of surgeons and physicians is attached to the establishment, but the Baron Pisano oversees everything himself, and passes almost the whole of every day there.

Whilst I was there the bell for dinner rang. I had previously seen the kitchen, which was divided into two divisions, for the higher orders of patients and the poor, and the dinners of both were dressed with exquisite neatness

and cleanliness. I then saw the maniacs proceed to their dinner—the men into one refectory, the women into another. Each had a pewter measure and a spoon before him, and a roll of beautifully white bread. The table was covered with a perfectly clean cloth. I of course saw only the poorer class dine. Their dinner was, first, a measure of excellent maccaroni soup, then a sort of vegetable stew, then a plate of tunny fish, and a plate of grapes. Each person had half a pint of good wine, which I tasted, diluted, and, of course as much water as he chose. Their attendants consist of men and women servants, and so minute was the attention paid to cleanliness and comfort, that the attendants between each change of dish brought round napkins, with which they made each person wipe his mouth in succession. A friar, also mad, (religiously so), attended and said grace.

They all were quiet and attentive and crossed themselves, and then began devouring their dinner, amidst all sorts of noises, laughter, and merriment. When this got too loud, the Baron, or one of the attendants, merely went up, fixed his eyes upon the noisiest, and the whole subsided. The whole is under the general view of the Benedictine monks, who, however, don't interfere, but every now and then one or two look in at mealtimes, and attend the chapel to see that their religious duties are attended to as far as the situation of the patients will admit of.

The lower part of the building is entirely devoted to the poor, who, of course, pay nothing—the upper stories to the rich, who pay for their treatment, and who thus, to a certain degree, pay the expenses of the lower establishment. These latter I, of course, did not see, except three ladies, one of them outrageously mad of love—of Lord William Bentinck! She was an immense woman,

who had not known him when he was here, but who now passes the whole day and night in writing love-letters to him, which are all duly taken, to be, as the poor thing believes, sent to him; and they attempt to quiet her by sending messages from him in return. She found out that I was an Inglesé, and directly brought me a sprig of rosemary to carry to Lord William. The figure and manner of the poor wretch were anything but those of Ophelia, and the whole sentiment of the matter was *une affaire manquée.*

The second was a very voluble and very mad lady of about thirty-five, who hung upon my arm and Mr. Lunn's, and kept with us the whole time of our visit. The other was a poor young thing, quite quiet, humble, and retiring, who had been there about three days. These were suffered, under the care of their own special attendants, to roam about the house, and were quite harmless. The voluble lady had been about three months there, and when she first came was, as the Baron assured me, as violent as my friend the Czar of Muscovy, but was rapidly advancing to a cure. She took upon herself the management of the rest, and was, to a degree, indulged in it—scolded them if they made a noise, and then coming up to me, shrugging her shoulders, and pitying these poor insane creatures! She, as they all did, called the Baron "father," and hung upon him and fondled him; but I could see the cunning of madness shew itself by her making faces at her "father" when his back was turned. Whenever he chid her for any little peccadillo, she always excused herself by dropping a curtsey and saying that she must be excused, for that she was mad, and would not have done so and so if she had been in her senses.

There is besides a *parloir*, where, under proper and necessary regulations, their friends have access to them.

Thus these poor people live, happy and mad, with no appearance of a mad-house staring them in the face; on the contrary, those who are gloomy are cheered, those who are too gay are repressed, but not made gloomy. Much the greater number of the patients recover, and few stay above a year.

I asked the Baron what effect the climate had upon the complaint, and he said that he *invariably* found that in extreme heat the symptoms became *less* violent, and became worse as the cold increased. Upon a change of wind, even from a colder to a warmer quarter, they became worse, and in the reverse case they became better. This rule he found never failed him, except in female cases, which, of course, are influenced by different causes.

Upon the whole, whether we consider the principles upon which the establishment is formed, the manner in which they are acted upon, and the neatness and cleanliness with which every branch of the establishment is conducted, it confers the highest possible degree of reputation upon the humane and benevolent man who executes this benevolent task, and upon the Government which meets his views, and support them.

When I went away my two fair friends kissed my hand and gave me nosegays. I asked the Baron what present he would allow me to make them. He would not allow of snuff, as being too stimulant, but said that if I would send him some comfits he would take care they should have them in such proportions as were good for them. And so we parted, the two mad sentries presenting their tin arms to me as I retired. I forget whether I have mentioned that for any manufacture which they are capable of engaging in, or wish to try to engage in, the materials are furnished them. Most of the women were busy in doing some odd little *bout d'ouvrage*. I

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was shewn my poor little humble, quiet, melancholy girl's room, where the table was laid for her dinner and her attendant's. In the middle of the table-cloth was a vase of flowers—there were two dumb waiters for plates and glasses, and upon each of them was a laughable and grotesque plaster bust or group of figures. I mention this to shew the manner of treating the melancholy mad of the higher ranks in life. All the lower class were clothed in uniform, the violent men in trousers and jacket in one; the women of the same description in close chemises, so secured round the throat and waist, and made of such materials that they could not be torn off. Of course there were cases in both sexes where they were obliged, although not violent, to be shut up in their rooms. But in these cases the same principles were acted upon, and the mind endeavoured to be taken off from the peculiar circumstances which afflicted it. I saw one case where excess of gaiety and violence of passion constituted the disease. In that case, crucifixes and religious pictures and sombre furniture were applied as gayer objects, and Harlequins, and Punchinellos were in opposite cases. When I was there there were about 300 patients of all descriptions.

CHAPTER VII.

La Bocca de Falco—The Jesuits' Library—Mistaken Identity—Birthday of the King of Naples—General Campana's Recollections of the Retreat of the French Army from Russia—State Dinner at the Viceroy's Palace—The Opera—Geological Notes—Visit to the Monastery of Santo Martino—Liberality of the Prior—A Monstrous Taste—The Foundling Hospital—Wise Policy of the Viceroy.

OCTOBER 1st. Viceroy hearing that I am fond of antiquities and research, sends me a bag-full of coins, silver and copper—some very good—a basket-full of wares and terra-cotta figures, all Sicilian; a box-full of minerals, sulphate of strontian and minerals of sulphur, and a large petrified tree. I wrote to him for permission to dig and export. The former he freely gave, the latter he said the law forbade *him* from giving, but he had applied to the King. In the meanwhile I was given to understand that the laws in Sicily are *sometimes* blind and deaf. A beautiful road winding amongst hills, about four miles in length, leads to the town of Morrealé, made by Archbishop Testa. Upon the sides of the road are fountains and seats, in the former of which the crystal waters, gushing out of the limestone rock, are collected and enjoyed on the latter, under the shade of

orange and olive trees. One is a remarkably good fountain—a marble figure of a girl is represented as flying from the fountain, having dropped her pitcher, alarmed by a snake; one boy has climbed above her, and with a club strives to strike the snake from above, whilst another is pursuing it from below.

On the right the road turns into an avenue of walnuts, which, dividing grounds cultivated entirely with oranges, vines, and olives, leads to a seat of the King's situated amongst rocky precipices and fountains, called La Bocca di Falco. Adjoining to it is the little town of Falco. High as the situation is, the rocks are covered with oranges. Two lofty peaks of limestone rock contain the grounds and casino. In the latter there is nothing to see, and in the former there is that odd mixture of wild rock and formal Italian garden, which, although entirely incongruous, constitutes a very rich scene. This casino is uninhabited, and falling into decay. The house was always a wretched one, composed of a strange jumble of little rooms, divided by little stairs and ups and downs of all sorts. Such was the late King's taste.

The late Queen once told him: "Your grandfather built palaces worthy of a great monarch; your father erected paltry houses of wood; you stick up cottages everywhere which your gardeners cannot inhabit, and your lowest subjects will not. There will be nothing left for your son but to make burrows in the earth, and live like a Hottentot!"

3rd. Visited the Jesuits' library. A fine collection of, I should think, 20,000 volumes, now open to the public. Of course the books were principally theological, but there were many classics, and many English books—Johnson, Addison, Shakespeare, Newton, Locke, and Milton. Of manuscripts they had very few, and none

of value. There were a few illuminated books of prayer, but none earlier than the 16th century. The manuscript of the different privileges granted to the city of Palermo by successive sovereigns, was their most interesting one.

My name puzzled them sadly. But at last they settled it satisfactorily, for, after trying Buckrum and Bunkingham, they arrived at Buckingham, when one Jesuit called out "*Ah, apparrement c'est Buckingham le grand voyageur!*" and there we left the matter.[1]

This is the eve of the feast of Sant Ferdinando, and consequently of the name-day of the King of Naples. The Neapolitan frigate fired a salute and dressed ship. My yacht hauled out of the Mole and did the same. At five o'clock, P.M., the whole garrison formed in line opposite my hôtel on the Marina, consisting altogether of about 7,000 men. On the extreme right was a regiment of cavalry, a brigade of nine-pounders, a regiment of Neapolitan guards, a brigade of mountain guns on mules' backs, four-pounders, and the remainder consisted of regiments of the line. The troops fired three vollies from right to left, by battalions — the artillery, forts, and shipping firing royal salutes between each volley, and then the whole line moved by the Viceroy in open column. Seeing me and my party in my carriage, he sent an officer to us insisting on my going into the royal stand, erected for his own accommodation, where he joined us after he had gone down the line.

The artillery were extremely well appointed, especially the mountain brigade. Three mules carried each gun, its carriage, and ammunition. The regiment of Neapolitan guards, dressed in red, was very fine, and, indeed, I must say that the men throughout were very-

[1] The gentleman mistaken for the Duke was that voluminous writer of travels, James Silk Buckingham.

fine young men, and steady under arms. But the army is not a favourite service. The men are enlisted for six years only, and at the end of that period they return home. In no instance do they ever re-enlist for a second period. The consequence is, that there is not an old soldier in the Neapolitan army. The moment a man becomes a good soldier, and inured to the use of his arm, he is sent home. Their pay is nominally very small, and even that is very ill-paid.

The General-in-Chief is the General Campana, a man much esteemed and beloved, and known to be a gallant officer. He served under Murat, and made with him the campaign of Russia. On the retreat from Moscow he lost the fingers of his left hand by the cold. His details of what they suffered were dreadful. He said that all the officers, Murat included, were on foot; even Berthier, unwieldy and gouty, was obliged to walk, and his senses began to fail him. Napoleon was always in a carriage or on horseback. He describes the men as preserving a morose silence, never complaining nor murmuring. Nothing was to be seen but wastes of snow and black lines of vast pine forests, nothing to be heard but the howling of the wolves feeding on the unburied carcases, and the horses of the Cossacks, as they hung upon the flanks and rear of the retreating columns. General Campana himself witnessed 400 of the imperial guard lying dead around one night's bivouac.

The military here are changed very frequently. Much reliance is not placed upon them in case of any *emeute* against the people. The frigate now in the bay has brought a relief of artillery, and a line-of-battle-ship is coming with a relief of troops of the line. Prince Butera was a Hanoverian captain in our German legion. The Princess Butera, of great notoriety, fell in love with him, attached herself to him and married him,

and made him take her name and title. Thus spring up Sicilian *nobles*. The Viceroy presented me with the two coronation medals of the present King, one stamped at Naples, the other here, and the medal struck in commemoration of the late King's death.

4th. This is the King's name-day, which is the same thing as the birthday with us. There was saluting and flag-flying all day, and religious processions in honour of the saint whose name the King bears. But the King is not known here, "and none did say God bless him," for the Neapolitans are detested. It is only quite of late that those employed under Murat could get employment under the present Government. General Campana is a strong instance of the King's having at last had the good sense to appear at least to forget the past. The Captain commanding the frigate here also served under Murat, but until a week ago he never could get employed.

At three o'clock I dined at the Viceroy's palace in full gala. None dined but nobles. There was the Cardinal Gravina, brother of the Spanish admiral of that name, who is also primate here—a respectable old man. The rest were composed of Chambellans du Roi, and the remnant of Palermo's nobles. La Marquise delle Favarre dined with us, together with some few principesse, only two of which were tolerably pretty. Scarcely any women here speak French. La Marquise, who endeavoured to be very civil, did a very little and very bad. My Italian was scanty, but what with signs and the putting together the odds and ends of two languages which neither perfectly understood, we made out dinner talk pretty well. The banquet was sumptuous, but, as every dish was handed round, was very long. About fifty dined. In the midst of dinner a solemn health was given to the King. There was no plate. Great profu-

sion of green, pink, and white wax candles, which produced a pretty effect when mixed up with Italian artificial flowers, and the confectionery ornaments of the table. But real splendour there was none, and the dinner, although extremely well-dressed, was evidently at so much par tête from a cook who appeared jealous of his reputation.

After coffee the whole party separated, again to assemble at the opera, which, "for this night only," was illuminated *en gala.* It shewed manifestly the poverty of the land, and faded paintings and blackened gilding mourned over the penury which for many years had refused them renovation. The King's box, in the centre, was empty, as is always the case, except that two halberdiers occupied it, with their partizans and cocked hats. The Viceroyal party had three boxes laid into one for their accommodation, and then during the evening it was the etiquette for those who had been at the dinner to present themselves. The boxes were brilliant, and the ladies displayed all their beauties and their diamonds, which were many of them lent by their creditors, or withdrawn from the pawnbroker for the night. The company of performers was very bad—La prima donna detestable, and "Il Barbiere de Sevilla" was represented in a manner to make Rossini, had he been living and there, mad. No applause attended the Viceroy's entrance or departure; no allusion was made to the King or his birthday; the only thing applauded was the vulgar song of the old housekeeper, which was encored because it was sung even more vulgarly than Rossini meant it should; and the only object of attention was my scarlet uniform, blue riband, and garter, the last of which the Sicilians never could make out, or get tired of staring at. Two grenadiers stood on the stage, and everything passed off with courtly dullness.

We have had no opportunity of studying the geology of the place, which is very interesting. Monte Pelegrino is a mass of limestone, stalactite, marble and breschia, which pervades the whole city. We have discovered a vein of clay, which had escaped Daubigné and other geologists, and is full of fossil shells; the Bagaria is composed wholly of breschia, full of fossil remains; and the Point or Cape, at the other extremity of the bay, is again limestone rock and stalactite, like Pelegrino. The stalactitic marble polishes beautifully, and in the Bocca di Falco there are agates. The vein of clay runs up the Conco d'Oro, and probably penetrates the whole island, as on the opposite coast clay is laid down as existing. But it is extraordinary how very little the Palermitans trouble themselves about the matter, how few know anything, and how much they all err in detailing what they do know. Collections there are none, and their astonishment was great at my anxiety to ascertain matter so uninteresting to them, and which therefore they conceive ought to be of entire non-interest to myself. An exception from this is Il Professor Scirra, who has written an excellent treatise called "La Topografia di Palermo;" and again Il Baron Pisano, whose researches lay principally amongst the antiquities of his country, has a very fine collection of strontians and organic remains—and both were very obliging in communicating their knowledge on these subjects.

Passing through the town of Bocca di Falco, the road winds up in traverses amongst the mountains, although still passable for carriages, until, after attaining the base of Monte Cuccio, which we skirted, we came at about the distance of ten miles, driving into the sombre valley, in which stands the solitary but magnificent monastery belonging to the Benedictines, called Santo Martino. The original convent had been destroyed by the

Saracens, but was rebuilt by the Order. I had been introduced to the Prior of the Order in Palermo, and with the greatest civility he offered to accompany me, which he did. He is a very respectable, liberal-minded Catholic, very communicative and very gentlemanlike in his manner. His family is noble and ancient—Catalonian. All the families of those who reside in St. Martino must be of noble extraction.

The approach to St. Martino is gloomy, wild, and rocky. The gorge of the valley closes gradually in amongst the precipices of Monte Cuccio on the one hand, and mountains little inferior in height on the other, until at length at the end the convent raises its massy walls, embowered in cypresses and olive trees. The territorial possessions of the monastery are very extensive, but so are its establishments. It pays and maintains several other establishments of the same description and order in Palermo, Catania, and charters a school for youth within its own walls, and feeds all the poor upon their estates. Their dues to the Crown are also extremely heavy. The times are gone by when the Church paid nothing, or less than others, to the State. The tax upon its land is not less than fifteen per cent., taken upon the highest estimate of its value, when the British troops occupied the island, when a war was raging, and the prices of commodities more than five times what they are now. Those prices have sunk and the land is no longer cultivated, but the tax remains the same, and the hunger of Naples undiminished.

There is nothing particularly fine in the façade of the convent, except its vastness and extent. But the inside is very magnificent. A large hall, entirely incrustrated with Sicilian marbles, received us. At the extremity was a fine colossal group of St. Martin dividing his mantle with the poor, in white marble. On the right hand

an immense double staircase, also of marble, conducted us to the *salon de reception*, a vast, magnificent room with a trunk ceiling, the flooring marble, the sides and ceiling painted in beautiful al fresco and arabesque decorations. Into this great saloon opens the apartments of Il Padré Abbaté, consisting of a parlour, a writing-room, and his bedroom, all very simply furnished, but containing some good paintings by l'Espagnoletto, Vandyck, and other good masters, but all are in want of cleaning and care. From the saloon we entered vast corridors intersecting the convent at right angles, opening at two extremities by two large windows into balconies commanding the most extensive views over the bay of Palermo and its beautiful valley, over the Mediterranean as far as the distant Edian Islands. The two other extremities are terminated by large fountains, out of which the purest waters constantly gush in profusion. Here are the walks of the monks of the Order of St. Benedict, cool in summer, warm in winter, vast and silent at all times. On each side of these corridors are the cells of the monks and the different officers and *employés* of the convent.

Distant as they are from any town, and difficult as is the access to their convent, they are obliged to have a full establishment constantly kept within their walls; consequently medical assistance and artificers of all sorts are kept, paid, and resident amongst them.

From these corridors the same great staircase conducts to another suite precisely similar above. Below is their school. Here are kept and educated the young men of the first families in Palermo. Their education is only monastic in confinement, as they never visit their friends except during four days in the year. Drawing, music, fencing are taught, as well as the classical books of the Latin and Greek tongues, and they have large

courts and gardens of recreation. They constantly walk about amongst the neighbouring mountains and woods, and the first time we saw them was scrambling up in their black gowns the steep side of one of the rocky eminences which overhung the road, with their padré at their head, all fun and noise, perspiration and activity. The moment they saw our carriage approaching they rolled down into the road like so many black-beetles, and, ranging themselves in line, saluted their prieur as he passed, who laughed at their demure faces, and told us that he had admitted us behind the scenes. Here they remain until the age of twenty-one, when they are called upon to take their decision as to their future life, and either enter into the world or into a monastic life. If the latter, they take the noviciate's dress, and, after a year, the vows of the Order. Amongst their amusements I observed a large billiard-table and room properly fitted up.

The church is a fine building, entirely encrustrated with marble, containing a beautiful organ, called by them the third finest in the world. However that may be, it is a magnificent instrument, and was beautifully played and shone off by the organist, a remarkably fine performer.

Their library is a fine room. Their collection good, but not quite what I expected, as, during the different revolutions and disturbances, the manuscripts and biblical wealth of Palermo had been transferred for safety and remained there. Whenever we inquired for old MSS., early-printed books, &c., we were told to wait until we had seen Santa Martino. But it is plain that species of wealth had been overrated—for of MS. they had nothing older than the fourteenth century, perhaps I might say the fifteenth, and of early-printed books they scarcely produced any. They had a very fine Arabic MS. I

was surprised to see Martin Luther's works on the shelves, and, on my remarking them, the answer was that the time was gone by when they could do either good or harm; that they took for granted I was not confirmed in my Protestant feelings by having read them, and they were equally sure that they should not be shaken in their faith by reading them, so they left them there to their fate, taking care only that their young men did not read them in their school-room. I must say that I was much pleased by the general liberality of tone which pervaded the whole conversation and tone of the prior on religious matters. We had a long conversation on the prevailing contested question called by the general name of the Catholic Question; and I was pleased and surprised to hear the tone which pervaded all that he said upon that subject, of which, as well as of all its bearings, he was completely master—a tone of apology for the eagerness with which our clergy resisted the carrying of that question, upon which, however, he, as a Catholic, felt very keenly. Of general politics, as affecting the present states of Europe, he was perfectly master, and, in discussing them, shewed great liberality and propriety of feeling, especially connected with the power gained over them by religious sects interfering too far in matters of politics.

Passing along the side of the valley of Monrealé, we went to the village of Parco. The road winds up amongst the mountains after we leave the olive and orange grounds, which adorn the valley, and passes a large fuimare over a handsome bridge. This is the great failure in Sicilian scenery. No gushing torrents come down from the mountains' sides, or glitter along the valleys, except in the winter, when much of the beauty of the scene is, of course, done away by the season. The marks down the mountains' sides are visible

where torrents ought to be, and in the valleys the channels exist through which we see that rivers ought to wander and beautify the scenery. But all summer long their sources are dried up, or their rills are scanty. Extended arches and long, rambling bridges shew that the channels are sometimes full. But in the meanwhile the roads lead along their empty courses, "and swallows roost in Nilus's dusty urn." This want of expanse of water is not made up by the crystal fountains which gush out of the limestone rock, and refresh the thirsty traveller. The landscape suffers for it, especially as the eye follows the course in vain attempts to find the water which belongs to it; and you see how beautiful would be the addition to the full rich foliage of the orange and the silvery sprigs of the olive, if the glance of waters could be seen intermixed with them.

Gradually rising, we came to Parco, where the view was very beautiful. Descending from Parco, we crossed the valley to La Bocca del Falco, where I mounted my mule, the road being no longer passable for a carriage; and Mr. Lunn proceeded with guides, ropes, and ladders, to visit Le Grotté de Baida. Into these grottos I could not enter, as the entrance was not bigger than a fox's earth, and was in the process of ascent and descent most difficult and fatiguing. The caves are in the side of the hill over the monastery of Baida, inhabited by Francescans. We thought they might have afforded some confirmation of Dr. Buckland's theory, but there was no soil beneath the stalagmite, the pickaxe coming immediately to the limestone rock. The stalactites were beautiful and enormously large. Mr. Lunn penetrated until he came to water, which effectually stopped his progress.

In the midst of La Bagaria stand many little hills, all cultivated with vines and orange trees, and all rugged

with limestone rocks at their summits. Many of these constitute parts of the pleasure-grounds or estates of the different villas built around them. Amongst the finest are Prince Buttera's and Prince Palagonia's. The latter is famous for being the source of all the monsters in stone cut out by the insane fancy of its former proprietor. The Government interfered at last, and, combining with the purer taste of his successor, destroyed the greater number of them, but left enough to shew the tremendous absurdity which reigned triumphant there. An archway guarded by two nondescript and indescribable gigantic monsters, conducted us into an avenue of cypress trees to another archway equally defended, from which led the road, bordered on each side by brethren of the before-mentioned race of beings, up to the façade of the house, from whence this demoniac army swept off in two segments of circles, and surmounted the offices which ran round the court encircling the house. The monsters now remaining present the strangest fancies and combinations of the wigs, hoop petticoats, fishes' heads and tails, and preposterous features attached to the human form, as well as to those of birds and beasts, which a curious fancy could devise. A double staircase of marble sweeps up from the court below into the apartments on the first floor, which are of magnificent size and proportions, but laid out in the most extravagant manner. One room, of a semicircular shape, is entirely formed of looking-glass, both above and on the sides in small panels let in with ormolu mouldings. The consequence is a most ridiculous effect produced by those who walk on the marble pavement, and see themselves reflected and reproduced in hundreds of different shapes. One room, the large dining-room, is a most splendid apartment of marble and mosaic. This again is covered at the top with looking-glasses, and must have a strange effect when lit up and

filled with company. Round the room are fine busts in Sicilian jasper, of various representatives of the noble family of Gravina, to which that of Palargonia belongs; not cut as busts usually are, but in their dresses as they lived, some in armour, with an arm sticking out, holding a truncheon or a sword, some in tie wigs and velvet coats—all in the dresses of their day, made durable in marble.

From thence we went to Solento in the Bay of Terrina, where is a fishing lodge. Here the late King used sometimes to reside, and take a most active share in the royal amusement of tunny fishing, which consisted in laying about him with spears, knives, and bludgeons, confined within the circular limits of a net, and covering himself with water, blood, and dirt.

On a hill above this stood the temple of Jupiter. No appearance of it exists, but two Englishmen bought the ground and dug within it. They found a splendid statue, or rather part of a statue, of Jupiter Tonans, and the metope of the temple. The Government then interfered, and, seizing the marbles, forbade the luckless adventurers from making any further researches. The marbles are now conveyed to the museum in the university at Palermo, where I saw them. Baron Pisani has written a treatise to prove that the figures on the metope represent Ceres and Proserpine teaching the Sicilian Bacchus to drive four-in-hand! Whatever may have been their original meaning, they are certainly most curious, as well as the other pieces of sculpture found at the same time, and by the same persons, in the same place, and represent the progress of the arts just at the moment when Grecian sculpture first began to manifest its superiority to Phœnician eyes. The whole of the course of the bay appears to have been the site of former buildings, and I have no doubt that excavations

here might be made with success, but the discovery of the Jupiter Tonans and the metope has excited the "dog-in-the-manger" spirit of the Government, which has forbid all further excavation, and will make none themselves.

From out of a quarry by the roadside I extracted with my hammer a piece of micaceous ichist, which belongs to no part of the geology of the place. It was not a boldered stone, but as the ground above it appeared to have been moved, it may have been brought thither from some other part of the island to which it belongs. The coast all round Cape Zaffarnno is beautifully constituted of high limestone cliffs. The point itself is a high conical peak, on which stands a tower. This peak is connected with the main by a very low and narrow isthmus. Farther round is a natural bridge over a tremendous gulf which the waters have made, leaving this narrow connexion alone remaining to join the two rocks—at a great height above the water. Farther on is a beautiful cavern, into which the water flows, deep, and calm, and limpid. Above is a huge aperture forming an immense cauldron, the sides of which in every place were precipitous, in some they hung over the fearful depth. The elevation could not be less than 300 feet, and up this precipice, merely as a frolic, two of my seamen scrambled out of the boat, in spite of remonstrance, and for no purpose but to show their courage and activity. By the time they got some little way they had nothing left but to mount, as they could not go back. From this point, after visiting the breschia of the Bagaria, we returned to Palermo.

The next day we tried the bay under Monté Pelegrino to a little chapel beyond the Tonnara della Santa Virgine. The coast is of the same character as that on the opposite side, the mountain consisting of compact

limestone without organic remains, overlaying the breschia with shells and the cavernous limestone. One immense natural ark on the side of Monté Pelegrino excited our attention. It appeared the portal of an immense cathedral, from whence hung stalactites of 5 and 6 cwt. each. This opened into a small cave, into which our party descended, but found nothing to reward their trouble.

L'Etablessement des Enfants trouvès, was established in its present state, under the auspices of the present Viceroy, and the care of Il Principe Pandolfini. The infants of both sexes are taken in and taken care of by the nuns of Annunciata, seven of the sisters of which Order, under a Superior, constantly reside. The boys at the age of four years are removed out to other establishments, taught trades and professions, and put out either as apprentices or with the Church. The girls remain until they marry, and when they do so each receives a dot from the Government, of, I think, thirty-six ounces. They are well educated, in music and other accomplishments. They work well, are taught all sorts of plain work, weave their own linen, make silk, artificial flowers, &c., which are sold for the benefit of the establishment. The infants are put into large cribs, two in each crib, kept most beautifully clean and well attended. The girls as they grow up have the care of the others. Each girl has a separate bed and a uniform of blue and white. There are no signs of monastic gloom; all seemed merry, happy, playing about, and making a noise like English girls, except one poor girl, who for some peccadillo was confined in *La Chambre de Correction*, their only punishment, whom I let out, to the great pleasure of the worthy old chaplain who accompanied us, but not, I think, quite so much to that of the Mother Superior, who

fancied that the morality of her establishment would have been better kept up had the poor girl remained in her solitary cell; but, half in jest and half in earnest, I got her to find the key which she pretended was mislaid, by making the old chaplain join me in the assurance that I was bound by my order of knighthood to deliver imprisoned virgins, and would certainly break open the door. As all this was in the presence and to the vast amusement of all the girls, the Mother Superior thought it best to give way, and I brought my distressed damsel out of her cell. But I gained no reward except the consciousness of having done a good-natured thing, as my poor liberated virgin did not even show her face, but sobbed, and roared, and cried, and, hiding her face in her veil, ran away, having, however, just as we parted, kissed my hand, which is the mark of respect they always endeavour to pay one whom they think of high rank; as, for instance, when I went away, the Superior, being a very respectable old lady of above seventy, I endeavoured to do her honor by kissing her hand, at the same moment she endeavoured to kiss mine, our heads met *en carambole*, and the pious intentions of both were frustrated.

The elder girls gave me a concert, led by one of themselves, who is their teacher, and perfectly mistress of the art of music. She first played a concerto on the pianoforte, and then led the concert with perfect precision, and kept her orchestra in excellent time. The only wind instruments were flutes, the rest played on violins, tenors, violoncellos, and double-bass.

In consequence of the extreme good education given to these girls, much interest is made by the higher class of shopkeepers, &c., to get them as wives. Owing to their having the care of children so early, and being bred up in the accomplishments of the world, none scarcely take

the veil, and no attempt whatever is made to induce them to do so. Their mothers may acknowledge them, and then may see them at proper periods. But no man except le Père Directeur is allowed to behold them. Their marriages, therefore, are first negociated by their mothers. The man who wants a wife, and is caught by the description which he receives of any girl in the establishment, memorializes the Viceroy, who causes diligent search to be made into the character and the means of the applicant, and if the result satisfies him he orders the Superior to permit Monsieur un tel to see Mademoiselle une telle in the parloir, under proper regulations. If the parties mutually like each other the affair is soon finished.

The establishment is so excellent in every respect that it almost amounts to an encouragement of crime, and my only fear is that in a few years they will have all the young ladies in Palermo whose parentage cannot be well authenticated pensioners of the establishment, and the numbers will rather distress it. It is, however, an establishment praiseworthy in principle, beautifully conducted, and does honour to the head and heart of the Viceroy, who has thus improved upon one many years established, but which had fallen into great decay. In fact, I must do Il Marchesé della Favare the justice to say, that his personal exertions seem to have been incessant to ameliorate the condition of the people under his charge. I am not defending the constitution or the laws of Sicily. I am, of course, ill qualified to judge of either, as nothing can be more presumptuous than for an Englishman to go into a country, and without making himself master of the tempers, the dispositions, the habits, and nature of the people, their history or their relative position with respect to other countries, condemn its establishments in a lump because it has not

a House of Commons and a constitutional opposition. I believe many of the laws of Sicily to be bad; I know there is much misery throughout the land. I am sure its commercial system is very bad, and ill-suited to make the country or the King rich, or the people happy, and the tax upon the land is so heavy that much is left untilled in consequence. But because I see these faults I am not so presumptuous as to believe that we English are the only people enabled to open our eyes and perceive them, or that the governors of Sicily are not themselves aware of them. But because all is not good, all is not, therefore, bad; and I do see much good already done and much doing in Sicily, implying certainly commendable activity and considerable talents on the part of the individual who is for the third time Viceroy, but is not rich, neither is he getting so—and this, to begin with, is a great point in favour of a Sicilian Luogo Tenente.

The country is quiet—kept so, perhaps, by a firm hand—but this is surely better than being kept in constant tumult by a vacillating and unsteady one. A few years ago, and no one could move across the country or into its interior without being armed to the teeth and attended by a moveable column of gens-d'armes. Now my conviction is, from all that I have heard, that anyone may walk from one end of it to the other with his purse in his hand, and without a stick in the other to defend it, and he will not be molested. Torture is abolished by law. Torturing imprisonment is abolished by law, and although some of the "damusi" are still retained to shew that such things were, no use can be made of them. The damusi must have been invented by the devil's agents upon earth. They were ovens cut in the rock, of six feet square on the floor, but so low that the wretched victim could not sit upright; and this floor was paved with sharp and pointed pebbles. Into this horrid

place the wretch was thrust with fetters on his legs, but having his arms at liberty. In the door over his head was a small grated aperture which opens with a lock, and through which the daily pittance of bread and water was given to the victim. But the door was not only locked upon him, but actually the seal of the judge was put on it to insure against even the possible humanity of an erring jailer. For forty days the wretched victim remained in this dungeon. At the end of that period, if he confessed nothing, *and was alive*, he was considered innocent and liberated!

I was told by the Viceroy, that in Morrealé there are dungeons even worse than those which I have described, where the victim has been seated with his feet even into the water, and that instances have been known of their feet rotting off before the expiration of the forty days. Such are the prisons which within the memory of even men not old have been used! They are abolished.

The judges are higher paid than formerly, and can only be removed by the King, on memorial from his Viceroy, detailing and furnishing proof of his corruption, and on no other ground. Tribunals are established in all the principal towns, and the Court of Cassation is at Palermo, to which everyone has a right to appeal, and the means are afforded him of doing so. A printing-press is established, under censorship to be sure, but still a few years ago there was none except under the direction of the Church. A literary journal is published every month, reviewing the literary productions of the period. The fifty-seventh number is now before me; and when I say that in the most candid and temperate manner it reviews, and with great expression of approbation, at the same time with fine freedom of remark, Dugald Stewart's "Moral Philosophy," McCulloch's "Principles of Political Economy," and Captain Maitland's "Nar-

rative of the Surrender of Buonaparte," and that this publication is under the eye of the Government, it is impossible not to admit that at least the discussion of popular subjects is encouraged by the Viceroy. The establishments which I have described are, in fact, *his*. In the University he is establishing lectures, and museums are forming. The series of Sicilian coins are very curious and good. The collection of Sicilian antiquities, sculptures, terra-cottas and vases, is good and well arranged. The anatomical school has a dreadfully fine collection of preparations in wax, made at Pisa and Florence, principally illustrating the gravid uterus. Libraries, which before were closed, are now open to the public; and if they are in the galleries of convents, of Jesuits and Benedictines, it is because in those bodies alone exist the remains or the treasures of learning; and when I say that in the Jesuits' Library the Jesuit librarian shewed me the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Locke, Addison, and Newton, and in that of the Benedictines the French Encyclopedia and the works of Luther, it will not be said that all but Catholic wisdom is excluded from Sicilian reading, and all but Catholic reading shut up from Sicilian eyes. These establishments are all in their infancy, but these are not times in which Minerva leaps ready and completely armed from out of the head of Jupiter. That Science is again beginning to cast her rays upon Palermo, and literary establishments are raising their heads within her palaces, is owing to the present Viceroy, and is a proof not only of his good feeling, but of the sovereign without whose authority he could do nothing.

I know that the Government of Sicily is arbitrary, and I am not defending arbitrary power—God forbid that any Englishman should do so!—but I boldly assert

that in England we know very little of the truth of what is passing in Sicily, and that we have been misled by the folly of some, the blindness of others, and the prejudices of all. There is much yet to change, and much to do. But because this is so, let us not fail to do justice to those who have begun the noble work of restoring a fallen country.

Capital punishments are very few—not more than four or five in the year upon an average—in Palermo. The galley-slaves are in no very great number, are very tolerably kept, and their chains do not offend the eyes as in other places on the continent. Assassinations are but little known. The Church affords no refuge to the murderer. Immediate trial and execution are sure to follow; but still the Sicilian has recourse to the knife, as the ultima ratio of men in a passion; and considering that wine is to be had at 3d. English per bottle, and strong wine too, perhaps we may be allowed to think that it speaks not unwell for the police of the country, that a drunken man is scarcely ever seen, and the knife very seldom indeed had recourse to.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mule Travelling—A Sicilian Fundaco—Lodgings for the Night at Villa Lungu—A Great Man and his Travelling-Companion—Extraordinary Stratification—Santa Caturina—Eagles' Nests—San Felipe d'Argiro—First View of Mount Etna—Monks of St. Augustine—Curiosity—Effects of Fasting.

OCTOBER 16th. This morning we left Palermo to proceed to Catania, in a stout barouche with six horses, whilst the rest of our baggage was carried on five mules. Some of my party went by the yacht, which was to sail to-day. At length after much scolding, squabbling, and chattering, such as no one ever witnessed except in Sicily, we got away, custom-house officers and begging friars harassing us to the last moment for money. But to both I was obdurate, having an order to clear me from the former, from the Luogo Tenente, and determined to give nothing to the latter. They all told us the road was not safe after nightfall, so we took arms with us—but I believe the precaution to be wholly needless, as the gen-d'armerie who are apportioned to each district are well paid and deposit half of their pay, which they forfeit to replace any money of which a traveller may be robbed. Their interest is, therefore, to guard the roads well. Still, as

every individual, even down to a single muleteer, travels armed, it is plain that there is distrust enough of the road to make arms in their estimation necessary.

Between Ogliastro and Cifala we broke out of the Palermo breschia into the red sandstone and limestone gravel forming a conglomeration like that which enters the sea at Cala della Colomba near the Bagaria. We then came to blue clay and selenite at Ogliastro, in coarse crystals; and as we approached Vicari we found large blocks, and afterwards cliffs, of beautifully white gypsum, which seemed more or less to overspread the whole country.

Now, it is necessary to say that in Sicily a "fundaco" is a stable, which every baronial property is obliged to keep up at certain stated places, for the accommodation of cattle, as they move from pasture to pasture, their herdsmen, mules, and their muleteers. Added to this, there generally is a wretched room or two, with the dirtiest walls, and separated only by a slight partition from the sheds where the mules and muleteers repose together, where travellers may sleep, *if they can*. But even this resource was denied us, for these places, which an English pig would alone inhabit in England, were full. The mules, with our beds, provisions, &c., had gone to Vicari, thinking we should have slept there. There was one shed left, in which the landlady, three children, and a thousand fleas, reposed amidst ropes of onions and grapes hung up to dry; and she sent me word that she could not turn out for me, but that I was at liberty to put up my bed in her room, which, *nota bene*, was about eight feet by ten. This I declined. I therefore determined to sleep in the carriage, and shut myself up in it accordingly, with my pistols in my belt, and wrapped up in my cloak. In the meanwhile, we sent back to Vicari for our mules.

When they arrived the landlady relented in hopes of a bribe, and, turning out her whole domestic population except the fleas, we put up our beds in the vacated pig-sty, and, having dressed part of our lamb by the help of our gridiron, we made up a very tolerable dinner with the means afforded by my canteen, and then went to bed.

17th. The morning broke upon us in our hovel in heavy pouring rain. Our breakfast in our common bed-room was as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. We had tea of our own, but there was no milk to be had. In fact, throughout the whole of this part of the journey, although I saw many flocks of sheep, and many labouring oxen, I did not see a single heifer. The rain appearing to abate a little, we loaded our mules and set forth—when instantly a pouring rain began such as is scarcely ever seen except in Sicily, and between the tropics—and this rain continued all day, without one moment's intermission. Our barouche had a leather roof and sides, to put up in rainy weather, which covered the front seat, and was connected with the barouche head by iron fastenings. This, which kept off the rain, confined us in damp leather, without air or light.

We met the Luogo Tenente on the road returning to Palermo from Catania. He was to sleep at our Fundaco. I mention this to prove that all ranks equally enjoy the luxuries of Sicilian travelling. We passed through the villages of Palumbo and Vallé della Ombre. The latter so called because there were a few miserable straggling cut-up trees—whereas all the rest of the country was wholly denuded of trees. We had mounted too high for the vines, and the whole country was a lone stubble upon clay. It is evident that Sicily richly deserved the celebrity which it gained for the growth of its corn. But exportation is prohibited—fifteen per cent.

is paid in the shape of land-tax, on a valuation taken when the English troops were in the country, and the quarter of wheat was worth at least five times more than the landowner, as well as of the land-occupier, is broken down. Nothing, therefore, can be more scanty or wretched than their mode of cultivation. But the excellence of the soil cannot be broken down by excessive taxation, whatever may become of the spirit of the people.

At length we came, drenched and miserable, to Villa Lunga, where we were to have slept, and we fondly believed that our last night's lodging would have secured us against any worse adventure. But we were deceived. The rain had filled the fuimaras, swollen the river, washed away roads and bridges, and Villa Lunga was filled with detained travellers of all descriptions. The stream which passes through the valley and divides the village from the fundaco was swollen into a river, and had carried away the road. By telegraphing across the river, our *valet de place* engaged what he called "*deux apartements*" in the village, the fundaco being crammed up to the roof; but as the carriage could not be brought across the turbid and swollen torrent, no means were left me of getting to these apartments, so I had to wait until my mules arrived, and on them to cross over to the village. This time, amounting to full two hours, I passed in my carriage in the sort of immense shed under which had flocked for shelter all the carriages, mules, travellers, muleteers, and beggars of the country.

I was much amused by the humours of this assemblage. The noise was incessant and tremendous. One carriage there was which held a most important personage. In a richly-laced cap, dandy jacket, pantaloons, and white-kid gloves, sat a gentleman most irate. Incessant were his complaints against the weather, and

loud his curses against the conducteur, who had insisted upon baiting his horses here, and then determined not to start in the rain if it were possible to avoid it, but ensconced himself in some deep recess, where he was deaf to the cries of my wretched friend. He then stalked about the hovel, cursing the man for having left him *sans mangiare*. At last he found he got wet in the feet, and then, cursing his own thin shoes, got again into his carriage, where I heard him squeaking and grumbling his complaints, and the words "sans mangiare" were the constant burthen of his song. At length I saw him jump out of the carriage and produce out of it a live turkey with its legs tied. Producing some oatmeal and water out of a bottle, he proceeded to take off his white kid gloves to mould the stuff into little balls with his own fair hands, and regularly to cram the turkey, taking some water in his mouth and squirting it with each pellet into the wretched turkey's mouth. Feeling the animal's crop full he put it into the carriage again, and, stepping in after it, put on his kid gloves, began again to curse his fate, and to sing his wretched song "sans mangiare." All this excited my curiosity, as I had concluded my friend to have been a Principe, or a Signor Duca at least. Inquiring who he was, I found him out to be the cuisiniere della Luogo Tenente, for whose supper the wretched turkey had been intended, but whose fate was postponed until the conducteur chose to take the disconsolate and irate domestic on to follow his master.

All this served to amuse me until my mule arrived, on which I reached my "deux apartements," which were two pigsties instead of one. However, here we put up our beds, and, getting a fowl, made, with the remains of our lamb, a very good dinner, and agreed in wishing that everyone that night in Sicily might be as comfort-

ably off as we were. The wine is detestable upon the road, and would be most pernicious, but we put it—with water, sugar, lemon, and nutmeg, mixed with a little rum—into a saucepan, and, making it very hot, find it out to be admirable punch, which we divided amongst ourselves and our poor drenched and worn-out servants.

18th. The morning looked beautifully upon us, and as soon as we could get our things tolerably dried before fires of vine-twigs, the only fuel they have, we set out for Santa Catarina, which we reached, passing through Olano on our way. At Olano we got into a bed of shaly limestone, and between that and Santa Catarina the stiff blue clay, full of coarsely-formed or very minute crystals of selenite, gypsum, red sandstone, and limestone gravel, overlaid each other in the most extraordinary mixture and variety of stratification I ever witnessed or heard of. The strata dipped in all directions, and to every point of the compass, in every sort of curve and fanciful shape. The effect of the whole on the cliffs bordering on the road, and on the distant mountains, was beautiful, but set all geological rules and order at defiance. These varieties were to be found existing in every hundred yards of road, and sometimes within a space of ten and twenty feet. We could discern no organic remains throughout the day. The whole country was a mass of corn land, and very ugly, but with fine formations of distant mountains, resembling very much the more ugly parts of Scotland, just entering into the Highlands. It was denuded of trees, except here and there where a few olives grew on the sides of the villages. The great want of water is manifest. The traces and the gullies exist, and yesterday's rain had filled them, but with turbid streams, not large enough to be picturesque, and full of loam and clay brought down from the grounds through which they passed.

At last we came to Santa Catarina, a largish picturesque old town with three churches, and crowds of padres. Here the Loranda was a palace compared with our previous places of reception. A Loranda differs from a Fundaco, inasmuch as it finds lodging for bettermost travellers, viz., rooms for their beds, or, if they do not bring beds with them, they find their beds full of fleas, consisting of a dirty mattress upon hard boards, supported by iron trestles—but no provisions. However, the rooms were spacious, had glass windows and doors which shut, and we were not mixed up with mules and muleteers.

The town is very romantically situated on the side of a hill, the whole country glittering with gypsum rocks starting up through the clay, and with the sandstone in all directions. There is especially one just below the town, which is itself almost a little mountain in size, and stands out conspicuous for its whiteness. The country people are very civil and quiet, very miserable and wretched, living almost entirely upon the fruit of the prickly pear. Throughout Sicily the children are squalid and wretched, but the men magnificent. How they ever grow to be such, out of so wretched an infancy, I cannot understand. I forgot to state in its place that the explanation which I venture to suggest respecting the cause of the extraordinary confusion of stratification to which I have before adverted to, is the possibility of all these strata having, ere they had permanently settled down in their localities, and whilst the formation was still soft and yielding, been exposed to the force of successive electric, volcanic, and terra motive power, in this country, the primæval seat of the volcano and the earthquake.

From Santa Catarina the country improves in beauty, but still does not answer the expectations formed of

Sicilian landscape. Two very high and rugged mountains present themselves to your view immediately after leaving Santa Catarina, and on each of them is a large town. The blue clay had prevailed all along, until in a mountain on the left, within three miles of the village, the clay mixes with sulphur; and here sulphur mines are established, the sulphur and clay being taken out together, and the sulphur separated by burning and sublimation. There being no means of getting to the mines in a carriage, and the mules being far behind, we lost the opportunity of getting specimens on the spot. In much, however, of the limestone there is, I am convinced, some sulphur, although not enough to make it worth while to extract it. Mr. Lunn found, in part of the limestone rock, a mass so like the lower range of our chalk, as scarcely to be distinguished from it. In one piece is a nodule of highly oxidised iron ore, with a highly lucid surface, as though it had come direct out of the furnace.

After passing by abrupt traverses over Monte Manisetta, we came to the gorge between Castro Giovanni and Calatascibetta. They are both large towns—most extraordinary eagles' nests for man they are. The only approach to them is by a steep zig-zag traverse, up which a mule can scarcely clamber in safety. The summits of the two hills cannot be a cannon-shot asunder, and yet a whole day would be occupied in paying a visit from one town to the other. They are usually capped with clouds, yet in those regions of mist 16,000 souls live perched like rooks in their rookery.

At a fundaco at the foot of these hills we baited our horses. Here the limestone alternated with the breschia, very like the Palermo breschia, but still not the same, and full of shells. From thence the road to Leonforte is very magnificent, winding amongst mountains, and at

last becoming quite Alpine. Still the valleys are clothed with vines, pomegranates, and olives, with a few oranges intermixed, and the sides of the hills are quite bare of woods. The same want of running water exists which, in my opinion, spoils the Sicilian landscape. Leonforte is a very large, scrambling old town, containing a bishopric and a cloth manufactory. The Loranda here was not so good as in the last place, but there is another party besides ourselves on the road, and we cram it too full. They consist of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and their son—he is a nephew of Sir George Don's; they are rapidly viewing Sicily. There is a third party somewhere *en route*, consisting of two Miss Cunninghams, Scotch ladies, who, with no protection but that of a foreign courier, and no companion but their maid, are skirmishing their way through Sicily, and even threaten Pluto with a visit in his stronghold of Etna.

We see many plants here in flower which we are accustomed to see in our green-houses in England. We also hail with pleasure many of our common English flowers, which recall to us our native home. The common daisy flourishes in the pastures here, but what had the most beautiful effect was whole fields filled with our Cloth of Gold crocus, and the blue variety of the same, in full bloom. All along the roadside we saw enough of the wild cucumber—with its poisonous fruit ripe, and spurting out its acrid juice on the least pressure—to poison all Europe. The wild pink and the marygold are also in flower, growing wild and in great profusion. We found here the largest and the finest grapes and pomegranates I have seen in Sicily; but the wine continues detestable, and is palatable only in the shape of punch; and every article of provision you must buy and dress for yourselves. I heard a great bleating in the room next to me, and I found our lacquey de place

bargaining for a black lamb, which was killed and skinned immediately, and in half an hour was in the shape of lamb chops on our table.

Soon after we met the Luogo Tenente in his carriage; his baggage and mules, escorted by his padré, or chaplain, a special figure, on a mule, in a cocked hat.

20th. When we started we were enveloped in clouds, and everything threatened rain; but the clouds cleared away just as we began to descend from the great altitude at which we were, and opened to us all the gigantic beauties of Sicilian scenery. The valleys begin to have much more wood in them, and the cultivation is higher and more varied. But the vines have put on their autumnal dress and have dropped their leaves, and the olives are ripe and beginning to be gathered. After leaving Nisuria, a small town on a hill to our right, we came to S. Felipe d'Orgiro, perched on a hill as high as any we have seen, with a pointed conical summit, and a Saracen castle in ruins on the top. The town entirely fills the mountain-top, and Etna, for the first time visible in all its magnificence, formed the enormous background to the picture. At the foot of this mountain flows the river Irachino, now an inconsiderable stream—in winter and spring a broad but turbid river. Up this hill, in steep traverses, the great road made by the present Luogo Tenente toils and gains the summit. Up this tiresome hill we toiled and scrambled, and down it on the other side we slid. We saw Etna, capped with snow, clear from base to crater. I stopped the carriage to survey this father of mountains; but so little interest did our coachman take in it, that, although he must have seen it twenty times, he actually turned to our lacquey, and said, "Questa Montagne a Monte Gildo (the Sicilian name for Etna) non è?" Its first appear-

ance, owing to the extent of its base, rather disappointed me, until I recollected myself, and compared it with the objects round. I then comprehended the immensity of its magnitude, and more so as the eye fixed itself gradually upon the different mountains and forests which cling around its sides, and over which the eye at first was carried.

On arriving at Real Bucco, the monks of St. Augustine Whitefriars received me most courteously, and established us in three rooms destined for strangers—tolerably clean, but, of course, divested of all furniture. Soon after my arrival the Superior visited me, but he spoke no French, I scarcely any Italian, so we made but little way. Mr. Lunn, in his travelling jacket, whom I explained to be *un ecclesiastico*, excited his wonderment.

"Il Signor Duca é Catolico?" was the immediate question.

"Non Catolico, padré, na heretica—mai Luteranno," was my reply, which astonished the worthy Superior as much as Mr. Lunn's shooting-jacket.

At length he came out with, after devoutly crossing himself,

"Ah, spero ,humilmenti, che tutto gli, Inglesi sirano Catolici."

"Sperata naturalmenta padré, ma non sera." And then we dropped the subject.

He looked over my map of Sicily with great anxiety, and was delighted when he found out the little village in which he was born. Wondered at the English going so far to see Etna—wondered more at my thinking it possible that I could see it—tried to peep into my journal—examined my travelling-bed, dressing-case, and pistols—told me that the whole convent was at my disposal, and left me.

This is a poor convent—only eighteen brethren reside.

It pays seventy ounces per annum as land-tax to the King. As the laws are in favour of the debtor against the creditor, and as the church can neither afford, nor think it decorous to pursue in a law-suit every wretched peasant who owes the convent for a load of corn or of olives, the convent loses the money, but still pays the tax.

21st. In defiance of the terrors of the Inquisition, we read Protestant prayers in the Augustine Convent, and then proceeded on mules to Centorbi, a Roman city. No mule-path ever was worse. We frequently had steep rocks to descend, which the mules slid down, without ever falling—down slippery mud precipices, rocks like gigantic stairs, and others inclined like the sides of houses. My mule carried me in safety, and literally without a trip.

We were told Centorbi was only six miles off. We found it fully eight, and such miles as never were trod by anything but pig, goat, mule, or man on all-fours. The situation of Centorbi is extraordinary and picturesque—perched up in the clouds, and amidst a number of pointed hills, the summits of all of which were occupied by ruins.

From Centorbi the view is splendid. Etna rises in all his glory, looking down on the cities and towns, villas and vineyards, on its grand sides, which have over and over again been overwhelmed by his lava. These as often have been re-established, and the volcano contemplates them in quiet, grim repose, waiting for the moment when again its fires are destined to overthrow them. His summit was ribbed with snow, which fell on Wednesday night, during the storm in which we participated at Valla Lunga, and which we have since learned did an immense deal of mischief by swelling the fuimara, and carrying away cattle and men. Above 500 head of cattle and

several human lives were sacrificed that night on the sides of Etna. My yacht was out in the storm in the Straits of Messina. She could carry no sail, and was obliged to lay to. The lightning and thunder were terrific and incessant, and St. Elmo's lights were seen on each masthead, denoting to the Italian mariners a certainty of shipwreck. The lights consist of a white electric flame, of about the size and shape of a quart bottle, tapering up into a blue point. On our mastheads they remained for full half an hour, denoting, of course, in the strongest manner, the electric state of the atmosphere.

From Centorbi I could plainly see with my glass La Casa dell Inglese on the side of Etna. The smoke rose in volumes and the heat of the cone was great, inasmuch as all the snow was melted on it, although there was much lower down. The woody region of the mountain was easily distinguishable; and now, having objects to measure it by, the immense magnitude of the mountain was plainly distinguishable.

We then returned over rocky paths, and the night closed in upon us long before we reached Real Bucco. The riding was really dangerous, but a muleteer walked by the side of my mule, literally holding him up in the worst places. In one of them, as we were ascending the side of a mountain, over rocks constituting a giant's step ladder, my muleteer retired behind my mule and gave him a cut with his whip. The beast contrived to balance himself on a rock on three legs, whilst he lashed out with the fourth at his adversary, and then proceeded quietly on his scramble. At length we arrived in perfect safety, darkling and fatigued.

During our absence we found my good host the Prior had been in my room and made my servant display to him all my travelling plate, dressing apparatus, &c.,

which he examined minutely, tasting my liqueurs, &c., and shewing as much curiosity as a child. We tried to induce him to participate in a cup of warm wine this evening, telling him that it was Hippocras, the ancient drink at all times of the clergy in all countries. But he was shy, and, tasting it, declared there was too much "limone" for him. He and many others of the brethren had been consulting Moore, during my absence, on their little complaints, most of which were affections of the stomach. The lay-brother who acted as porter, verger, &c., was precisely in leanness and wretchedness of appearance what is represented in the Duenna on the stage. He applied for advice in a case of flatulency, which Moore distinctly told him was the result of intensity of fasting and bad living, the poor wretch never being allowed to break his fast until midday, or to eat again until after sunset. Moore offered to get him from the Prior a dispensation from fasting. The poor fellow shook his head, and said the dispensation might come, "ma non mangiare!"—for there was nothing to eat! At night we got him into our room, and I made Moore give him a full pint of hot wine and spices as a medicine, which the poor fellow took, believing it to be physic, and making faces at being obliged to take such a quantity; but when he found out what it was, his poor feeble eyes glistened, and, taking a teaspoon, sipped it out, to prolong the comfort, a spoonful at a time.

The Prior, who spoke Latin fluently, engaged Mr. Lunn in a one-sided controversy respecting Luther, and fancied his arguments were unanswerable, because they were not answered. He expressed his fervent hope and prayer to me that we should all become Catholics. I assured him that was impossible; but that, as there were "in my father's house many mansions," I hoped we yet might meet again. He shook his head, and, although

he was too civil to say so, seemed evidently to think it impossible. However, his inquiries were very minute respecting the state of the Catholic Church in England—how far it was tolerated?—whether the churches were open?—whether the priests and bishops wore their vestments?—and *whether Catholics could hold places under Government?*

We then took leave of each other, and he gave me his blessing—at parting. There was nothing offensive in all this, on the contrary, his manner and tone were humble, discreet, and pious. He was a firm Catholic himself, and evidently wished to see the rest of the world the same; but he sighed at seeing it not so, and felt no resentment against those who differed from him in opinion.

We departed for Paterno. The first part of our route was along a path very like that of the preceding day; but when we had descended the ridge of mountains on which Centorbi stands, leaving that town to the right, in the clouds above us, we came to a sandy and more even path. But even this sometimes led by the sides of clayey ravines, where the storm had washed away all traces of the road, and where the mule could only make his path by planting one foot carefully and cautiously on the side of the shelving clay, and, when he found himself established, moving a hind leg into the spot evacuated by his fore foot, and thus drawing himself over. That this was the case was told me by the lookers-on; for although I rode the said mule, I shut my eyes and left him to himself, being too nervous to look at his manœuvres, or how those of my companions performed the same feat. But when I recollected that a Scotch lady and her child had gone over the same places in a litiga two days before, I was ashamed of my fears, although I have no conception how

she got over, and she afterwards told me she did not know herself.

In the plain we came to great a extent of cotton-grounds, the plants of which are beautiful when in flower, and afterwards in pod. Here in the proper season reigns the malaria; at this season of the year it does not exist, but in the summer months it renders the low grounds of Sicily pestilential.

Leaving the town of Bianca Villa to the left, we crossed a branch of the river Giaretta, called El Fiume Simetto, and nearly opposite to Licosa fell in with the first lava on that side which had flowed from Etna. It had come down to the river's edge, and then had stopped. It was full of minute crystals of feldspar, and overlayed and crushed the sand rock which appeared again further down the stream. From hence the lava accompanied us, either in cliffs along the river's side, or in masses rising above the ground, the vegetation of which covered the remainder until we came to the foot of the hill on which stands Paterno. Until we came here we had travelled in the land of drought, or of loamy muddy torrents. But Paterno stands amidst the springs of Etna, pure and pellucid as crystal. Here are warm springs as well as cold. Up the hill we scrambled by another staircase mule-path, and at the top of it found an immense town, with above twenty churches, and, I believe, 12,000 inhabitants, who scarcely ever leave their rookery, but remain cawing there the whole year round. On the highest pinnacle of the hill stands the ruins of apparently a Norman castle.

The inhabitants of Centorbi manifested a degree of curiosity most extraordinary anywhere except amongst savages. They crowded round Mr. Lunn and me, felt our clothes to see if the cloth was like human cloth; when I unscrewed a telescope out of a walking-cane, they

drew back as if they fancied I dealt with the devil; and when I pulled out my flask to mix a little rum with water, they rushed round us again to see if we drank like human creatures, and whether the liquor was human liquor.

CHAPTER IX.

Catania—S. Agatha and the Lava Currents—The Benedictine Convent—Professor Alessi—Prince Biscari's Museum—Ascent of Mount Etna—Signor Gemellaro—French Prejudices—A Monastic Rip Van Winkle—Grotto della Capri—Excellent Conduct of the Guides—Casa dell Inglesi—Sunrise from the Mountain—Tower of Empedocles—A Cavern Picnic.

OCTOBER 23rd. We left Paterno this morning, and descending a staircase path like that which we had ascended the day before, soon found ourselves in the region of fire, for down this valley rushed one of the streams of lava which enveloped ancient Catania. Successive streams had followed the course which the first had made, and we passed through the shattered walls and ruined church of Bellgrasso, which had been burnt by the flames proceeding from lava. The present town of Bellgrasso is rebuilt higher up the mountain, nearer to its enemy, but amongst the fertile grounds of decomposed lava, its own vineyards and pastures having been overrun by the lava, the heat of which was, even at the distance of half a mile, aided by a falling shower of hot scoriæ, which had burnt the houses. From thence the whole country appeared like that in ...

the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton—the ground all black, and covered with cinders. The lava, which was the main stream of that which destroyed Catania, accompanied us the whole way, its surface getting more rugged as it advanced further from the mountain, owing to the first part stopped by the sea cooling, but pressed upon by the continued current issuing from the mountain, and of course accumulating in ridges and rifted pinnacles.

The town of Mistabianca, through which we passed, is built entirely upon lava and of lava, until at last the whole plain of Catania, with its cupolas and white palaces, burst upon the view, strongly contrasting the white hue of the stone of which it is composed with the black gigantic masses which surround it, still furnishing amongst their clefts, and even on their summits, growth for the Indian fig and the vine.

We entered Catania by a triumphal arch of white stone, intermixed in its architectural ornaments with lava of eruption which destroyed it. The effect is very singular of the contrast between the straight streets, bordered by houses of beautiful white stone or Sicilian marble, with the black rugged lava which breaks out everywhere round them, within them, and about them. All the environs consist of Cassini, with little vineyards and olive-grounds, which have gradually grown up amidst the ruins of the greatest convulsion of nature upon record. The recollection of the latter is lost in the contemplation of the former, and the impression given is that of a newly-established city and a recently-settled country; until the eye is cast towards Etna, and the regular course of the tremendous stream of fire is traced, that overwhelmed and surrounded the city, which has been seven times destroyed, either by the

fury of lava or by the concussions of earthquakes produced by the eruptions of the mountain.

The streets of Catania are wide, and paved with flat squares of lava. The stream which destroyed it ran into the sea in two directions, to the right and left, first of all encircling the city by filling the ditches with burning matter, which, pressed on by fresh accumulations from the bowels of the mountain, at length surmounted the walls, and tumbled in a great surging mass of liquid fire into the city. When there it did not do indiscriminate damage. The pressure of air between two strong walls turned the torrent, just as it entered the garden of the Benedictine convent, and saved it. This, of course, is attributed to the miraculous interposition of St. Benedict, who thus saved from destruction a place devoted to his service. But it denotes great laxity on the part of the other saints of the calendar, who, having buildings dedicated to them in the city, suffered them pitilessly to fall victims to the fire; and especially St. Agatha, the protectress of the city, who was martyred here, and since, on that account, made saintly commander-in-chief of Catania, but who has never once interfered with the mountain to save her city. The mountain must, therefore, in the eyes of all good Catholics, be a more powerful saint than Saint Agatha.

24th. I took my barge to-day and proceeded to the Cyclops Islands. The legend is well known, of these being the rocks hurled by Polyphemus at the bark of Ulysses. Their situation and appearance are extraordinary. Their Sicilian name is La Fraglioni. They stand immediately off La Trezza, about seven miles from Catania, and apparently about a mile from the shore. They are, I think, five in number, great and small, consisting of columnar basalt, exactly resembling...

the basalt of Staffa and the Isle of Skye, &c. Some of the rocks are pyramidical, and stand about 200 feet out of the water. The channels between them are very deep water. In the interstices of the basalt are beautiful zeolites, and I suspect many other minerals, or, at least, some that have been little examined. One of the islands has a bed of clay overlaying the basalt —in this bed are sea-shells. The sides of many of the basaltic prisms are encrusted with tufa, *in which are the remains of sea-shells.*

On this rock some prickly pears grow, and a little barilla is made. Mr. Lunn got upon it and knocked off a few specimens.

From thence we rowed along the shore back to Catania. The whole coast is a black terrific line of lava, hollowed out into large caverns formed as the lava cooled, and was forced upwards by the pressure of the burning fluid when checked by the sea in its progress further. Catania stands in the bay formed by the Cape of La Trezza and that of Santa Croce. The north coast is a mass of lava. Beyond Catania, where the lava which destroyed it in 1668 terminates, is a fine extent of sand, which runs back in sand-hills into the plain of Catania. Across these sands the river Timetus runs into the sea, and beyond the sands are the rocky shores of La Bruca. On these sands rolled pumice-stones are frequently found, which the sea casts up from Lipari, there being scarcely any found in Etna. In the Timetus is found the black variety of amber, which is so much esteemed. The green, blue, and crimson varieties are also found here, and are very rare and beautiful. I got some fine specimens of them, as well as of the fat amber.

The rock of the Castello d'Aci is surrounded on three parts by the sea. On the west it is connected with the

mainland by an ancient lava—it is about 300 feet high. The interior of the rock is partly volcanic and partly calcareous, is formed of a strong tufa, cemented together by a strong calcareous gluten, in which are many blocks of lava, which break into pyramidical pieces, the base forming a spherical superfices.

25th. I this morning presented a letter of introduction to the Benedictine convent from their brethren at St. Martino, and was most hospitably received. The convent goes by the name of that of San Nicolo d'Arena, and has a small *country-house*, or convent of retirement, affixed to it on Mount Etna, close to Micolosi. The whole establishment is superior to any except that at Mafra, in Portugal. The design of the church is magnificent, with a Grecian façade and cupola. But the foundation being rendered defective, owing to the lava rock on which it is constituted being shaken by earthquakes, the portico is incomplete, and must remain so. The inside is, however, very fine. The name of the architect is Contini. The pride of the establishment is its organ, which is called the finest in the world, not yielding even to the celebrated one at Haarlem. It was built by a Calabrian monk of the name of Donato, who at his own desire lies buried under it. The beauty of the echo, the sweetness of its tones, the imitation of many instruments, string as well as wind, and the power of its full band, are beyond all praise. It is constructed so as to be played upon by five performers, or, by an ingenious mechanism, by one performing the function of five. The riches of the church in vestments, articles of gold, silver, and jewellery enclosing relics, &c., with a large silver crozier, are very great.

Attached to the church is the immense convent, the corridors of which intersect each other at right angles, and run to an immense extent. In this convent is a

very extensive museum, founded by two monks of the names of Scammăcca and Amici. Its collection of Sicilian antiquities is the finest in Europe. A bronze Venus rising out of her bath is of the greatest beauty—a basso-relievo in marble, representing the mysterious worship of Bacchus, is very fine, as well as a magnificent statue of Ceres.

They have a very curious mode here of expressing their veneration for holidays and particular saints' days. They hang lines along the street from posts full of boys' crackers from end to end, and these they fire off in salvos of thousands at a time, sometimes at daybreak, sometimes in the night, and at all hours of the day. They have the effect of a running fire of musketry, and are so often repeated, and at all hours of the day and night, that the consumption of gunpowder thus expended in honour of saints, male and female, must be immense. The people are superstitious, and the priests who choose to speak out—and many do now, in quarters which they think safe—have told me that they know themselves the folly of much that they make the lower orders believe, but that they find it the quietest and most effectual way of keeping them in order. It is strange that the Sicilians, who are naturally so quick and observant, should be so blind in this respect alone—especially, too, as they pretend not to be so, but take the liberty, when they think they may do so with impunity, of exposing the follies of their own supersitition without mercy. In fact, they certainly draw a broad line of distinction between their parochial clergy, to whom they confess, from whom they receive the mass, and who have the greatest influence over them, and the monastic orders, which they generally think very ill of, and consider as eating up in idleness the profits of their labour.

26th. Having letters to the Canonico Giuseppe Alessi,

one of the professors of the University here, we this day presented them; he received us most cordially, and we literally passed a whole morning in his cabinet. The first things he shewed us were his Sicilian coins, constituting by many degrees the finest collection in an unbroken series which I have yet met with—beautiful in preservation, even amongst the rarest. His books, Sicilian printed, were beautiful, and in fine preservation. Next came his collection of natural history, almost entirely connected with Etna; and the fossil conchology of Sicily, great in extent and beautiful in specimens. He, with great liberality, gave me some very interesting specimens, especially a piece of lava encrustrated with *something* covered with copper—but what that *something* is remains to be proved—also a piece of *granite* thrown out of the crater. On my observing the absence of mica, he was obliged to acknowledge the want of that essential granitic property, which reduces it to *sienite*.

The next day we visited Prince Biscari's museum, once the pride of Sicily—now, like much in Sicily, a fine ruin, for much has disappeared; and most of all to be regretted is the prince himself who formed it, the father of the present possessor, and in every respect a very different person. But there are very many fine things yet. Ignatius Paterno, Principe de Biscari, formed this collection. He spared no expense, employed a large fortune on this pursuit alone, and at length excited the foolish jealousy of his foolish Government, which prohibited him from forming further excavations, and would not allow him to continue his pursuits in the erection of a national monument, which the Government had not the spirit to undertake or continue itself. The collection of medals, coins, and gems is unique. But they have followed the fate of the founder of the

museum. Since his decease they have disappeared. At one time the Sicilians gave the present prince the credit of having sold them; but now they do not think that he has sufficient sense to have done so, but believe that he has *buried them.*

The museum as it now stands is disposed in a series of rooms on the ground-floor, opening into each other out of a courtyard, in which stands appropriately the statue in marble of the founder, surrounded by the busts of the men most celebrated for science in Catania. It was opened in 1758, as the first step towards the formation of an Etnean academy—an idea worthy of the man. The rooms are ten, with three galleries. The first object which strikes the visitor is a Torso of heroic size, found in the Forum of Catania, of the most beautiful Grecian sculpture. It probably represents Jupiter the Conservator. The beautiful fullness of the muscles, representing the greatest strength in profound repose, is beyond all praise. The collection of antique vases is unequalled.

27th. I was sorry to see intermixed with them many trifles, toys, copies, and trash which disgraced the collection. From thence I went to the garden, that Prince Biscari made upon the lava which destroyed Catania in 1669. For the purpose of finding employment for the starving poor he had this scene of devastation levelled, cut into roads, walks, labyrinths, grottoes, &c., caused earth to be brought from a vast distance, and laid it on in such depths as enabled him to plant orange, citron, bergamot, and cypress trees, which have grown to a large size, and are full of fruit. The old gardener had lived there seventy years, and he remembered every tree planted. His father had lived in the same capacity before him. The view from hence of Catania, &c., including Etna, are beautiful.

28th. Catania rejoiced in our departure, and its inhabitants thronged to see us go; for although the Sicilians have little curiosity themselves, and scarcely ever take the trouble themselves of visiting "La Montagna," as they style Etna, believing that it is the only mountain in the world worthy of that name, they highly honour those who do.

The ascent begins immediately, and the fertile region commences at the gates of the city. In the bank to the right of the road, where there is a spring of fine water, is a curious intermixture of nodules of very old lava imbedded in sandstone; rising rapidly to the right, appears an ancient lava, I believe of the date 1420. A curious proof here presents itself of the eccentric course which the lava is induced to take. An old garden of not more than an acre appears, round which the lava has run apparently exhausted, and turned round by the fence which at that time encircled the ground, left the interior part untouched and safe. By a steep, paved and rocky road we came to the villages of Mescalcia and Massannunciata. The latter is a largish town, with a good-looking church, and many priests. Here the ground is still fruitful, and vines and oranges grow in profusion, but we were in the land of fire, and the dust we trod upon was ashes. In this way we came to Nicolosi, where we presented our letter of introduction to Il Signor Gemellaro, the celebrated and estimable cicerone of the mountain. This gentleman is, I believe, judge of the district, has applied himself exclusively to the task of studying the natural history of the mountain, and of facilitating the access to it to strangers. The amenity of his manners, and the amiable frank hospitality of his temper, make him a great credit to his own country, as well as a vast and important advantage to foreigners. He would not hear of our going either to-

the Loranda or further on to the monastery, but insisted on the whole party occupying exclusively his house. My bed he insisted on putting up in his own library, which he made mine during my stay. We therefore unpacked our provisions, dressed them in his kitchen, and passed a very pleasant evening in conversation with him on the subject of his mountain, which he says is his wife, and to which he is sincerely attached. He is a good mineralogist and mathematician, is acquainted with many of the scientific men in Europe, and with the best philosophical instruments in use. Dr. Daubeney had sent him by Mr. Lunn a self-registering thermometer, to hang up at the latest period of the year in the Casa dell Inglese, on the mountain, and to take it away at the earliest opportunity in the spring. But I fear the experiment will fail. La Casa is covered entirely with snow during the winter months, which will preclude the register from shewing the greatest extent of the cold.

29th. This morning we set out for La Casa dell Inglese. It is universally known that this house was built by subscriptions paid by the English officers when our troops occupied Sicily, into the hands of Il Signor Gemellaro, for the purpose of sheltering the visitors to Etna, who before passed the night in the Grotto dell Capri. Gemellaro built the house with these supplies, to which, I have no doubt, he added a subscription of his own in money. All the pains and the trouble were his certainly. He now keeps the key of it, and the civil thing in talking of it to him is to call it La Casa dell Gemellaro; but so little does he think of taking from the English the credit of building the hovel, that he himself informed me that he had intended to have put over the door of the house a stone dedicating it to the officers, by name, who had subscribed to it, but that he was forbidden by them from doing so. I mention this,

because a very foolish French traveller, who has taken great pains to write a very foolish account of a journey up Etna, in a foreign periodical journal of the present day, has, amongst many other follies, exhibited the egregious one of shewing a jealousy of the English for having built this cabin, and has taken great pains to persuade his readers that the English had nothing to do with it.

Shortly after leaving Nicolosi we enter a plain of scoriæ and minute ashes, still, however, bearing vines, fig-trees, and the Indian fig—also beautiful specimens of the Spanish Broom, in flower. On the left, rises, red with heat, once intense but now quenched in russet scoriæ, Monte Rossi, a mountain with two peaks overhanging a crater, from the bottom of which mountain issued the lava that covered Catania and destroyed thousands of acres of land in 1669. This mountain was entirely thrown up by that eruption, and it is singular to see the small aperture from whence issued the bowels of the earth in flame which destroyed a mighty city and a vast territory; and instead of any portion of the district of Etna falling in, to account for this vast profusion of matter thrown up upon the surface, another mountain was formed to add to the vast aggregate of superincumbent substance already existing.

On the right, about three miles from Nicolosi, lies, embowered with magnificent pine trees, the Benedictine convent of St. Nicolo del Arena. Here two of the brethren reside, whilst the rest are in Catania, to manage the estates of the convent and shew hospitality to strangers. Just above them hangs another conical mountain with an extinguished crater, which once vomited fire over their sacred lands and buried them. With them it buried, as legends say, a Benedictine monk who was washing linen at a fountain. The lava formed a vault

over him and the fountain, and there he slept soundly and unconsciously for four centuries, when an earthquake released him, and a miracle awoke him; and the Benedictine, four hundred years older but unconscious of the change, walked down to the convent and asked whether the linen had been saved which he had been washing when the eruption began. It was only by assembling a Chapter of the Order, searching records, and examining manuscripts, that it was at length found out that the wondering old gentleman had been put to sleep four hundred years before, and had been awoke through the favour of St. Benedict. This old man may be yet alive for anything I know to the contrary.

After passing through this plain, becoming more thinly cultivated every step, amongst multitudes of extinguished craters and children of Etna, which seemed only awaiting the signal from their parent to break out into mischief, we enter Il Bosco, or the Woody Belt, which surrounds the mountain. Here the scene becomes very grand. The old oaks, of which this part of the Bosco is composed, are all pollarded, but still all vigorous, standing separate and apart from each other, allowing no underwood to grow beneath them, but beds of beautiful yellow crocusses and wild flowers. Round about, beneath, and on each side of them, towered the lavas of the mountain, but at the very edge these sturdy old foresters threw their arms and flourished in green old age, like an army of veterans mounting guard on the ramparts of some old vast baronial fortress. The last lava of 1819 broke into Il Bosco and levelled many fine trees with the ground. No care is taken of the remainder. An immense quantity of charcoal is annually made out of these forests, and supplies the country round, and no young trees are planted. The time, therefore, must shortly come when Etna will be deprived

of its forests. The wood varies. In this place it consists entirely of oak, with very few beech. Round towards Bronte and Paterno the wood is of pine.

The scene becomes grander every step that is taken in the Bosco. The trees are thinly enough scattered not to exclude the scenery of the mountain, and yet grow close enough to afford every variety of woodland scenery, overhung by the precipices and black lavas of the mountain. The road rises rapidly, is very rocky, and amongst lava; and although there is still vegetation enough left to allow of a green sod, the footing is unsafe and slippery, and the ascent is steep enough to require great attention to your mule's doings.

At length we arrived at Il Grotto della Capri, which is now the halting-place for travellers. On our left hand as we ascended lay the yawning course of a fuimara, dry, rocky and black, foaming with water only in the winter, but shewing now how much water would add to Sicilian landscape. But, alas! there was none, and all that we had to drink, for mules and all, was brought in barigues from Nicolosi.

We now embarked upon the lava of 1819, which pressed in upon our right and forced us to pass over it. Bad as this was at the best of times, it was made worse by the late storm, which did so much mischief all over Etna and its vicinity, and had rolled a chaos of rocks over that which was called "La Carmina" by our guides. They told us that this was to be a Malo Passo, and so indeed it proved. It was about half a mile of steep ascent; so steep that we were obliged to have straps buckled round the mules' necks to lay hold by. Had we held on by the bridles we should have pulled our mules backwards down the rocks. I had no idea that such a staircase could be surmounted by beasts on four legs. I know that on two nothing would have persuaded me to

have attempted the passage. The conduct of the guides is exemplary. They ride before you, and each stranger mule follows one of Etna. Where you desire it, or they themselves think it right, the guides slide over their mules' tails, put themselves at the head of the strangers' mules, and by their voice and exertions carry them over places where no lowlander would think any animal not winged could venture. The result of all this is perfect and entire security. The mules never make a false step, and when they do they never fall, or hands and arms are instantly at hand to receive you. The only *real* danger is this: in coming down these tremendous passes straps are fastened to the mules' cruppers, by which you hold to prevent your plunging forward over their heads, for they have slabs of rock and lava to carry you down of several feet in depth and surface. The resting-place, when they come to it, is often scarcely large enough to hold the mule's foot, and if you check him by the bridle you prevent him from judging his distance correctly, and his foot may go over the place of safety. In going down, therefore, it is more necessary to abandon all bridle even than in going up—and here if a man is heavy he *is* sometimes in real danger, for frequently in the middle of a descent is a sharp and sudden turn with a precipice in front of you. If, therefore, your weight comes upon the mule's shoulders he topples forward and both go over the precipice. As this could not be provided against by any sure-footedness of my mule and no exertions of my own, there were literally places were two guides placed themselves before me, and, receiving me and my mule in their arms, turned us fairly round on the face of the rock. There were three of these Mali Passi, but the whole was a scene of rock and precipice.

When we came to the foot of the Montagnuola, which constitutes the lower of the two peaks of Etna, we get

into the valley of scoriæ that leads up to the Casa dell Inglese, which at length we distinguished far, far above us, backed by the snow which rested in broad streaks upon the cone, and the black region of lava of 1784 at its foot. In this valley we met the first small patches of this year's snow, to the great delight of our dog and mules, which swallowed it by mouthfuls. In the Bosco the sun had been positively hot. Here the wind began to get high, and blow down in freezing gusts from above. We wrapped our cloaks round us, and our green veils were comfortable to our eyes. We had passed the region of rocky lavas, until we arrived at the Casa dell Inglese; and the ground being now covered with nothing but scoriæ, we fancied the ascent would be easy. But we were mistaken, for the angle of inclination was so steep that the mules could with difficulty cling to it against the force of the wind; and the scoriæ were so slippery that the greatest exertions were required, especially as the air got rarer and the poor beasts fatigued, to keep them by constant zig-zag advances upon their feet. At length, however, by very tedious and slow progress, we reached La Casa dell Inglese, 9,300 feet above the level of the sea.

We had not looked back much. The prospect before us was such as occupied our sole attention. The smoking crater of a volcano, supposed to have been coeval with the creation, exclusively absorbed our faculties. When we approached the Casa, however, we saw by the purple light which exclusively belongs to the setting sun of Italian landscape, that as we had every hope of the next morning being fine and serene, to shew us the sun's rising out of the sea, so we were just arrived in time to see him set in glory over the western mountain range of Sicily. The whole earth below was one mass of brilliant rosy purple. The sea possessed a tint exclu-

sively its own. The white cities glittered for a moment through the purple veil, the rivers of Sicily ran in tides of silvery thread through the land. Etna was covered with a rosy tint of blushing snow. This lasted for a minute—and all was gone!

The strength of the wind was immense, its coldness severe, and, on examining our thermometer, we found that at Catania it stood at 74° in the shade, at Nicolosi at 66°, and at La Casa dell Inglese at 33°.

Nothing could exceed the *dis*comfort of this place of refuge. The rarity of the air affected me the moment I dismounted from my mule. I felt great difficulty in breathing, a want of appetite, and a disinclination to exertion. There was a very good shed for our mules, and as the rarity of the air did not affect their appetites, we cared but little for our own, and did as well as we could with hot tea and heated wine and negus. But nothing would or could restore the temperature, so, after looking out on the effect of a night on Etna, which we all declared was too windy and cold to be delightful, or to make us sentimental, we went to bed in every possible variety of great-coat, cloak, night-cap, and contrivance to keep out the cold.

The first view of the scene convinced me that *I* could get no higher than La Casa—no mule can stir a step. Immediately at the back of the house is a wide range of rugged lava, intermixed with snow, which no foot or knee, or ancle afflicted with the gout could encounter. Against these obstacles it was ridiculous for me in my state of infirmity to contend.

At half-past two o'clock in the morning I saw my companions set out, most doleful figures, equipped for the mountain and the cold, whilst I gained two hours' additional warmth in bed; and afterwards saw them perched on the mountain, amidst vapour and smoke, like

chimney-sweepers, having finished their morning's work seated on the chimney-top surveying.

I had the pleasure of setting forth, with one guide left behind for me, across Il Piano de Lago, towards Monte Fuimento and the Vallé del Barile, from which glowed the queen of night, in the clearest sky without a cloud, the stars just quenched by the morning dawn. Nothing cold look more gloomy. The dark lava was most strangely contrasted with the snow which streaked it, and behind me rose the giant cone looking paley and streaky and snowy through the uncertain light. By degrees the streaks of purple, which are the first *avant couriers* of the sun, began to spread themselves over the heavens and the bosom of the sea, which lay like a vast mass of uncertain gloom, I know not how far before me. Almost in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, shoots of vivid red ran up from the edge of the sea to the zenith, filling the sky with masses of crimson, shot with golden threads; and after I had considered this extraordinary spectacle for perhaps two or three minutes, the streaks of golden light getting momentarily more intense and vivid, giving the effect more of a golden aurora borealis than anything else, a speck of dazzling brilliance became visible on the surface of the sea; and breaking an awful silence, which had lasted from the moment we had gained the crest of the mountain, my guide exclaimed in a low tone, as if fear, "Ecco il Sole!"

Many men have sat down in their studies, after having seen this great sight, and have combined and put together phrases to describe it, and many have done so who have not seen it. But I am convinced that no one has finally been satisfied with his work when it was ended—I shall not make the attempt. The only idea which I think goes near to express anything like a similitude to

it, is to suppose that one could have be been a solitary being standing upon the expanse of chaos, when "God said let there be light—and there was light!"

I have been told by those who have seen the sun rise amidst the higher Alps, that the scene is grander there; but they have explained their meaning to be, that the sun has risen on Alps crowned by Alps in almost endless succession of vista, gradually developing each snowy peak and lighting up each glittering glacier. It may be so; but here, during the first period of his early course, the sun appears to rise like a beneficent Deity looking down upon a new and beautiful creation. Man does not appear, and his cities are lost in the haze—nothing is to be seen but the immense expanse of sea, and of a beautiful world below. Gradually the mists arise, and the objects develop themselves by slow degrees—forests shew their colours, mountains their morning shadows, rivers their silver courses, and at last, best of all, the habitations of man, their diminutive white cupolas, spires, and fronts.

Of course, where I stood, the mountain intercepted a part of my view; but what I did see satisfied me. My view began on the left, with the Faro of Messina, the coast and interior of Calabria, as far as the snowy range of the Appenines, the Adriatic sea, the whole of Sicily from the Faro of Messina, round Cape Passaro, Cape St. Vito, and Monte Pellegrino—the space from thence to the Faro was hid by the mountain. I also lost, of course, the view of the mountain's shadow cast over the island. But with these exceptions I saw as much as my friends above. I saw, too, the beautiful crater just below my feet out of which a great eruption issued, with all the varied hues which its scoriæ, and its sulphurs, and its course of lava from the source to the point at which it stopped; indeed, every course of

lava could be traced distinctly, and it was most interesting to see where, by the accession of vegetable power, the lavas were gradually blending themselves with the productive land of Sicily, and where it still remained obdurate and unyielding. The Lake of Lentini presented itself, a fine sheet of water, and every indentation of the coast from Messina to Cape Passaro lay before me as if on a map.

The numerous mouths of volcanic matter which have at different periods hurled the thunders of the parent mountain on the plains below, presented their open craters, as if only waiting orders to commence another volley. Signor Gemellaro informed me that 147 of these mouths are still open on the circumference of the moutain. I was surprised to see so much of active volcanic influence going on in this mountain, which I had considered as only throwing up a regular curl of smoke. In fact, the smoke issues in enormous masses from the great crater, presenting an immense mass of aquatic vapours, with a very slight quantity of muriatic and sulphureous acid intermixed.

The igneous process was still going on under the lava which is at the back of La Casa dell Inglese, and which still smoked, although the lava itself is forty years old, and out of the crater below me the smoke was still rolling over its edge in misty wreaths. On descending as near to it as I could, the ground became too hot for the hand to bear under the scoriæ, and Mr. Lunn found it more so when down in it afterwards.

After I had stood and enjoyed this tremendously beautiful scene for some time, I ascended again and proceeded to Il Torre dell Philosopho, or, as it is vulgarly called, the Tower of Empedocles. Everyone has heard the foolish story of Empedocles having built the tower

as an observatory, and then having thrown himself into the crater, in order to have it believed that he was taken up to heaven. Empedocles's private character given him by his cotemporaries, by the great men who knew him, will put him above the suspicion of so foolish a trick. But still the object of this building remains a mystery. It stands on a hill of scoriæ and ashes, to the eastward of La Casa. As a tower nothing remains. An unformed mass of Roman brickwork on a base of the same and of lava, about three feet high, is all that remains of this building. Signor Gemellaro excavated round it, and cleared away the base on which it stands and rests upon the solid lava. Amongst the ruins he found squares of marble, pieces of building stones, and lead, brought perhaps to cement the rocks of lava together. It was scarcely likely the Romans would build a temple where the priest could not live to tend it, or have gone to the expense of toiling up with such foreign and valuable material merely to celebrate the Emperor Adrian's visit to the mountain. We know that Etna was worshipped; I suspect, therefore, that the tower was an altar only, or a chapel of refuge for such devotees as visited the mountain, as are at present found amongst the Himalaya mountains in India, built at the foot of sacred mountains, or at the junction of holy streams.

When there the wind was so strong that my mule staggered before it. I then returned to the Casa, when I found the climbers returning, having seen, as I did, the sun rise without a cloud, but on a more complete panorama. I believe it rarely happens that any season of the year affords so good an opportunity of seeing the prospect as that which we had. It is obvious that in the summer the mornings can scarcely ever be clear, owing to the exhalation drawn up by the sun from the

heated earth. In the spring and winter the snow must spoil the prospect, and usually at this time of the year there is too much rain and vapour. We therefore esteemed ourselves most fortunate. Messrs. Bates and Moore descended first. They had succeeded in scrambling up to the top, but with very great difficulty. They found the rarity of the air and the sulphur affect them very strongly; but when they got to the top, the crater was so full of smoke, that they could see nothing but volumes of vapours rolling upon volumes. They came down much tired and exhausted, but gratified. Mr. Lunn stayed above to collect specimens, and came down very little tired.

After breakfasting and refreshing ourselves, we packed our mules and left the extraordinary scene which we had witnessed in the greatest beauty, as, from the moment of our setting out from Catania until our return, the sky was without a cloud. Just as we left the mountain great clouds of smoke were emitted from its crater, which usually implies rain—but no fire is ever seen now. We descended along the same paths by which we ascended, much more dangerous, of course, in the descent; but we reached Nicolosi, ourselves and mules very much fatigued, but without any accident.

The next day the first visit we made was to Monte Rossi, just above Catania, from whence broke out the lava of 1669. It draws its name from the colour of the scoriæ and ashes, which cast a dark red gleam over the mountain. The ashes are full of crystals of augite. In the next crater a chasm remains open, which has been explored to a great depth, say about 350 feet. Lunn, Bates, and the guides entered it, and pursued its course down ladders, until they came to where Gemellaro had proceeded only by ropes, and those they had not with them. They felt a considerable wind come up from

below, and Gemellaro states that the thermometer was much lower at the extent to which he penetrated than on the surface of the earth. The chasm was evidently the course of an extinguished lava. Where Gemellaro terminated his descent he was immediately under Monte Rossi, and he considers this to have formed a syphonic communication with the lava of that mountain during the eruption. His theory of the flow of lava is as follows:—

Where lavas have broken out, *not* from the crater, on the summit of a volcano, but from its sides, whilst the summit emits only smoke, flame, and stones, &c., it has been supposed that the lava, from its own weight, cannot rise above a certain height, and therefore forces its way out of the sides, not being able to reach the top of the mountain. Now, Gemellaro has *invariably* observed that, during eruptions from Etna, where the apertures for the lava have been from the sides of the mountain, the jets of burning liquid have increased in height as they have become more distant from the central crater, instead of lower and weaker, as they would be had the lava expended itself on its ebullition from the side of the mountain; that supposing A to be the central crater of the mountain, which does not throw up liquid matter, and that B, C, and D are apertures on the sides which do, the flow from the lowest, D, will be thrown nearest to the level of A—consequently he concludes that the lava always rises to the summit, A, and that if it does not there shew itself it is because it meets with channels and conduits down the sides, until it breaks out in the weakest part of its course. The one that Mr. Lunn went down, he considers to be the syphon which supplied Monte Rossi.

From thence we visited the Benedictine convent, where we saw the sacred well. The building is modern,

but the small ascetic cell still remains in which a knight of St. John of Jerusalem passed the solitary end of a bustling life, and left good possessions to the convent. Here, too, is a grove of great and venerable pines, coeval with the well, which the monks a few years ago were going to cut down, but Signor Gemellaro half shamed, half bullied them out of the scandalous intention, and saved the trees.

Further on, under another of the mouths of Etna, is another yawning cave, the passage of extinguished lava, into which Mr. Lunn penetrated. This was not, like the other, a rent and fissure in the ground, but a regular archway, which ran for about 100 yards in the ground. To the lava was attached much in a stalactitic form, constituted of carbonate of lime. Soon after this cavern was discovered, it not being very difficult of access, a party of priests undertook to form a picnic party there during the hot weather. There was a person left out of the invitation, and he thought that he had a right to complain of the omission. So he revenged himself by going down into the cavern, and hiding himself before the party came. In the midst of the jollity of his friends he let off a squib, which they, of course, took for the lava coming again, of the Giant Eucelada's paying them a visit. The confusion which ensued may easily be conceived. All fled as fast as the one ladder they had would let them ascend, whilst the successful contriver of the joke remained behind and finished their meal. When he descended to Nicolosi he found the padrés assembled, with all the town around them, listening to the horrid story of their alarm from an eruption of fire and sulphurous smoke from out of this long extinguished volcano, how narrowly they had escaped with their lives, &c.

I returned to Nicolosi, and again slept there. Nicolosi

has been so often destroyed by earthquake and volcano, that it is built with a view to the repetition of these visits. Every house is of but one story, and covered with very slight beams and reeds. Of course the ancient lavas have driven the springs down to an immeasurable depth from the surface, and there is no water but rain water. Signor Gemellaro has a tank above thirty-five feet deep. It is calculated to hold nine years' consumption of water. About thirty houses in the town of the better sort had tanks of this description, but the poor, and those who had no tanks, were obliged to buy the water at an extravagant rate. Signor Gemellaro induced the government to subscribe something; he raised subscriptions amongst others, and paid considerably out of his own pocket. In short, in one way or another he got together money sufficient to enable him, aided by the voluntary labour of the town, to construct an immense tank in the Piazza, before the church, for the use of the poor. They are very particular as to the water which they admit into their tanks. Snow water they carefully exclude, and the first rain waters of the autumn, because they bring with them so much of leaves and vegetation as to make the water unwholesome.

We passed the evening in discussing the natural phenomena of this region. Sr. Gemellaro has kept a regular meteorological journal of Etna for many years. This I trust I have persuaded him to publish. It is a literary and scientific duty which he owes to society. Nothing that we in delicacy could say would induce him in the most indirect manner to accept of anything in the shape of remuneration for the hospitality which he had afforded us. I had with me a mineralogical case, with instruments, telescope, thermometer, compass, &c., put up in it. I had seen him eye this with satis-

faction during my stay—I gave it him when we parted. I thought he would have overwhelmed me with thanks. It was the only thing I had with me worthy of his acceptance. And thus we parted with this amiable and scientific man, who, having made the natural history of the mountain his study, makes his knowledge available by the most splendid hospitality to strangers.

CHAPTER X.

Antiquities of Catania—English Benevolence—Count Befer—Visit of the Benedictine School to the Yacht—New Minerals in the Lava—Arrival at Augusta—Formation of Successive Layers of Lava—The Empress Helena—Difficulties with the Officers of Health—Syracuse Ancient and Modern—The English Doctor in a Nunnery—Female Confidence.

NOVEMBER 4th. Before I went up to Etna a Baron Something had been ill for a long time, and hearing much of the English Doctor with me, his son begged of Dr. Moore to visit his father. This Moore did with his usual good-nature. But the poor man had a complication of disorders, at the head of which were seventy-two years of age, and a whole bevy of Sicilian doctors. All this, and the interference by day and night of a dozen priests and a roomful of relations, the poor man could not survive, and on Saturday night he expired. Being a public functionary he was buried with honours, which consisted in being escorted by soldiery, carriages of friends, &c., following, and the poor dead wretch himself, dressed out in full uniform, and tied up in a sedan chair, in which, with his hat under his arm, his hair powdered, and his cane in his hand, he was paraded through the streets, with two men carrying his coffin

behind him. In this way they meant to carry him thirty miles off to the burial-place of his family—only putting mules between the chair-poles instead of men, and making a litiga of it. During the night of the Vigil of All Saints, and the feast itself on the previous day, there was no end of processions, ringing of bells, and firing of salvos of crackers, great and small, imitating artillery and musketry. When I could move I proceeded to examine the antiquities of Catania, the theatre, and the Grecian and Roman baths. The dormitories and corridors of the theatre were cleaned out, and it was impossible to pass along the latter without almost expecting to hear the music, and the voices of the actors within, so perfect are the remains. The baths are complete in all their parts—even the stoves for heating the water remaining—and could be restored to their ancient use in a very short time and no expense. The water which supplied them is a subterranean stream which flows from Etna, it is believed, by recesses from the side nearest to Randazzo, where a small lake is said to be at present. When one considers what in that case would be its course, winding round three parts of the base of Etna, amongst all the diversities of its porous and compact lava, the story seems difficult to be believed.

My yacht is returned, and all Catania goes out to see it. The Benedictines have sent to beg permission to be allowed to send their school of young men, who have but one holiday in the year, to spend it on board. I have, of course, acquiesced. But the sight will be entertaining, as not one of them ever saw the inside of a ship before, or ever was upon the water. Signor Gemellaro, the brother of the amiable host of Nicolosi, is *un grand chasseur*, and I have set him up with English gunpowder, which is highly valued here. The English

have left behind them here a character which I really think will never be forgotten. What makes the greatest impression, is their numerous unostentatious charities. A surgeon of one of the regiments passing by one day, saw a poor wretched woman in the last stage, as he thought, of sickness and misery, on the pavement. He proceeded to feel her pulse, but could make nothing of her malady, and, being ignorant of Sicilian and Italian, it was a long while before he could be made to understand that the poor wretch's malady was of the mind—that she had been burnt out of all her property and savings during the whole of her life. The surgeon asked her the amount of her loss? Fifteen ounces (£7. 10*s.*) was the reply. He bade her stay where she was, went off to his mess, got the money by subscription with ten ounces more, and came back and paid her. Many stories of this kind remain, and never will be forgotten.

Sr. Gemellaro, who is chief judge of his district, told me that it came within his knowledge that a person having imprudently shewn some gold as he was going up Etna, it was determined to waylay and rob him, and the ambuscade was formed; but the robbers found out that he was an Englishman before the attack commenced, and, instead of robbing him, formed a guard for his safety, although they knew that the money which they coveted was still in his pockets. I *know* that if an English frigate was to appear off this coast and offer its protection, England might occupy Sicily to-morrow. The memory of Brydone is now laughed at. For a long while his stories did us honour. Their effect is now passed away. It is now acknowledged and known that Brydone never proceeded further up Etna himself than the Benedictine Convent.

5th. In the Piano de Francesco, in angle between the palace of D. Mario Gomaviria and that of the Prin-

cesse di Valtravoza, is to be seen a great portion of the theatre, excavated by Prince Biscaris. Down a flight of steps you enter, by one of the vomitori, into a corridor, out of which is part of the staircase conducting into the two above. The remains extend under the foundations of existing houses, and are therefore difficult to be traced; but the rows of seats, the exterior lozzia, and a great part of the proscenium, are still visible. Connected with the theatre is the odeum. The form of the outside is perfectly distinguishable, built up into the walls of existing houses. This communicated with the larger theatre by an intermediate staircase. The baths form a part of the Convent of the P. P. Minoriti, called della Concezione. Part of the Convent of St. Agostino is founded on the walls of the ancient forum of the city. Near this stood the ancient Basilica, the great pillars of which now sustain the portico of the church in La Piazza di St. Philippo. Not far from the town was discovered about a month ago a beautiful room in crimson stucco, with a picture in fresco of the three Graces, beautifully done and well preserved. In the convent of the Carmelites, under the title of the Monte Santo, is to be seen a beautiful octagon room, covered by a charming cupola, formed of regularly squared stones of equal height and size, in such a manner as to appear so many regular zones. This building was a laconico, which was cleared out in 1779. The furnaces, the passage behind for the purpose of making use of them, the subterranean passages which received the heat and conducted it under the floors, and the communications with the adjoining rooms, are perfect. The flues are supported by pillars of rounded bricks. Behind the bastion called Degl. Infetti, stand the ruins of the temple of Ceres. Near the same place is a bath consisting of two rooms, in one of which is a small bath capable of containing two persons.

Beyond is a warm bath, under which is a similar set of little pillars of brick to those already described, arranged in order that the hot air might have free course under it.

I was introduced by the Doctor Gemellaro, another brother of my friend at Nicolosi, to Count Befer, a celebrated mineralogist, born at Mantua. Both he and the Doctor Gemellaro are studying the question so much agitated by the Neptumists and the Plutonists respecting the origin of ancient lava, and the difference between basalt and prismatic lava. Ill would it become me to express an opinion upon a subject in the hands of such learned men. But if I borrow any of their reasonings I must do so because they seem to do away with all early received ideas upon this subject, and to impress one with the conviction that upon this grand point nothing yet is known, because those who discuss it cannot agree upon the common necessary premises. The presence of what we must acknowledge are ancient shells, in what we should call basalt, would furnish a proof to the Neptunians that this basalt must have been formed under water; because if not, the shells would have been turned by the fire into lime, and would have disappeared—to which the only reply is, that the basalt was formed on land, but under such pressure that the carbonic acid gas had not the means of escape, therefore lime would not have been formed—therefore the shells have survived the violence of the fire.

Last night an earthquake was felt here about three o'clock in the morning. There were two shocks, of about two seconds each. It was felt along the villages of the coast from Nicolosi to Acis de Realle, and some people thought they saw the ground on part of Etna shaken. But they did not sufficiently authenticate their story. A bell or two in Catania rang, the windows rattled, and the beds shook.

The Benedictine school went on board my vessel, and the visit did not begin propitiously, for, as they set forth, one of them jostled another overboard, and it was with great difficulty that Bates seized the young man by the hair and saved him. They took him to the vessel, as they declared he could not pass through the streets except in his proper habiliments. So they dried them at the fire and put him into bed, when it was with great difficulty that they persuaded him to take a glass of hot wine. However, he recovered very well, and they returned him back to his convent quite safe and sound. Everything excited their wonderment—"Una pallazzo maritimo." But it ended with half of them being sick. They wanted to make Bates a Benedictine, in reward for saving their brother.

6th. With Count Befer and Doctor Gemellaro we proceeded in my barge first to the Villa delle Castello d'Aci, and spent much time in examining the very curious volcanic strata of that rock. Part of it is what we shall call solid compact basalt, part prismatic and columnar basalt, and along the whole front of the rock facing Catania it breaks out into large concentrated prisms of lava crystallised. I cannot compare the latter to anything that gives an idea of it in my mind more correctly than to the large stone roses which we see in Gothic cathedrals tying together intersecting arches, thus as if they had pushed up into flowers of basalt and then had stopped. Overlaying this lava is a bed of marly argellaceous limestone, with shells. These lavas are full of augite, Thompsonnite, pyroxene, and Phillipsite.

From thence we proceeded along the coast to Acis Realle—the coast lower but still basaltic; though the lava come down a small stream, tinging the rocks about it with a deep red colour, and this the natives call Il

Sangue d'Acis, spilt by Polyphemus. The colour is occasioned by nothing but oxide of iron, with a little carbonic acid. The city of Acis Realle lies at the foot of Etna, at the top of a mountain some height from the sea, and the only access to it is by a very large work on arches, surmounting the cliff on regular zig-zag approaches, called La Scala d'Aci. Here is a small mole to protect fishing-vessels, as here and at La Trezza opposite to the Cyclops Rocks is the best fishing on the coast. A coral fishing bank at no great distance from this shore is known to the fishermen who, however, keep their own secret. As yet it has never been worked.

Just beyond the city of Acis Realle the views along the coast of Taormina, &c., towards Messina, are very fine, with the mountains of Calabria on the right and Etna on the left and centre of the picture. Here are some very fine basaltic columnar rocks and caverns; one the miniature imitation of Staffa, but inferior to it. The scene, however, is very wild and grand. This lava is quite compact, without zeolite or other mixture except feltspar crystals.

From thence we returned to the Cyclops Islands, which we determined to examine very closely. We did so, dining in our boat there and passing the remainder of the day. I landed on the largest rock, through the middle of which runs a calcareous limestone rock stratum which joins the basalt, and in the heart of which is a fissure which runs through the whole rock. These lavas are full of new or little known minerals—Herchellite, Thompsonnite, Phillipsite, and another, the crystals of which are ascertained, but which has not yet been analyzed, which Count Befer first discovered, and which it is proposed to call Beferite. With these are mixed augite, mesotype, olivine, and tourmaline. In short, such a mine for a mineralogist of new minerals, scarcely

known in England, I never saw. Few people, comparatively speaking, have set their foot upon it—fewer still have examined its products, and those who have, have had little idea of the splendid articles contained in it, but, merging the whole in one name of mesotype and zeolite, have passed it over with little notice.

We loaded our boat with specimens, and returned home through a fine evening to Catania, which, however, we reached very late and tired, owing to the strong current setting against us. As we swept along the base of Etna, we observed two of its numerous mouths smoking very much for a short time. This is a very unusual sight, and portends the mountain being ill at rest.

9th. This morning Count Befer breakfasted with me, and took his leave. The Canonico Alessi also paid his visit of leave, and the English Consul. The Secretary of the University of Catania called upon me to present me, in the name of the University, with the first volume of its proceedings, and to announce to me that I was elected an honorary member. In return, thanks, bows, and compliments.

We embark for Augusta. The weather still beautiful. Many of our friends attended us on board, and the last embraces very affecting. The two innkeepers both attempted to embrace Sharp, who ran about the deck shirking them, they after him. A Neapolitan ship-of-the-line and a frigate in the offing. Just save our distance, and anchor in Augusta harbour before dark.

I lost the opportunity of seeing the two best museums in the city, those of Recupero and Giogeni, owing to their original owners being dead, and the collections being "sigillati" by Government to abide the decision of the law, under the new decision established by the introduction of the French law for the division of personal

property. This law promises to separate and disperse everything like property in Sicily.

The views of Etna and Catania are beautiful from the sea; the whole side of the mountain appears peaceably dotted with towns, villages, and country houses. The misery of the country is nowhere visible—it is lost amongst its orange groves and the forests which clothe the sides of Etna, and the eye passes over the horrible ravages which, from the beginning of the world, the volcano has made amongst the lovely scenery. The age of this wonderful mountain is still undecided. The trash which Brydone wrote respecting Recupero's doubts of the ages of the lavas agreeing with the Mosaic account of the creation, nobody now pays the least attention to. Ocular demonstration proves that no two lavas decompose (if ever lavas decompose at all) into vegetable matter in the same degree or within the same time, and all the story of Recupero's having received any caution from ecclesiastical authority upon the subject of his writings, as interfering with the Mosaic history, is totally unfounded. But what is curious and undeniable, because we and others have seen it *in situ*, is, that the lavas are overlaid by the tertiary limestone; then again comes another stratum of tertiary limestone under compact lava with obsidian, and under that again lava—if lava it be—with shells. If it be lava, all one can say is, that this fact overturns everything which has yet ever approximated itself to system on the subject of lavas. The whole question is in abler hands than mine. All that I can speak to are the facts, and many specimens of this lava with shells are in my possession, and have been found *in situ*. But the question of the identity of this lava still remains undecided, and our first duty is to set this point at rest, which can easily be done when at leisure.

These appearances extend over the part of the country near Palargonia, and would give one reason to believe that the primary volcanic district of this country and Etna is a *subsequent formation.* What is decided and certain is, that no tertiary formation can be estimated younger than the deluge. The lavas then under the tertiary formation must have been formed previous to the deluge, and if this matter with shells in it be lava our Plutonists must either give way to our Neptunists, or the former must agree that the lava with shells intermixed must have been formed under such pressure as to have prevented the carbonic acid from escaping, and thereby from decomposing the shells. Of this I am quite certain, that no one can write upon or form an opinion upon the nature and formation of lavas, with their accompanying phenomena, from hand specimens alone. They must come, and see, and judge for themselves—and that not by a cursory view, but by residing for some time in the country where this knowledge is to be gained. The University of Catania is doing much to forward this object, and the exertions of such men as the Gemellaro, Comte Befer, &c., bid fair to let much light in upon this subject, which at present is all darkness. Certain preliminary bases must be laid down, established, and admitted, by both Neptunists and Plutonists—but so long as they differ upon the first principles as to what constitutes lava, and what basalt, they must stop there. Facts however may still be verified and collected by travellers like myself. They must be reduced into shape and attached to theories by wiser men.

10th. Augusta is a strongly-fortified place, with a fine land-locked harbour. We went to the point of Santa Croce, where the legendary tale of Sicily states the Empress Helena landed with the holy cross from Jerusalem. Although all this story is contrary to history and all

semblance of truth it serves its purpose, for the priests have built a chapel on the part from which the monks persuade the natives that the shadow of the cross upon the ocean is still to be seen. This is therefore a profitable concern to the monastery of the Capuchins at Augusta. The cape itself is a fine wild, rocky point of land, consisting of vast beds of calcareous matter full of shells. The calcareous loam overlays the limestone rock, which runs into the sea in stratas running north and south. Etna looks beautiful from here. There is much more snow since we ascended the mountain. The shores here are full of balls of the Pilæ Marina, and in the marshes are many snipes, which afforded sport to our shooters and variety to our cabin fare.

11th. This day we lay quiet and had our service, and let the men go on shore. The officers of the Health Department were excessively extortionate. Although my yacht merely went backwards and forwards, not being able to remain at Catania, which is an open roadstead, they insisted on a new bill of health every time the vessel dropped her anchor, and on fees larger than were demanded at Catania. I expostulated in vain, so I paid the fee and then wrote to the Luogo Tenente to complain of them, at Palermo.

12th. The police and health officers came alongside and were exceedingly troublesome. They refused me pratique until I produced my passport. I remonstrated with them that my passport was not a matter for the health officer to have anything to do with—that a ship's flag was her passport—that when I landed there the police had a right to demand my passport, and they should have it. They refused, however, to give pratique without it, so the passport was handed to them with tongs and all possible plague precautions, and when they had

discussed it for a long while they said it was only the passport of Il Signor Duca, and no one else. I then said that, to be sure, my own Secretary of State and the different ambassadors who had *visé* and signed my passport had not in contemplation the possibility of a boatful of signori, calling themselves the health officers and the police officer of Syracuse, not being able to read. I therefore requested them to look over my passport again for the sake of their own literary reputation, or, if they did not choose to expose it to such risk, I recommended them to send on shore for some one who could read.

This harangue, slowly delivered in English, and interpreted duly to them in pure Italian, much diverted my own crew and their own boatmen, and sadly enraged the authorities, who, however, upon looking again with bent brows and spectacles and clustered heads over my passport, saw that it was for "Il Signor Duca, e sua Sequita." They could not deny the authority of this document; they still, however, persevered in trying to pick holes, and to refuse me pratique, until at last I desired the English Vice-Consul, or the gentleman acting for him—he being at Malta—to tell them plainly that I had laid my papers before them, that I knew they were right, that I would be trifled with no longer, that I had a letter from Il Luogo Tenente directing all the authorities in Sicily to give me all and every assistance—that this was the only place where I had met with any thing like difficulty, and that it was perfectly indifferent to me when I spent my time on board—that I demanded pratique instantly, and that if they hesitated I would weigh my anchor, proceed round to Palermo, and lay a complaint against them before Il Luogo Tenente, who would, I doubted not, do me justice—and that I gave them five minutes to consider. This brought down the

high and mighty souls of the authorities, who were exceedingly mortified at all this passing in the hearing of their own boat's crew, and they immediately gave me pratique, assuring Sua Excellenza that they were my devoted servants and at my orders. I then desired the English Vice-Consul to come on board—the rest wanted to follow, but I ordered them off, telling them they must learn to behave with greater civility to strangers before I would admit them to come on board my vessel. So they retired annoyed. I immediately sent on shore a boat with a letter of compliment to the Intendente of the province and the military governor of the place, and received most civil assurances from both. So at four o'clock I went on shore and visited them. The Intendente is the civil governor of the whole province, and first in rank. Nothing could exceed their civility, offers of accommodation, carriages, &c. The last I accepted. The streets are narrow, but very well paved with flat stones, and clean. The houses are many of them fine, and present excellent specimens of middle-age architecture, but as we drove along the eye constantly met with bits of older and more interesting masonry, built in with modern work, and shewing the trace of Grecian and Roman days. The temple of Minerva, now the cathedral, its magnificent, and I may say Doric fluted; columns of immense size, still appear built up in the modern wall, and exhibit the greatest triumphs of ancient architecture over modern bad taste.

Modern Syracuse contains about 15,000 inhabitants. In the days of its splendour it held a million souls. Its principal defence would be as it has been, the unhealthiness of the ground which a besieging camp must occupy, and which the river Anapus renders a perfect swamp. The Carthaginians, under Hamilco, experienced this, and subsequent years have not diminished the evil. They

left 150,000 men on the plain on the west side of the harbour. The south side is formed by the promontory of Plemmyrium, where the Athenian fleet lay, under Nicias, blockaded by the Syracusans, who in one night carried an iron chain over from one side to the other, and afterwards totally destroyed them.

It was impossible without feelings of the deepest interest to find one's self thus in the midst of scenes made celebrated by all the greatest names which have been impressed upon the memory of our youthful minds by history and the force of precept.

I found to-day the carriage of the Intendente waiting for me, and Il Cavaliere Landolina, the brother of the antiquary, who by his own researches, followed up by those of his brother, has done so much to rescue what remains of Syracusan magnificence from ruin. To them we owe the excavations of the theatre and amphitheatre, and many of the monuments of its grandeur. The present chevalier is made Conservatore dell Antiquité by the King, and under his auspices the museum is formed, which holds the famous Venus, the rival of the Medicean statue.

The first place we came to was the amphitheatre, supposed to have been built by the Romans, and in the decadence of Syracusan magnificence. The whole area is opened, and two of the great gates; the two others appear, but have not been cleared away. The seats are partly cut out of the living rock, and partly built with masonry. It is attached to the celebrated wall which divided Acradina from Napolis. The corridors, vomitories, and dens for the wild beasts are intact; and at one end is a conduit, which communicates underground with the sea, and is still intact. Cav. Landolina thinks, in consequence, that it could at pleasure have been flooded, and used as a naumachia; but I doubt this,

and rather attribute the existence of the communication to the bath which still exists, with the steps quite perfect, to which it was probably a drain—in which bath the combatants, either gladiators or wild beasts, or in the foot-races or chariot courses, bathed themselves for refreshment. The naumachia I take to have been in the little port, and with such means for it, it is hardly to be supposed that the Syracusans would have gone to the trouble of backing water up so high a hill, merely to make a miserable shallow display of a water-shew, or of filling it from the superincumbent aqueduct with fresh water, to have carried on the semblance of combats on the sea, which was close to them, and afforded them all the means of reality.

From the amphitheatre, where the Cav. Landolina endeavoured to persuade me to excavate, we proceeded upwards along the way of an ancient street to the great theatre, a stupendous monument of the best times of Syracuse. It is calculated to have held 30,000 spectators. In the very centre of the great circle is a vile modern mill, turned by a rush of water, which comes down from a temple above, and which in ancient times must have made by its purity and freshness a beautiful addition to the scene. Cav. Landolina implored the King to allow him to move the mill, at his own expense, below, without injury to the mill, and with every advantage to the theatre—but the King declined, and the mill remains.

The seats are so constructed that a large space is left for sitting upon, and behind that again a sunken space is left for the feet of those sitting on the seat behind, without inconvenience to those before them, and without endangering their dirtying their garments. About half-way up the theatre runs a canal, which, communicating with the aqueduct, furnished the theatre with refreshing

water during the exhibition. They shew holes where they say the poles were fixed which supported the awning to protect the spectators from the sun's rays; but the holes are not to be seen elsewhere, and those which we do see are not big enough to contain posts of such magnitude as must have been required to support an awning of a size sufficient to cover such a theatre. I am inclined, therefore, to suspect that the awning either extended only to the women's seats, or to those of persons of rank and official stations.

At the back of part of the boxes—as we should call them—or of the seats, are Greek names, apparently to designate the seats to avoid confusion, as probably these names agreed with others on tickets brought by the spectators. Nothing can exceed the convenience of the vomitories and collateral staircases to facilitate access to the different parts of the theatre. No part of the scena remains. It was broken up bit by bit by the Spaniards when they held possession of the town, to make the roads and repair the fortifications.

Scarcely anything could have been finer than the appearance of this theatre thronged with spectators, overlooking the beautiful city, the bay and distant capes, the scenes of the Syracusan victories, the plain below, the river, the magnificent temple dedicated to Olympian Jove, the heights of Epipola, and the mountains of Hybla.

Ascending from the theatre, we proceed along the ancient street to the façade of a temple above the theatre, out of which runs the stream that flows through the theatre. It is one of the most picturesque spots imaginable. No traces remain by which it is possible to find out to whom the temple was dedicated. The columns, perystyle, pediment of the portico, are all gone, but the grotto against which they were built remains; and from the back of this falls, in a picturesque waterfall, the

water brought in an ancient aqueduct from a distance amongst the rocks. The whole is now overgrown with water-plants, and has the air of a natural grotto; but on the face of it an attentive observer will see the marks of the places which the architectural remains once occupied.

From thence, by a steep ascent, we passed up the street of tombs, of different sizes and degrees, cut in the solid rock, on each side, and appropriated to whole familes. All the tombs are open, their contents rifled, and their marble inscriptions gone—only the traces of them remaining imprinted on the rock.

Turning to the right, we came out upon the face of the hill, once the site of the most magnificent part of the city, now nothing but rock and barrenness—not even a ruin to tell that once the proud Syracuse stood there. In the midst of this scene of rock one aqueduct runs, consisting of two streams—an upper and a lower. The upper course is dry, but where the rock has been broken in you see the water in the course below still running and sparkling.

From thence we descended into the Latomia, in which is the grotto which goes by the name of Dionysius's cave. The tradition of this is well known: that it was a prison constructed by the tyrant in such a manner, that from a small and secret chamber above he could sit and hear the language and conversation of his prisoners. The story is absurd, and the thing impossible. The Latomia is a vast square, and round it are the quarries out of which came the stone that built Syracuse. That Dionysius made prisons of these dreary mansions is likely, and, I believe, known. There perished the wretched Athenians who were made prisoners when the Athenian fleet was destroyed. In the first quarry shewn you, a vast square vault, are the

places cut in the rock which sustained a moveable platform, by which the wretched captives were lowered to the bottom, when the platform rose and left them below to perish in darkness. The next is the famous Ear. It is in the shape of a pointed Gothic arch, curved at the top, and about sixty feet high; about ten feet above is a square chamber, in which it is said the tyrant sat. How he was to get there those who made the story best know, as there is no communication with it from above or below, and people who now visit it must be hoisted up in a chair by ropes and a pulley.

Through the great arch, as of a cathedral, you enter. The immense cavern winds in a curve to the right, and then to the left. It varies from fourteen to thirty-five feet in breadth; it is sixty-five feet high, and 187 feet deep. At the furthest extremity it stops, without diminishing its height. In the centre, just at the turn, is a great niche, or, rather, a space like an ancient chimney in a baronial hall, which has been cut in later days. I should fancy it not unlikely that the early Christians here made their altars; for let it be remembered that Marcias, the first Bishop of Syracuse, was contemporary with the Apostles, and preached the gospel which he had received from them.

The aperture which is called Dionysius's chamber is a square hole in the rock, with an aperture looking down in a sloping direction into the cavern, and above communicates with the small channel which forms the vault of the cave, and evidently conveys the sound of anyone speaking in the chamber to the other end of the cave. When you stand in the cave below, a person tearing a bit of paper makes a noise as if he struck the wall with a stick, so strong is the reverberation, and a pistol fired makes an echo and a detonation most tremendous. A whisper from one end of the cavern along the side is

heard plainly at the other. But all this would be lost upon Dionysius above. One of our party sat there while we were in the cave below: he said that no word could be heard.

15th. The Intendente of the valley and town came on board me yesterday evening to return my visit. I received him in form, and on his departure saluted him with thirteen guns. He invited me to the theatre, where he said his box was at my service—I now must send my excuse. The Commandant sends to excuse his not returning my visit, because, by the laws of Sicily, he is never permitted to go afloat or to leave the town. Moore has got a great character as an English doctor, and is sent for to many patients, especially female ones. He has been summoned into a convent to visit a nun who is ill, and her relations have obtained a dispensation from the bishop to enable him to enter. He accordingly went, and found two priests, who took charge of him, and never lost sight of him during a single moment. As he went along the cloister an old nun preceded him, ringing a bell to warn all the others to keep out of the way. But the effect was directly the reverse, as, on one excuse or another, the whole sisterhood came out into the corridors to take a peep at the English doctor. When he reached his patient's room he found that, instead of a cell to herself, she was in a great dormitory, like the ward of an hospital, where all the nuns slept together in beds apart—and this they openly told him was done to prevent intrigue. The necessity of this measure of precaution has, I understand, been much felt in Syracuse.

Moore stated the indelicacy and grossness of the women whom he visited, some of them of rank, were such as no one could have the slightest idea of; they were much greater than in France, where he had before

practised. In short, the stories he told me of the manner in which they received him, of the confidences they made him, and of the mode in which they acted, were such as most certainly I had never in my intercourse with the world the least idea of. The rooms where he was received were always full of people, men and women, but their presence made no difference whatever in the communications they made, or in the exhibitions consequent upon them. They could not have been more private had the room been empty; and no physician in England, even in the company of no one but his patient, would have received the confidences or had the exhibitions made to him with which Moore was favoured in the presence of a room-full of people. He did not find very much to complain of in the theory of the medical profession here, but in their practice they were sad dawdles, and often endangered their patients' lives by stupid half measures. Here, too, the priests and parenté interfered with Moore's practice; and in one instance he was obliged to remonstrate most strongly, and to refuse to go again, unless they would engage that what he prescribed should be done.

The Intendente sent me presents of confectionery, such as we never see made in England, consisting of very large devices in almonds, cream, and different jams, really very good, but so rich that we could not eat much of them. The Syracusan wine is excellent, and in hopes of getting purchasers the owners of good vineyards are very free in making presents of small quantities. But, like all other wines, they are qualified for their different markets, and I regret to say that the English is supposed to require a good deal of brandy. However, one may of course, with pains, obtain very fine wine unadulterated.

CHAPTER XI.

Signor Campodicci and his Rarity—Excavations and Discovery of Remains of Antiquity—Fountain of Arethusa—Temple of Jupiter—Finding an Ancient Lamp in Fossilliferous Sandstone—Opening Tombs—Visit to the General Governor—Churches and Temples—Reliques of St. Lucia—A Protestant Lady in the Convent of Capuchins—Sellers of Antiquities—Spies.

NOVEMBER 19th. This is the Queen of Naples's birthday, and there are great rejoicings on shore. *Two* brass guns, mounted on triangles for the occasion, on the sea-line opposite to my anchorage, and a small troop-ship which came in yesterday from Naples, with troops to relieve part of this petty garrison, fired salutes at day-break and sunset, and I fired one at one o'clock. At night I threw up rockets, and blue, red, white and green lights, to the great edification of the Syracusans. At night we were all invited to a ball at the Commandant's house. I could not go, from ill-health, but all the rest of the party went. They returned much pleased. They gave them English country-dances for their benefit, and a table, at which, of course, none but the Sicilians themselves played. The women were in general not pretty, but there were some exceptions. English gunpowder for shooting is the most valuable

present which can be made here. They are good sportsmen, and they complain that their powder is so bad that they cannot shoot. They prefer our *cannon* powder to our *fowling powder*, as they say the latter is so fine that it all runs out of the touch-holes of their guns! Nothing, to be sure, can be more antiquated than their whole atirail de la chasse, and yet they are good shots, and seldom miss. Fulminating locks they have just begun to hear of.

The chief of the police, who has been extremely civil to me since I scolded him in the boat, and who had offered to be my cicerone during my stay here, yesterday received a peremptory order from Naples to remove to the head of the police at Messina. He is a man of £1,000 per annum, has a very fine house and his family here, and is in despair, as he must now, at twenty-four hours' notice, break up the whole of his establishment, &c.—he sets off to-morrow. The Neapolitans have got an idea that we do much good by removing our excisemen and tax-officers from one district to another, and that our judges are locomotive; so they have determined to change about their police officers in the same way, where the excellence of the establishment depends upon the perfect knowledge which the chief officers gain of the locality, by long residence and knowledge of the place, all which the successor has to learn over again. However, the order is peremptory, and the successor was introduced to me by the unfortunate wanderer, and swore allegiance to me.

Mr. Lunn has seen Il Signor Campodicci, the antiquarian of Syracuse, now a very old man, and his faculties are diminishing as his year's increase. He has written sixty vols. folio with his own hand on the antiquities of Syracuse, which are shut up in the library here. His museum was good; but he has given away

the best things to the public museum, and has mixed up with sad trash, which, as all Sicilians do, he values much higher than what is really good. He showed Mr. Lunn his collection; and, passing by pateræ, vases, minerals, &c., he came to a little thing such as is made in English boarding-schools by young ladies, in shell-work, representing the human face, with red shells for the cheeks, lips, and nose, and black for the eyes and eyebrows, &c.; and, standing in ecstacy before this, he exclaimed, "Tutto questo, Signor, e fatto per mè! per meo Ginio solamente!" It would indeed have been barbarous to have deprived the poor old man of the consolation of such a recollection.

20th. To-day, for the first time, I got into my barge, and passed the day upon the water. The weather is like June with us, but the evenings are cold. We rowed to Cape Plemmyrium, where the Athenian fleet was destroyed. The whole is a mass of recent sandstone formation, full of organic remains, and the finest fossil coral and corallines I ever saw. This stratum runs up as far as Enna. Upon my return, I found that my excavators had closed their first day's work, not wholly unrewarded. They began by opening some of the tombs on the hill above the Amphitheatre, which are all considered Grecian, and in one found a very fine iron sword, broken into three pieces when the warrior owner was buried, but the pieces entire, so that the sword is complete. It is broad, pointed, and two English feet eight inches long, without the hilt. Four skulls, and bones in proportion, were found with it. Indeed, in all the tombs examined more than one body were found, which makes me think that the place which I have hit upon constitutes the remains of tombs containing the dead of a field of battle. The circumstance of the sword being long, and of iron, induce me to believe the weapon

to have been Roman; and although the tombs are in their structure originally Grecian, the Romans yet, when they occupied the city, may have buried their dead in the same graves or burying-ground. One of the skulls, the most perfect, I have also brought away.

The tombs are all sunk in the solid rock, about four feet below the surface, about eight feet long, and four broad, and covered with a slab, which shuts down upon a ledge of the rock, and is firmly cemented down. Every grave is filled with mould. There being none in the vicinity, of course the decomposition of the human bodies would account for it; but as every grave is packed close and full of it, it must have been supplied from some source besides that of human destruction. We fancied it might have been the gradual accumulation of infiltrated mould, brought from higher levels along the surface of the rock by successive floods and annual rains; and in this we thought we were supported by sand shells being found in the mould. But we are told that every Grecian grave is found thus filled, and that the Greeks filled up the graves with earth upon the buried body. Whether this be so I have not here the means of deciding. The teeth in the skulls are all fine and undecayed.

The view of the city from the Cape of Plemmyrium was beautiful, and the scene was one of the deepest interest, as I lay in the boat, and recalled to my imagination the scenes of active war and desolation which it had witnessed. As I passed along the city walls I looked in vain for the Spring Alpheus, which rises from the sea in such a volume as to retain the freshness of its waters up to almost the surface of the sea. But the ripple upon the water was too strong, and I could not distinguish it. He is supposed, when metamorphosed into a river, to have followed the lovely Arethusa all the way from the Peloponessus, and to have arisen here and joined his

waters to hers in Syracuse. What *is* true is the extraordinary ebullition of this mass of fresh waters through the salt water within sixty yards of Arethusa's fountain. In fact, I apprehend the two springs are one with two outlets, which some earthquake has separated.

I have received an invitation to-day from the father of a young lady who is to take the black veil to-morrow, to attend the ceremony. I should have had great curiosity to witness the ceremony, although a most dismal one to me—as I know that in fact, however appearances may be otherwise, the poor creatures who act the first part in this tragedy are not free agents. But my strength will not allow me to meet the exertion. The rest of my party go. When I make the above assertion, I make it not on any knowledge of my own—indeed I can have none—but on authority which I do not choose to quote, for very obvious reasons, but which is indisputable.

22nd. I went in my barge to Cape Plemmyrium again, to collect its fossils and inspect its scenery. The little islands of sandstone rock which lay off the shore are called the Islands of the Trophies. Here Nicias's soldiers displayed the trophies which they had won of the Syracusans—a premature and ill-judged boast; for to these very islands was the Boom of Chain ran over in one night, from the extreme point of the Peninsula of Ortygea, by the Syracusans, which blocked up the Athenian fleet, and prevented its escape from destruction.

I sent a large party on shore to dig fossils out of the sand. The cliff is composed in part of sand full of shells and corralines, in part of hard sandstone, which in former days has been dug out for building. The columns of the Temple of Jupiter, now standing opposite to Syracuse, are evidently built of this rock. In the promontory of Plemmyrium the rock has been worked

out in ancient workings, which have been discontinued since the stone has been cut out, and the sand and fossil remains have coated in.

Upon the summit of this promontory the Athenians were encamped, and many of their works still remain. Evident marks also exist of the promontory having been previously occupied by the inhabitants of Syracuse. I am thus particular because of what followed. Duke, one of my barge's crew, was scrambling on the face of the sand-cliff, and, on breaking away a large piece of sand-stone in search of fossil shells, found an ancient Grecian lamp, fresh as if it had been made yesterday. It was full of the sand of the cliff, and even the carbon on the beak of the lamp was fresh. Several of the barge's crew were present when it was found. The man immediately showed it to one of my party, who brought it to me. Mr. Lunn at once went with the man, whom he made show him the precise spot where it was found, as the bed was one full of fossil remains, both above and below the lamp. Upon seeing the spot, it appeared clear that it was on the ledge of an old working, on which the sand had fallen in and buried the lamp, that probably had been left there by some Syracusan or Athenian workman. The lamp is quite plain, but interesting because it is so perfect, and from the classical spot on which it was found.

Besides this, we were very successful in our fossil collection.

23rd. We have opened some tombs on the summit of the hill; have found two or three small vases, but nothing of great value. However, they are interesting, as memorials of this celebrated spot. The remarkable circumstance is, that this being the site of the principal part of this immense city, should also be that of its tombs. Every house must have had its peculiar burying-place,

either in the vault underneath it or in the court forming its interior space. The large stone which covers the tomb is always carefully cemented down all over its surface, to close all fissures, as well as where it lays and rests upon the rabbet which supports it. Every rock and remains of walls are covered with spaces once filled with monumental tablets.

During a shower I sheltered myself in the remains of what is called the tomb of Archimedes. Great doubts are entertained whether this be the tomb discovered by Cicero or not; and even if this were ascertained, it is not stated that Cicero had any authority for knowing it to have been the tomb of the great philosopher, other than the guess which he formed from seeing a globe and sphere engraved on the stone over it. All that we now see proves it to have been the tomb of some distinguished person, as the face of the rock is cut, with great care, into the shape of a Doric pediment, frieze and pillars. Inside, at the furthest extremity, is the large space left for the sarcophagus of the head of the family; on the two sides are upright niches cut to receive children's bodies.

Tired of routing amongst rifled graves, we proceeded to the church of Santo Giovanni, under part of which are the catacombs, which extend, like those at Rome, to an immense extent. They consist of large columbaria, like immense vaulted binns of a cellar, or the mouths of enormous ovens. At the extremity of them is the sarcophagus of the principal person of the family, and round him are the receptacles for the rest. In the front of the columbaria are niches to receive infant bodies, and the mould was closed with guard-stones carefully cemented. Here rest the Greek professors of Syracuse, the Romans, and afterwards the early Christians; but all are open, and rifled, and desolate. These catacombs diverge in

endless streets, and in rows above rows. Occasionally they are ventilated by large spiracles communicating with the open air; so that, although dark, they are not quite devoid of light, and are well ventilated.

We opened the pavement, below which the hollow also appeared full of graves, mostly rifled, but some untouched. I conceive them to have been principally occupied by the early Christians. We found one monumental slab of white marble, commemorating Fausta, a Roman lady, who, by the sign of Constantine's cross affixed to it, must have been one of that persecuted class.

Emerging into day, we inspected the church itself. It is Gothic, and curious, as the style of architecture shews it to have been built at the period when the Grecian style was just giving way to the Gothic, and the capitals of the pillars present the Ionic volute changing into the Gothic. There is also a beautiful marygold window. Originally this must have been a pagan temple, the pillars of which, carefully plastered over and walled up, still appear. In the crypt below, is the plain and simple sarcophagus in which repose the remains of St. Marcias, the first bishop of Syracuse, the cotemporary of St. Peter, and who preached the Gospel which he received from the Apostles. He was decapitated on this spot. On the outside of the church I saw the shaft of a Gothic column projecting itself, and, making my workmen clear it out, I found a beautiful Gothic capital belonging to the old church, richly voluted in the manner I have described. This I brought away, both as an interesting remains and as a memorial of a place which no Christian can view without feelings of veneration. To see a Gothic ruin raise its head, and proclaim itself still possessed of the mortal remains of him who was amongst the very first who preached the Gospel of Christ, which

he received from the hands of those to whom Christ himself, on earth, entrusted it, amongst the multitude of pagan tombs and vestiges of pagan magnificence around it, gives one the impression of an oasis in the desert, where the weary may find rest. The church now belongs to the Capuchins of the neighbouring convent of that order.

24th. I began an excavation to-day in the amphitheatre, but found only one lamp, and the remains of ornaments, glass, mother-of-pearl, &c., of no value. In the corridor we made, however, a curious discovery—that they were lined with a sort of wooden cornice, running along the spring of the arch, and probably intended to hang matting from to exclude the damp. Much of the wood we tore away, and the iron nails still remained within it. The iron, highly oxydized, possessed a very strong magnetic power; and the wood was completely agatized throughout, and covered with a coat of carbonate of lime, which preserved the whole mass. Scarcely any of the ligneous fibre remained. Before the blow-pipe it lost in substance but did not alter in form; and treated with muriatic acid, it left at length minute fibrous flocula, which were but little discernible. This wood and iron could not have been less than 2,000 years *in situ*; how much longer, depends upon the solution of the question whether the foundation of the amphitheatre were Grecian or not. The Romans certainly finished it; query, whether they commenced it?

I wandered much amongst the Latomiæ, and am still in complete darkness as to the object of them, or the use they were put to after they had done their duty as quarries to furnish the builders of Syracuse with materials for the city. They appear to have been used as fortified prisons—at least, there are evident marks of the remains of large buildings like square towers, partly cut

out of the rock and partly erected above the ground, at the angles of these immense excavations. In one instance there exist the remains of a large staircase descending from one of these angular works into the Latomia.

The rock, as it now appears in the midst of the Latomia in which is Dionysius's ear—on the top of which is what is called the Saracen Castle—proves, on close examination, to have been originally, almost two-thirds down the whole height, a mass of ancient masonry, upon whose ruins successive castellated buildings have been erected, each in its turn probably the victim of an earthquake. The extraordinary thing is, the care which has been taken and the labour employed in furnishing these Latomias with water. Acqueducts run round, almost all within a few feet of the interior verge of the Latomia, so that pipes might be laid on to them and conveyed to any part of their extent. All round the exterior surface of the top are holes in the rock, evidently for the insertion of beams to erect stages upon, probably for the working of the stone. The arias of all the Latomias are now filled with gardens, pomegranate and orange trees, full of fruit. The amphitheatre appears to have been examined before throughout, although not within the memory of man. The earth has been evidently moved much more, and is much looser, than can be accounted for by the wash of rains, the changes of centuries, and the shocks of earthquakes.

25th. Wine is so cheap and good here that I determine upon making presents to my officers, of a hogshead of wine each. The cost here is one shilling per gallon!—and the wine excellent! My servants also are induced, by the price, to speculate upon a hogshead, which they have asked my leave to buy amongst them, and carry home.

26th. I went on shore to-day, and proceeded in the Intendente's carriage to make my visits to H. E., the Governor, head of the police, &c. &c. The General Governor has served, and has seen the world. He complained to me very much of the state of his garrison, consisting of 400 men, to perform duties which require 5,000. In addition to the service of the works, he has 2,000 prisoners, condemned *aux travaux forcès*, to take care of.

After my visit of ceremony I went to La Chiesa Madre, built in the extremity of bad taste over the ruins of the Temple of Minerva. The magnificent Doric columns of the Pagan temple are built into the walls of the Christian church, and, without meaning any offence, I sincerely wish that the church could be done away with and that the temple remained. In one respect good has been done, as they have crammed into this common receptacle every column, frieze, and ornament they have collected in Syracuse, which they could put into a church. The font is a votive urn of stone—not very elegant in shape, but perfect—which was found in the amphitheatre. Upon it is a Greek inscription. In order, however, to ensure bad taste appearing wherever the hands of modern aid are shewn, they have put the votive urn upon pert little bronze lions, with each of them one paw in the air, as if proud and careless of the burthen they bear. One picture over the altar is good —Come chiamare il Pittore?

"Excellenza non so, ma e antichissima."

There are some very old pictures on gold grounds, certainly older than any I have ever seen or read of since Roman times. I cannot affix a more modern date than the tenth or eleventh century to one of the Crucifixion. There is a very interesting one of Saint Marcias, probably as old as the oldest specimen of modern painting extant.

By special permission of the Bishop, a large box was brought on men's shoulders, with two keys, and a whole tribe of priests following it. It was deposited in St. Lucia's chapel, which was opened for me, and the Saint unveiled in her niche above the altar. The altar itself is of silver; of the same metal is composed the figure of the saint, standing under a canopy in a beautiful car, all of silver, and beautifully chaced. The box contained all the splendid decorations with which the saint is adorned upon her festival. First of all was the beautiful cameo which goes by her name. It is curious certainly, but not very precious. It is cut out of an agate, and the three colours when blended—of black, white, and red—are taken such advantage of that a good head is cut out of each colour. It is altogether a good conceit, rather than a valuable production, as the material itself is not precious.

A crown of solid gold, enriched with jewels—some true, but some false; a necklace of antique cameos and of jewels; a dagger, with a golden hilt set in jewels; a golden chain, also set in jewels; two human eyes in gold enamel, and set in jewels, being the saint's own, which she carries in her hand; a magnificent palm branch of silver, set also thick with jewels; and sundry other ornaments, very beautiful and costly, constituted the remaining contents of the chest. In a silver sarcophagus are the relics of the saint which were exposed to my heretic eyes—they consisted of the tibia of a female.

The next altar worth seeing is that of the Holy Sacrament. The vault of the chapel is beautifully painted in fresco—but by whom? "Excellenze non so, ma e antichissima." The altar itself is a splendid mass of verd antico, lapis lazuli, and stalactite marble. In the front of it is an alto-relievo in white marble, by some modern Italian artist, representing the Lord's Supper, which is well done. In the library they have nothing to shew

but one great book of Music, on vellum, containing the chaunts, as I suspect, of St. Gregorio, of, I should think, about the fourteenth century; and there is a very fine ancient amber sacramental cup, beautifully engraved and worked.

I then visited Arethusa's fountain, gushing out of the living rock, and pure as crystal when it first flows, but soon mixed with all sorts of abominations by the washer-women who pollute the stream. The water taken from its fountain-head is clear, warmish, flat, and bad to the taste. It runs under the wall directly into the sea, and there Arethusa joins her lover Alpheus, who rises in grand ebullition within sixty yards of the place where she comes into the sea. Probably, if the truth were known, it is in fact another outlet of Arethusa's own spring. The Syracusans attach great importance to the fountain of Arethusa. Once or twice it has disappeared, in consequence of earthquakes which have blocked its channel. But they have always sought it out and recovered it. It is a fine gush of water, and tends to give the Syracusans the slight degree of cleanliness they possess; for there one may see thirty or forty women, with their petticoats tucked up as high as ever Arethusa's were, with red legs, bumping, slapping, and splashing about all the dirty linen of Syracuse.

It is a curious fact, that no Syracusan, nor any one else I am aware of, had ever ascertained the fact, or suspected it, that the spring of Arethusa was a tepid one; but I proved it by the thermometer. It stood at 65° when the sea and the open air were at 61°. It is sometimes a little saline to the taste, and sometimes brings down its waters tinged with red.

My party of excavators, which I confine wholly to my own marines, is very successful; and having now got into the habit of distinguishing the proper tombs to open,

they find every day lamps, vases, and pateræ — some entire, and others broken, but all so as to be restored, and many interesting. I have, therefore, altogether made a very good collection of Syracusan sepulchral remains. So long as they were under the guidance of our cicerone we found nothing; when left to ourselves, we succeeded. We found the most in the tombs of young persons and children. But we discovered no coins, notwithstanding that we searched with good diligence for the piece of money which it is said was put into the grave to pay Charon's fare, but always without success. If I had remained here longer, I am convinced that my discoveries would have been more valuable. A dolphin in pottery, sacred to Venus; a handle of a small vase, with a Greek inscription; the leaden bolts thrown out of slings, the weights used in the Grecian Custom-House, and a Saracen's head, used in later days as a weight to a steel-yard, which was discovered close to the Saracen castle in the Latomia, called Il Paradiso, and the sword which I have before-mentioned, are very interesting. Some of the lamps, also, with sacrificial and mythological figures upon them, are equally so. Indeed, what is not interesting that exhibits the remains of such a place as Syracuse.

About a mile from the shore stands a convent of Capuchins, the garden and orange grove of which are contained in one of the vast Latomias that first furnished the stone for building the city, and afterwards were converted to purposes which have hitherto so much puzzled the learned. Mrs. Wilson was with me; and when we approached the convent and saw the bearded visages of the brethren peeping at us out of their latticed windows, I took for granted that either the lady would have been shut out, or that the whole of the holy brotherhood would have shut themselves up from the pollution of her

sight. Instead of this, when I asked leave to see the Latomia, the answer given me out of the window was, "Si Signor Duca, securamenta, é la Signora!" And down trooped the whole community, the gates of the monastery were thrown open, and were admitted in by Il Padré Superiore, and twenty brethren. They then addressed me, and made a distinction I never heard made before by Catholics, and which, least of all, I expected from a severe order like that of the Capuchins.

Had we been Catholics, "la signora" could not have been admitted, but Protestant ladies are freely let in. Now I should have thought that if there was a vow in the case not to admit a woman—which there is—into the convent, woman for woman, a Catholic would have been a more fitting subject for a dispensation than a heretic! But, however, so it was.

Until within these few years this building was armed with small guns, to resist the inroad of the Barbary corsairs, but now this artillery of the Church militant has disappeared. To this convent belongs the church of St. Giovanni, in which St. Marcian lies buried. Twenty monks are resident here, and two or three only at St. Giovanni, to take care of the church and shew strangers the catacombs. I have been very much struck by one fact general throughout Sicily, quite different from what I had been taught to expect, and that is, the cleanliness of the monastic orders. Of course there are exceptions to this, as in every case. But, generally speaking, their persons were extremely clean, and great attention seemed to be paid to the circumstance. Indeed, many of the monks are young men in the prime of life, who appeared as anxious to set off the effect of fine black eyes and handsome persons as their dress would admit of. One of these Capuchins, a young handsome fellow,

asked me for some gunpowder, as they have a great opinion of the strength of English powder. I could not help inquiring what a Capuchin could want with powder; and he answered directly, that La Caccia in their neighbourhood was very good, and that he loved La Caccia very much! I confess that I could not fancy a Capuchin out shooting. However, such was the fact literally, and I gave him some accordingly, and some snuff and English beer from the vessel, to the remainder.

Several of the Capuchins were well-informed men, and shewed in their conversation a knowledge of mechanics and physics, for which I did not give them credit. This was more particularly manifested when some of them visited my yacht afterwards, and shewed an acquaintance with matters on board that rather surprised us. From some circumstances which occurred, however, in the course of my tour, I have no high opinion of the monks of the monastic orders of Sicily, and certainly they are the most egregious beggars in Christendom.

The Capuchin Latomia is more variegated in ground and more romantic than that in which is situated Dionysius's Ear. It is very remarkable, that in this Latomia, also, there should have been the commencement made of a cavern precisely in the shape of that called Dionysius's Ear. But either the rock was of a harder consistency, or some other cause interfered, which made the workmen leave off. But in proportional plan it is precisely the same. This Latomia, called from its picturesque beauties "Il Paradiso," richly deserves its name. Full of orange and lemon trees, the walks lead under their shade, through natural grottos and into vast caverns of great height, where the contemplative mind may find retreat, and the joyous mind enjoyment at all seasons of the year, so happily are the sunshine and the

shade blended together. Many remains of sepulchres, tombs, and monumental tablets meet one at every corner. In the middle of this Latomia, as in the other, is a vast insulated rock, crowned with the ruins of the castle which domineered over and watched the whole of this vast prison. The staircase conducting from the castle down the rock is perfectly visible. It also appeared plain to me that the four angles of this great quarry had been regularly fortified with towers. Much mischief has been done here by earthquakes, but not so much as in the other. In one of the caverns rest the remains of a midshipman in the American Navy, whose friends buried him here, and cut an inscription in the rock over his grave. Over it again the good Capuchins had carved a cross, which made me ask if he were a Catholic. The answer, given me by the Padré Superiore was an amiable one, and surprised me from a Capuchin. "Non Signor Duca non fu Catolico—ma Christiano!" After our walk the father took us into the refectory and gave us some very good bread and wine, and some very sour salad. As I was walking about looking at some grim pictures of ancient Capuchins, I heard Mrs. Wilson, in a loud voice, exclaiming, "No, Signor padre, no!" And upon inquiry I found the before-mentioned young Capuchin very earnestly pressing her to come up stairs with him to see "La Veduta Superba" from the top of the convent, which she mightily resisted; and so we parted, with many benedictions, as I left some money, "per le poveri."

Crossing the great road to Catania, by what is called the tomb of Archimedes, another large Latomia presents itself, overgrown with orange trees. But there appeared nothing in it different from the others. It was full of remains of sepulchres, and probably, like the others, had

been a prison for the living and a receptacle for the dead. Beyond again are the ruins of a large Jesuit college, which was overthrown by an earthquake before it was finished, and has never been touched since. Upon close examination of the church of St. Giovanni, Mr. Lunn ascertained that it had been the site of a large Pagan temple, some of the columns of which still remain embodied in the Gothic church now standing, over the remains of that in which St. Marcian lies buried, and the granite block stands on which he is said to have been beheaded. Beyond this again is a small ancient church; so that in fact that which is called the church of St. Giovanni includes three churches, besides the ruins of an ancient Pagan temple.

The art of coin-falsifying is carried on here to a great extent—so much so, that it is very difficult for a person who has not an accurate and accustomed eye in such matters to avoid being duped at every step. People constantly bring "antiquita" to you to sell; and the rule in Sicily in everything and every class of life is, to put up everything they sell to a Dutch auction. For instance, a man came on board with some trumpery pieces of ivory carving of scripture subjects, and modern works. I did not want them at all, but the gentlemen on deck asked him their price. Fifty ounces (£25) was the reply. They laughed at him, and desired him to go away. He then offered to take fifty dollars (£10) for them. They still laughed. He then proposed twenty dollars, (£4,) and then I came up and ordered him out of the ship. This is no over-coloured picture, and is the case with everything.

In Syracuse they fancy themselves in extreme and constant danger, owing to their vicinity to the Barbary coast, and their precautions of police make them accord-

ingly very ridiculous. Finding two people constantly upon my deck, one affecting to be a gentleman and the other to help my people to cater and barter, I observed that whenever I went on shore, or any of my party went, they were constantly watched, and I was always followed by these men. Upon putting the question direct to the representative of the British Vice-Consul here, he acknowledged that they were spies, and such he knew them to be. They had professed to assist my servants in buying articles and in interpreting, not understanding one word of anything but Italian! For all this they expected to be paid by me, and were excessively aggrieved when I ordered them out of my ship, never to be admitted again, and told them to go for payment to those who had employed them. I then made the English representative ashamed of himself, and afterwards my servants got a good scolding for permitting themselves to be thus duped. Even persons of high rank, the heads of departments, stickled and haggled about fees to a degree that no one who has not been in Sicily can have the least idea of.

We have been several times over to Plemmyrium, to collect fossils and to examine the place. There are evidently vast remains of old habitations and temples, but the soil that is not sand is rock, so that the violence which overthrew them left their marbles on the hard surface at the mercy of the lime-burner; and I have no doubt but that in the many limekilns the ancient ruins of which overspread the promontory, splendid monuments of Athenian, Grecian, Roman, and Sicilian art have been burnt into lime, to build up the modern city of Syracuse upon the island of Ortyzia, and that this has also been the case on the opposite side of the bay, where the ancient city stood.

In the collection of fossils we were very successful, having found many species besides those already designated as belonging to this formation, and one or two that as yet we cannot trace as having been before described.

CHAPTER XII.

Primary Lava at Tremiglie, under the Limestone—Villa of Timoleon—Fountain of Cyane—The Paper Nautilus—Execution of a Murderer—Messina—Charybdis and Scylla—Quarrel of the Palermitans and Messinese—An Unpopular Official—Law-suits in Sicily—Water-spouts—Origin of Prince ——.

DECEMBER 1st. To-day we mounted our mules, and proceeded to examine the whole extent of the ancient city of Syracuse. The day was warmer than most days in England in June: bright, clear, and lovely. Skirting the heights below, on which stand the amphitheatre and theatre, we began to observe many pieces of rolled lava on the ground and road; and, at length, after they had increased in number to a degree to prove that we were gradually approaching their source, we found, before we came to a house picturesquely situated amongst olive-trees of great size and age, called "Tremiglie," (where Mr. Leckie lived when he was in Sicily), so called as being three Sicilian miles from Syracuse, a huge cleft in the limestone rock, great marks of a convulsion of nature, and at the foot of it one of the ancient lavas of Sicily, which are found in the Val de Noto, and are considered as the *primary* lavas *in situ*. Following this stratum up, we came at last to the place where it came

into junction with the limestone *which overlays it.* This curious fact we established beyond contradiction, proving thereby the formation of the limestone after that of the lava. Upon the lava, and embedded in it, were crystals and veins of carbonate of lime. We could trace nowhere any signs of the crater from whence this stream issued, but it appears evidently to have fallen down into the valley through that part of the range of the heights of Epypole. Now, as this range is a saddle-back, forming a narrow ridge of not more than an English mile over, when the ground falls rapidly down into the sea on the other side, where there are traces of lava perceptible, it would appear as if the volcano must have been on the heights of Epypole, now filled up by the limestone formation. However this may have been, the facts I speak of are undeniable. The lava is of that bunchy kind that is seen on the rock of Il Castello d'Aci.

At Tremiglie, on the site of the present house of Il Barone di Bosco, where Mr. Leckie resided, was the Villa of Timoleon, from whence the citizens of Syracuse carried him on their shoulders to the theatre opposite to Ortyzia, where he received the honours which were the grateful testimony of their veneration. Here are great masses of building stone, &c.; but the ground below being cultivated, there are no means of excavating but by buying the land, and then if anything worthy of Timoleon's Villa were found the Government would seize upon it. From thence the wall of Syracuse becomes visible, and, turning up along it, it follows the shape of the ridge of the hill, until it reaches the castle of Epypole, which is supposed to have formed that flank of the enormous works which surrounded Syracuse. The remains of this wall are gigantic. They are formed, in the true style of Grecian masonry, of immense blocks

of stone, cut and laid upon each other, "by their own weight immovable," without cement or cramp. The wall is now nine feet thick. Further on we came to a height covered up to the summit by gigantic remains, which once constituted the castle of Epypole. One side of these immense works is covered by a dry ditch.

In advance of this dry ditch is an immense square aperture in the rock, formed of regular masonry, with steps and approaches down it; and at one end of the square is a vaulted passage, which leads by a subterraneous communication out into the city by the interior side of the hill. It appears difficult at first sight to explain the meaning of this immense excavation. The Sicilians, as they always do when they meet with a great excavation the object of which they do not understand, call it a water-tank. This it could not have been. This is proved by the subterranean communication *up-hill* into it, and the water-tank, instead of being in the outworks, would have been in the body of the place. To me it seems to have been a place d'armes, to enable the garrison to form in without being seen from without, and to have enabled it to sally forth in a body, supposing the enemy to have gained the interior of the city wall. Here probably ended the corps de place of Syracuse.

The wall here leads to the right, following the line of heights, going down to the flat ground on the other side of the promontory, and going into the sea at the rock and castle of Acrudina. From the top of the hill of Epypole, on which stands the castle, is the finest view that I have seen in Sicily, except that from Etna. Looking towards Malta, Cape Passaro is plainly to be distinguished, and the chain of mountains of Noto—from them to the foot of the heights on which you stand is the plain luxuriant in orange and olive grounds, through which runs the river Anapus. Here, too, alas! are the

marshes full of miasmata and malaria, in which lie buried the thousands and tens of thousands of Carthaginians who formed the camp that besieged Syracuse, and who perished miserably. To the right the plain runs up into a valley between the mountains of Noto and the heights of Bosco; and immediately on your right is the insulated rock over the village of Belvedere, on which now stands the telegraph, and was once, as I think, an outwork to the castle of Epypole. To the left lie the heights of Tica, the promontory of Plemmyrium, the bay of Syracuse, and the present city on the island of Ortyzia. Turning to the left the eye follows the whole enceinte of the ancient city, about five miles in length, and about two in breadth, *covered* with huge masses of stones, ruins of walls, and countless sepulchres, forming, in very deed, a city of the dead! Following the line of coast, all the incidents of it lay under the eye, to Acrudina, Augusta, Catania, the mountains of Taormina, and those which overhang Messina.

The background is formed by Etna, majestic and beautiful in his snowy mantle, with the minor line of mountains of Paterno closing in with the line of country formed by the continuation of the heights of Bosco, Miletello, &c.

Beyond this point we proceeded to the village of Belvedere and the telegraph hill, which I think was connected by outworks with Epypole. Here we rested our mules and refreshed our party, and mounting the telegraph hill, sat under the shade of the rocks (December 1st!!), drinking our wine and enjoying the prospect. We then returned through Belvedere, and leaving Epypole on our right hand, followed the line of the ridge which hangs over the low land to the sea, on the other side of the promontory, still riding over a plain where nothing can be buried, because the plain is of hard rock,

but upon which everything has been overthrown, until we come to the castle of Labdalus, crowning another of the heights of Epypole, and constituting perhaps the finest work as a fortification of ancient times, extant.

It is quite remarkable to see how little work, comparatively speaking, would be necessary to make it impregnable, even in the present state of modern warfare. The immense ditch is cut out of the living rock, and is perfect. The walls are built, like its sister castle, of immense blocks of stone, much remaining but much overthrown, and the sally-ports on two sides are arranged so as to command both plains below, on both sides of the ridge, both for cavalry and infantry—the former large in front and inclined in slope, the latter abrupt and narrow—perfect. In short, I never saw or read of anything which gave me any idea of the mighty people who constructed these prodigious works, who fought and lie buried here, until I took this ride.

From thence we continued our ride until we came at the back of the heights of Tica to the Catanian road, and returned to the sea-side and to our boat, after a ride of about fourteen English miles, and never outside of the ancient city of Syracuse. It must have been a wonderful thing to have seen this city, so mixed up of the living and the dead, that even the earth of Labdalus is full of places where the dead ones lay, and their monumental tablets stood; and in the garden, the court-yard, the vaults of every house, the dead lay buried. The houses lie in squared stones, and rubbish round; and the bones of the dead are dust. Throughout the whole of this immense range of city water-courses were hewn out of the rock, and carried throughout it like veins in the human body; and the water, brought to some of them a distance of twenty-five miles, still run through them, and supply the whole country, as well as the present city of Syracuse.

In one place I saw evidently the remains of what must have been a splendid temple. The huge steps forming the flight up to the Adytum still remain perfect, and the walls on each side leading up to the foot of the steps denote, probably, a grand and sacred building. But it had not even a name, and nobody knew whether the pavement consisted of rock or excavateable ground. If the latter, the temptation would be very great to try.

3rd. Embarking in my cutter, I went up the Anapas to search for the Fountain of Cyane. The bar was so shallow that it was with difficulty we could get the boat over. The stream runs swift, and the water is very deep, as soon as the difficulty is overcome. After passing the bridge the stream narrows, so that we were obliged to have the boat tracked with a rope by men until the river divides into two branches, one of which conducts to the Fountain of Cyane, and becomes so narrow that we were obliged to pole and paddle along, the sides closing in upon us with high reeds, and in some places with trees. Further on we begin to see the papyrus growing in large tufts on the water's edge, graceful, beautiful, and green. At one place the whole bank on both sides is thickly overgrown with papyrus, so as to form a canopy over the head, and scenery of a very singular kind. The stream continued to run with considerable strength, and in parts is very deep; the banks all marshy, but high above us, so that we saw nothing but papyrus and reeds.

At length, after five miles' shoving, paddling, poling, and poking, we arrived at a spot where the papyrus enclosed a circular basin of clear, pure, quiet water, of about forty feet in circumference; and this is the Fountain of Cyane, so famous in mythology, but now only so for killing, by the malaria, any one who would be so

fool-hardy as to sleep upon its bosom a single summer's night.

Now the air is wholesome. The water is so pellucid that, although its depth is above thirty feet, the fish at the bottom are clearly discernible, as well as blocks of marble and remains of pottery, which denote a water-temple having existed here, and the former sanctity of the place. The difficulty of getting up tackle over the shallows of the river, and the bogs which surround the spring and afford no footing, have hitherto prevented the depths of this basin from being ransacked. It is not, however, improbable that, with a good barge's crew and proper implements, something might be found worth the pains of searching after. We know the Temple of Cyane was near this place. Its ruins are nowhere to be seen. I myself saw, upon the borders of the gulf, a large piece of the quarried limestone which had evidently been used in building; and the eye cannot be deceived as to the fragments below.

After refreshing our boat's crew, drunk of the waters of the spring, and torn up some of the roots of the papyrus to send to England, we returned down the river, but, owing to the difficulty of the passage by moonlight, we did not arrive at our vessel till very late. I wanted to pay my bills, but, in such a *city* as Syracuse, I could not, with all the exertions of the Consul, get cash for a £25 note!—so fallen is the trade of this port.

Extraordinary as it may appear, the heat to-day was really oppressive in the middle of it, and the night even was so warm that we all slept with our doors or windows open.

4th. This morning we weighed anchor. After seeing Syracuse, who can be vain of human life?—or of any of the enjoyments of it?

During a recent attack of illness, objects of Natural

History were constantly brought on board for me to see, and, if I chose, to buy. There is no part of the Mediterranean so full of shells, and the shores are equally so of fossil beauties. I had almost immediately the means of solving one problem which Dr. Buckland had desired me to ascertain. He had entertained a great doubt whether the medusa found in the paper nautilus was the real natural tenant of the shell, or whether he were not an intruder, like the soldier fish. I have obtained a living specimen, which I have endeavoured to preserve in spirits and bring to England; and I have satisfied myself that the fish is the native inhabitant of the shell. It is of the genus pupa. Its colour is a beautiful pearly white before it is put into spirits, when it becomes pink and lilac. The eye is peculiarly large. The swimming apparatus consists of a pair of oars of a beautiful membraneous texture; this it erects, when, by compressing, by muscular motion, an air-bag which is connected with it, it makes its shell and body specifically lighter than the water, and the shell rises to the surface, where, in fine weather, he floats along, sweeping his food into a large mouth with which he is provided, by means of his antennæ or feelers, as the current carries him on. When he sees danger, he has the means of distending the bladder by the compression of which he had formed the vacuum before, and sinks as his shell and its contents become heavier than the water. The body of the animal exactly fits the shell. Besides, I have seen minute animals of the same species, *all* of which, in their infant state, have the elements of the shell affixed to them, which proves, beyond a doubt, the natural connexion between the animal and shell.[1]

[1] From the age of Aristotle to the present day, there has been much discussion by naturalists respecting this cephalopod—the *argonauta* of Linnæus. Madame Jeannette Power, in the year

There are many species of the gorgonia growing in these seas to a considerable size, as well as the isis nobilis, or coral, which I have obtained. Also the musk fish—a species of medusa, having a strong smell of musk—sponges and echini, as well as many beautiful varieties of shells; as well as the *sea-pen*. The fishermen dive for all these animals into very deep water, and break them off from the rocks to which they adhere.

On the shore, which consists of the limestone formation, I have hitherto obtained many beautiful specimens of fossilized madrepore and sponges; as well as many agates, jaspers, and marbles, in the fuimanas.

11th. This day a wretched being was executed here for murder. He was a noted brigand, who had committed several murders, and finished by assassinating a poor pedlar at a lone house near this city. He desired the poor fellow to bring out a bundle of straw for him to a place which he named that evening. The wretched man complied, and asked him what he wanted the straw for. The murderer said he should soon see, stabbed the man, and hid the body in the straw. All yesterday the Order of Penitents, in their hoods, covering their faces, with holes for the eyes, were carrying begging-boxes about the city to collect money for Masses for the culprit's soul. All night they were praying round him, never suffering him to have one moment's rest or private thought; and this morning the poor wretch was to be seen walking through the city to his death, with one of these fantastically-dressed creatures on each side of him, bawling into his ear the prayers for the dead, and stun-

1836, read, before the academy at Catania, a paper, embodying many elaborate observations of the animal found on the Sicilian coast; and her conclusions were, three years subsequently, endorsed by Professor Owen, in a discourse delivered before the Zoological Society of London.

ning him into immortality. He was hung on a temporary gibbet. One hangman pulled his heels, and another jumped on his shoulder, as he swung off the ladder, so that when the fatal moment did come, his death must have been instantaneous.

12th. This day, after a long attack of fever and gout, I once more have got into my barge. Under a warm sun I have taken a row along the shore. Nothing can exceed the magnificent beauty of the situation of Messina. Stretched under a splendid canopy of mountains, which descend in sweeping ravines and fuimanas to the sea, it reposes, and displays its palaces, cupolas, and towers, amongst orange groves, olives, and vineyards. The lower hills, most romantically shaped, are cultivated up to the summits, and the orange trees are now glowing with fruit. A beautiful extent of palazzo-fronted buildings forms the *marina* or esplanade to the water's edge, which is so deep that the largest ships are moored to the shore. We have twenty-four fathoms of water, and are within a hundred yards of the city. The extent of quay is so large that none of the ships touch each other, or are in each other's way. Two Russian brigs-of-war were here when we came, and have since sailed to join the combined fleet in Malta.

From Messina the land sweeps in beautiful curves to the Faro, where it falls down abruptly into the sea, and runs out in a slip of ground, on which stands the Faro tower and town, the mountains still preserving their beautiful outline, and their sides their cultivation, dotted with innumerable villas and garden cottages. Opposite to this line of land runs the coast of Calabria, about four miles across from Messina, with the bold line of the Apennines backing it. When we arrived here the topmost ridges were covered with snow, which, however, has been gradually disappearing ever since. Opposite

to Messina lies the town of Rezzio; and the whole coast of Calabria, rugged, and tossed into a thousand fantastic shapes, is covered with villages and towns—the scene, during the late war, of Murat's encampment, and the daily skirmishes between his flotilla, ours, and the Italian. To the northward and westward the Calabrian land runs out to Scylla, and so on to Naples.

From all that I have seen or heard, I don't think that the ancient Charybdis could have been that which goes by the name at the present day. It lies off the Lazaretto, and between it and the Calabrian land. The whirl of the water may be seen on any day; and a vessel caught in it, without having head-way, would be turned round, and perhaps thrown on shore; but the distance of Scylla on the opposite shore makes it totally impossible that any vessel, carelessly endeavouring to avoid Charybdis by hugging the opposite shore, could be endangered by the rock of Scylla, which is a bay as compared with the opposite coast of Sicily; so that any vessel drawn by the current on the opposite coast of Calabria from hence, would be caught up by the headland on the Messina side of Scylla. But off the Faro of Messina the sea runs in whirls and whirlpools, nearly as much as directly opposite the city, where Charybdis is said to lie; and we saw a brig caught in the whirlpool off the Faro completely lose her way, and, turning round and round, go on shore under the Faro Point. If she had hugged the other shore to avoid that whirlpool, *she might* have been brought up by Scylla; but then every soul must have been blind or bound, as the water is deep close under the Scylla rock, and with common prudence she could not be caught by it. In fact, the whole strait, when the wind and the current oppose each other, is one continued whirlpool.

15th. The men here are great dandies—wearing

stiff stays, coats cut in at the waist, and gathered in puckers down to the knees, like our watermen's jackets; and thus equipped, in pea-green gloves and pink umbrellas, they amble through the streets.

17th. The Palermitans and Messinese are always at enmity with each other. Twenty years ago a body of Palermitans came here in boats and exercised their vengeance on the Messinese by landing and mutilating and disfiguring all the public statues and monuments they could reach. The next year the Messinese returned the compliment by going in a body to Palermo, landing, and knocking the noses off of all the statues and busts there which they could find. This originates in the mutual jealousy of the two cities, being both capitals of Sicily. The Government is trying to do away this jealousy by mixing up Messinese and Palermitans in the public offices. But the attempt does not succeed.

The Luogo Tenente is not popular here. It seems that he lived here very much, before his elevation to the present dignity. He then was a constant lounger in the coffee-houses, and talked violent *carbonari* language. He was then employed by the Neapolitan police. Now he has brought forward into power and place all the people whom he protected when in that situation, and who are all of the lower classes of Sicilian society, and this has offended the *noblesse*. When on his visit here last year he was ill received, and did not make the matter better by affecting to punish the noblesse by passing them by and paying his sole attention to his favourites—and being extremely fond of women, he intrigued with all within his reach, and never stirred without one on each arm. The consequence of all this was a flight of lampoons and satires of all sorts, and the Luogo Tenente left the place in wrath. He employed all the powers of his police to find out the author of these, and a poor

priest was taken to Palermo, where he still remains in prison on suspicion of being the writer, merely because there was Latin in some of the lampoons, which he alone was thought capable of writing. He proved that it could not be he who wrote the lampoons, seeing that he cannot write Latin at all. It is now believed that the Intendente of the province wrote them himself, and he is moved up to Palermo touching the said charges—*mais en attendant mieux*, the priest is still in durance.

There is a sort of casino, called La Borsa, here, where strangers, properly recommended, are inscribed as honorary members. They have inserted my name and those of my suite. There has been one dance, to which some of the gentlemen went, and they described it as very pleasant. Many English remain and are settled here, and many have married Sicilian wives. Much good may they do them. Fossil coral is found here, as well as recent. The fuimanas here are very broad and precipitous, and when, as is often the case, waterspouts break upon the mountains, the torrents rush down with such violence as to carry everything in their course into the sea. Three years ago there were some dreadful examples of the effects of these torrents. In one case a house, garden, and fourteen persons in family were swept away in the night, and not a trace of them was ever seen or heard of. In another a man was sitting with his wife, daughter, and her husband. The torrent came down—the house and all its inmates were carried away. The old man clung to a tree and found himself the next morning—he knew not where. He was saved, all the rest perished, and no trace of his home remained!

19th. Mr. Barker, our consul, visited me, and sat with me for an hour. His account of the people is very entertaining. He has married a Sicilian wife, who cannot speak a word of anything but Sicilian and Italian. The

course of justice here is slower than anywhere else in the world, and as expensive. He himself has had a lawsuit for twenty-five years to recover a debt due to him from a Sicilian who cheated him out of £1000 sterling. In every instance he has gained decrees in his favour—in every court in Messina and Palermo, and has spent £500 searching after his £1000. But his antagonist is a bankrupt and protected, and now has *assigned* his property over to the Duca di ——, who was a creditor as well as Mr. Barker—the consequence of which is, that the latter has to begin his lawsuit de novo with the duca.

We analysed, as well as we could by tests alone, the water of Arethusa's fountain. It contains no iron, a larger proportion than would be expected of sulphuric acid, and a very large proportion of muriatic acid; no nitric acid. Whether it holds any neutral salts, as we had not facilities for evaporation immediately at hand, we have not ascertained.

I find that Prince —— was head groom to Lord Forbes when he commanded here during the war, and that many receipts for forage for Lord Forbes's horses are still extant in the Commissary-general's office here. I inquired whether it literally was meant "head groom," or that he was a gentleman taking charge of that department in Lord Forbes's household? I was assured that he was a menial servant—that Lord Forbes, when he had no further occasion for his services, obtained a commission for him, but that many of our officers refused to sit at table with him, on account of his having been in a menial capacity. Princess —— made love to him and married him, for reasons best known to herself, in which she was probably disappointed; and now she abominates him, and never lets him come near her.

20th. I went over to-day to the coast of Calabria, to Cape Pezzo, and then returned. The Apennines are

capped with snow. The whole coast looked very beautiful, until we got close under it, when the mountains were hid by the rising ground in front of them, which descends to the low lands of the shore. I have endeavoured to get a house on the shore to recover in, but I cannot find any furnished, and to hire furniture would be very tedious, uncomfortable, and expensive. The damp of this climate in winter calls out all chronical complaints, and the medical men here describe gout, rheumatism, and erysipelas as prevailing complaints during the winter months.

CHAPTER XIII.

Coral Fishery—Sicilian Airs—Extraordinary Humidity—Christmas Day on Board the Yacht—State Carriage of the Age of Louis XIV.—Excursion to the Faro—Oranges—Temple of Neptune—Current at Scylla—Magnificent Scene—Earthquake of 1783—Visit to the Madre Chiesa.

DECEMBER 21st. I bought some red coral of a fisherman. It is rare, and obtained between the Faro Point and the Grotto Church. The pièces are beautifully red but not large. They seldom exceed six inches in length. The fishermen fit out boats in partnership, having previously settled amongst themselves what shall be the price of the article when obtained, which usually varies from 4s. 6d. to 5s. English the English pound. In general, as soon as they get the coral they break off the small branches and grind them to powder, which they sell to the druggists, who still use it here in medicine, although it is disused in modern pharmacy. In fact, it cannot be more efficacious than any other shelly matter. This, however, makes it a matter of difficulty to get perfect specimens, unless you are on the spot when the coral is brought on shore. The fishery is from April to July. The coral is brought up by a strong iron dredge.

In one of the specimens which I bought, the coral insect was alive and at work. It is so minute as to be microscopic. It is of the genus polypea.

The English Consul sent me on board some original Sicilian airs, which I have had arranged for the pianoforte. Some of them are very pretty and plaintive. I think they would melodize prettily and suit English words. But they are not esteemed here, and it is almost impossible to get any Sicilian lady to sing her national music. They are too fine, and fancy nothing but Italian music. The instrument which is universally used amongst the common people is an immense bagpipe, the bag of which is a whole pig-skin stuffed. To this a small piccolo pipe is affixed, which is blown by the mouth. The noise is not so loud and grating to the ear as the Scotch bagpipe, but sufficiently inharmonious. The Calabrians use the harp, which is precisely the Irish harp in size and number of strings.

22d. We this evening tried the dampness of the atmosphere by one of Dalton's hygrometers, and found the air of the great cabin to be saturated with 88 portions of water in 100 portions of air—a much greater proportion of damp than, I believe, is ever witnessed in our English atmosphere; and yet Italians come to England and talk of the horrible damps of the Thames, and of our English seasons.

24th. This is the fourth day which we have had of continuous heavy rain, all night as well as all day. It blew a hurricane last night, with tremendous thunder and lightning. Even in this land-locked harbour the swell is exceedingly heavy, and we roll about very much. Three vessels this morning drifted their anchors, but brought up again directly. Two brigs which sailed yesterday for England put back last night. A schooner from Malta is just come in, which has been plundered of

every article by Greek pirates. But I have not as yet learned particulars. The damp of the ship is quite extraordinary—everything is loaded with water.

Throughout Sicily, and especially here, you see "Vive le divina providenza!" written in great letters over the ale-house doors.

25th. To-day it cleared up, and allowed us to enjoy our Christmas-day. We had divine service upon deck. I then had the awnings spread fore and aft, and the deck enclosed with canvas. My ship's company had a plentiful hot dinner served to them, and my warrant-officers had another on the quarter-deck. My servants had a third. An allowance of beer was given them, as well as wine. In the evening I got two fiddles and a harp on board; a quart of warm punch per man was served out to the whole ship's company; dancing began and continued all the evening. The men enjoyed themselves beyond measure. The deck was lit up with signal lanthorns, and they kept it joyfully and happily until nine o'clock, when they all turned in. In the great cabin we had a good dinner, and drank the healths of all those whom we loved dearest, and had left behind. I had found out a *conjurer*, whom I hired to come on board to show off his tricks before the men in the cabin. In short, I did my best to make all hands happy. The people on shore were firing vollies of crackers and petards all day. Processions were formed in the streets, and the Intendente was seen going to church in a glass coach, of the age and the make of those represented to have existed in the days of Louis XIV. of France—hanging very low, the pannels all glass, the body all tawdry painting and tarnished gold, drawn by two long-tailed, raw-boned black ponies, which the coachman in vain endeavoured to drive, by dint of whipping, into a canter—said coachmen, and three footmen, having tawdry yellow

liveries, covered with worsted lace, immense cocked hats, bags, blue trousers, and coloured handkerchiefs round their necks.

26th. The families on shore visit and exchange sweetmeats. On Christmas-day they retain here the good old custom of families dining together. My party geologize for me, and collect shells, &c., and I amuse myself with classifying what they bring home. The number and variety of fossil shells, madrepores, and corallines are very good. Coal, like the Bovey coal, evidently of pure vegetable origin, is found close by the city.

27th. This morning I got in a carriage and drove to the Faro. The road lies along the sea-shore, and the views up the fuimanas into the country, and across the straits, are very picturesque. The country along the sea-side is thickly studded with cottages and casini, inhabited by the merchants and their families belonging to Messina. Upon this line, between Messina and the Faro, was concentrated the greater part of our army, to oppose that which Murat had assembled on the other side. His instructions and object were to keep up a diversion and prevent us from sending reinforcements from home to our army in Spain, in which he succeeded. Our batteries still remain, but are going to decay, and the guns are withdrawn, except those at the Faro redoubt, where three 24-pounders are resting on their rotting carriages.

About a mile from Messina, on the road, stands the noble monastery of St. Francisco del Paulo. The terrace-walks, and the gardens and balconies overlooking the sea, constitute an earthly paradise. The view commands the whole extent of the straits, from one end to the other. About two miles further, stands close to the sea the picturesque church, della Grotta — so called, because the road runs under the arcades of the church,

which is built in the shape of a rotunda, with columns round it. The inside has nothing to recommend it, and is full of *ex voto* offerings, hung up by mariners who have escaped from shipwreck, and have thus testified their gratitude to Divine mercy. Passing on we came to the banks of one of two lakes, which run parallel with the line of the shore, and communicate at both ends with the sea through canals cut by the British troops. These lakes are famous for their fish, and especially for cockles, which, caught first in the sea, are put here to fatten, and are delicious.

At the end of this island stands the village of Faro, about eight English miles from Messina, and the Faro Tower, which stands on Cape Peloras, and is a very important, but very bad light. Within the bight formed by Cape Peloras is the ancient Charybdis, which has so long been sung as the terror of ancient and modern sailors. The straits are full of boats bringing over oranges from Calabria to Sicily, and lemons from Sicily to Calabria. Both shores are respectively famous for their fruits; but the oranges are still very sour, and certainly, at *this season*, are inferior to those we have in London. Here once stood the Temple of Neptune; twenty-four granite columns of which are now in the Madre Chiesa, in Messina, and their foundations, filled up by sand, were discovered and cleared by the British troops in cutting the canal which communicates between the sea and the lake. The whirlpool of Charybdis is called by the natives calofaro.

28th. I went again in a carriage to the village of Faro, where my barge met me, and in her we embarked for Scylla, which is directly opposite the Cape Peloras, about three miles over and twelve miles from Messina. There is a regular current which runs for six hours up and six hours down the straits, with an interval of about

twenty minutes dead water. This current is very strong, and, of course, derives additional strength from the winds favouring it. It in no respect is reducible to the rules which guide the tides, but depends for its cause upon circumstances still a mystery, but which alone affect the Mediterranean Sea.

As soon as we clear the Faro the scene is beautiful. Etna is to be seen on one hand, far distant, towering amidst the clouds, and throwing up smoke; on the other hand is Stromboli, about twenty miles off, throwing up, also, its volume of constant smoke. The other islands are also to be seen in the distance; whilst the Apennines on one side, the Sicilian mountains on the other—the beautiful shores of both covered with orange groves, towns, villages, palazzi, and cottages—with the heights crowned with watch-towers, present a scene perhaps unexcelled, in point of beauty, in Europe.

The rock of Scylla is extremely picturesque—it rises abrupt out of the sea, about 200 feet in height. On the top is a strong castle, built upon the site of the ancient work. It forms a bluff and rugged point, joined to the land by a narrow and steep isthmus, over and on each side of which stands the town. On the rock we landed, and examined it with care. It is composed of gneiss, and, unless I am much mistaken, there is a vein of lava runs through it. There are many holes and caverns in the rock, into which, when the sea is driven by the considerable swell which sets in from the westward, I have no doubt that there is much noise and roar, such as are occasioned by the sea in all such cases; but to say that there is anything like an unusual noise, much more to say that there is any noise like that of dogs, as has been gravely asserted, even by very late writers and tourists, is to say what I do not of course dare deny, said tourists and writers being alive, but which I do not believe, and did

not hear, although I listened attentively for the same. Those who see the dangers, too, which have always accompanied the ancient remembrances attached to this rock, see with very classical eyes indeed. If the wind opposes the current there is a strong ripple, which on the other side *may* carry you into Charybdis, and *there* there may be danger; but no current sets the vessel upon Scylla rock, and the mariners of any vessel which is lost upon it, or strikes upon it, must be blind, and deserve their fate.

On each side of the town is a sandy bay. That on the south side was the scene of the dreadful disaster in 1783, during the terrific earthquake which did so much mischief throughout Calabria and Sicily. A part of the mountain between the Torre del Cavallo and Scylla, shaken by the earthquake and undermined by the sea, fell into the waves with a horrid crash. The Principe de Scylla, apprehensive that the town would be swept away or be buried in the convulsion, had collected all his people and boats in this sandy cove as a place of safety. The fall of the mountain raised a tremendous wave, which swept on in one undivided and unbroken mass of water upon the Faro point, where it nearly demolished the old tower, and carried off twenty-four people. The wave, *re*-surging on the Calabrian shore, broke at once into this Bay of Scylla, and carried away in its bosom, back into the sea, the Principe and 2,400 people who surrounded him.

Near Scylla, to the south, is the *locale* of a high waterfall, which, when full, must be very fine, falling into the sea—but now there is no water. A road for carriages is constructing all the way on the verge of the cliffs and the edge of the sea to Reggio. On the rock of Scylla I collected a quantity of the most splendidly beautiful madrepore I ever saw, of a bright scarlet, inclining to orange. The colours under water were

peculiarly vivid. Whether I can succeed in bringing it to anything like beauty I am doubtful.

From Scylla we coasted Calabria until opposite Messina, when we stretched over and returned to the yacht. The whirlpool opposite the lighthouse of Messina is *quite* as strong as in Charybdis.

29th. I landed to-day, and in a carriage paid my visits in the town to the Consul, the Generale Tenente, the Archbishop, and the Intendente. I then visited La Madre Chiesa. The front is one of the most elaborate and beautiful specimens of Saracenic Gothic which I ever saw. The inside is ornamented by twenty-four massy granite columns, formerly making part of the Temple of Neptune at the Faro. The man who shewed me the cathedral gravely assured me, after stating this, that the *polishing* each column cost 200 ounces (£100 sterling). I mischievously asked him who polished them, since he knew the price so precisely? He answered, as a Sicilian always does when he is pozed by a question: "Ma eccelenze, chi sa?—E antichissima!"

The high altar is a magnificent assemblage of lapis lazuli, mosaic, and Florence work in agates, and marbles, and beaten gold. The whole of the front of the sanctuary is of the latter metal. Over the altar, as well as over those of the Holy Sacrament and Saint Pelagio, are domes of magnificent mosaic, of the same date and style as those of Monreale and the chapel in the Palazzo Reale in Palermo. A pulpit, most beautifully worked out of one block of marble, and the ancient tomb of a Messinese archbishop, constitute the remaining beauties of the church—all of which, however, at this season of the year especially, were more than hid and deformed by the tawdry artificial flowers, little candles, daubs of ex-voto paintings, wax dolls, and the trumpery which disgraces the religion of the country.

This church, like every other in Sicily, swarms with beggars and objects of the most loathsome description. No less than two objects deprived of both legs and thighs, and seated in wooden bowls, accompanied me all over the cathedral. The worst of all this is, that they are not grateful for what is given to them. I gave a beggar, two days ago, some coins which I had in my pocket, and he gravely told me that it was not enough!

From La Chiesa Madre I went to the church of Sancta Theresa. The whole inside walls are encrusted with the most beautiful mosaic of marbles and jaspers, and the cupolas are well painted. A fine statue of Neptune stands over a fountain on the marina, and tolerably good architectural fountains are to be seen scattered over the town, but I never saw so much bad taste and painted wood in imitation of marble, even in a tea-garden near London.

The trade of Messina was increasing, owing to its being a Franco Porto; but the King of the Two Sicilies could not bear to be deprived of duties, although, by foregoing them, his subjects, and consequently ultimately his treasury, became rich. So he has laid immense duties on exportation; and although he cannot take away the Franco Porto from Messina, he has made regulations whereby the admission of imported goods, free from duty, is limited to one landing-place, where the pretended charges for examination, certification, porterage, &c., &c., stand in lieu of duty to the importer, and the person who farms the duties of Sicily.

CHAPTER XIV.

New Year's Day—Exploring Charybdis—The French at Navarino—The Yacht outsails H.M.S. "Mastiff"—Advantages of being a Rich Jew—Arrival at Naples—The Minister and the Douaniers—Invitation from the King—Abbé Campbell—The King and Queen at the Opera—Death and Funeral of the Margravine of Anspach—Their Majesties of Naples in Private—The Carnival.

JANUARY 1st, 1828. The whole town, as is the fashion here, are paying and receiving visits. All the military, naval, and civil authorities have been in state to visit me to-day; and, as I am not well enough to visit them in person, I have requested Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Lunn to go round and leave my cards.

2nd. We have now collected every species of shell known upon this coast—amongst the rest a very minute argonaut, not bigger than a pea. We believe it to be the young paper argonaut; and yet it differs in some respects, having a dorsal fin or sail, which the argonaut, when complete, has not. The elements of the animal seem to be in the shell. We have analyzed, as carefully as we have the means of doing, the specimens of gneiss from Scylla rock; and the vein which we believed to be lava at first sight, turns out to be oxide

of manganese, with crystals of carbonate of lime. This had never been observed before—at least that I am aware of.

3rd. I went over to Reggio to-day in my barge on the Calabrian shore, about eight miles over. Seeing the current and the wind opposed to each other, which showed the Charybdis off the light-house here to good advantage, I ordered my barge to be steered right into it. There was a good deal of ripple, and the water turned round with some rapidity. Once or twice it turned the barge against the helm, and an incautious steersman might be taken aback in it. But there was hardly a shadow of danger; and, with anything like a good look-out, I am convinced there can scarcely ever be any. Charybdis has got a character from ancient story, and it is easier for people who don't use their own eyes to follow a cry, than to contradict a universally admitted tradition.

To-day we found the rare argonaut, with the fish in it, which now completely disproves the idea entertained by some, that the *polypia* found in the argonaut shell is an intruder, like the soldier crab. He evidently adheres to the shell, which grows with him.

Reggio has nothing to recommend it. It is a long, straggling town along the sea-side, with a few houses, which look well at a distance, but on near approach prove, like most Italian towns, mere show and outside.

Half-way over, the view of the Sicilian mountains on one side, and of the Apennines on the other, was very fine. The Calabrians retain their character for ferocity, and no one ventures to travel in the country alone, or without a good escort. In fact, there are no roads in the country, and scarcely the wretched mule-tracks which are to be found in Sicily.

4th. As I am leaving this place, I am endeavouring

to sell my mule, and the roguery of the Sicilians is quite amusing. They know that I am going, and every morning lower their offers. The first proposal was sixty dollars: I sent to accept it. Then they sank to fifty: I sent to accept it. Then a man offered forty-nine: sent to accept it. Then they sank to forty. The mule is well worth seventy dollars. Rather than be thus cheated, I have determined to send Verney with the mule over to Calabria, to ride the mule to Naples, if I can find a safe conveyance for him.

5th. H.M.S. "Mastiff," barque-rigged, employed as a surveying vessel in the Archipelago, put in here from Malta, bound to Naples. She was all but lost last night, having stood in too long upon one tack into the bay beyond Scylla, and getting embanked on a lee shore, just cleared the rocks. Her boat was carried from her stern.

To-day Mr. Moore, Sharp, and two seamen, were going on shore. The waves beat high on the quay where they landed. Sharp was in a hurry to get out, fell backwards, and upset the boat. Moore clung to her, and she righted again instantly. Sharp and the seamen jumped into the water, fearful lest the boat should come over them. All wet; no one hurt or injured.

6th. Captain Copeland, of the "Mastiff," called on me. It appears that the Allied fleets were so little prepared for the battle of Navarino, that, after it was over, the French admiral sent his flag-lieutenant on board his ship, to notify to him that he had been the first to begin "this unfortunate event." Thus, it appears that the French thus early in the day were preparing to hedge off, had it been decided that the action was precipitate; and it is plain the French thought that it might be so considered. Now the fact was, that the first round shot fired was from the French admiral's ship! The opinion

at Malta was, that the Turks would continue passive, and not take the initiative in declaring war. In the first instance, after receiving the news of the battle of Navarino, the Grand Seignor was so enraged that no one dared go near him, and he privately gave orders to four of the officers of the new Body-guard to commence, at an hour which he named, a massacre of all the Franks in Constantinople. Providentially, the fact came to the knowledge of some of the members of the Divan, who summoned the men immediately before them, and asked if they had received such orders. They confessed it. The Divan instantly ordered the men's heads to be struck off for presuming to *receive* such orders without immediately communicating them to their superior officers. The massacre was thus stopped, and the Divan remonstrated with the Sultan, who acquiesced in what they had done, not being himself sufficiently strong to counteract the proceeding of his ministers, which, had he been possessed of sufficient power, he certainly would have done.

The Archipelago is full of piratical Greek vessels, which have all papers from their own government—and many of them are the property of members of the government—which plunder and strip every vessel they fall in with, without distinction of flag. Above sixty of these are known to be out. The Greek National Squadron, under Lord Cochrane's orders, consists of his own frigate, the "Hellas," and three other vessels. The feeling throughout the Archipelago is, that had our ministers *seen* any part of what is going on, they would have "began at the other end." I am more and more convinced that this business cannot end well for us.

I find that, about two months ago, the Commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan army went in to the king, and told him that he felt it his duty to tell him, that,

from all the accounts he received from the military stations in Sicily, the greatest discontent existed, in consequence of the corruption of the judges and the maladministration of the laws. At the king's desire, the Maresicallio del Campo repeated this in the presence of the ministers. In consequence of this, they have determined that the judges shall be removed from place to place every six months. The Intendente here does not return, but is fixed in the same judicial situation in Palermo which he held before he was Intendente here. This is in fact a disgrace, and done to put him under the surveillance of the police of that place. This man, whilst Lord W. Bentinck was here, was in his secret service and in that of the Queen of Naples at the same time.

9th. Wind came fair and moderate. Weighed anchor at daybreak, and left Messina at eight o'clock a.m., having to wait for our boats, &c. The "Mastiff" weighed before us, and was off the Faro light before we started. She took in topgallant sail and waited for us. We were soon with her. The sail down the Strait was very beautiful, and full of eddies and whirlpools the whole way, owing to the wind and current being against each other. Here we had a proof of how little Charybdis has to do with the navigation of the Strait with the head breeze, as we went straight through it. The two vessels started fine, and I very soon found that we could give the "Mastiff" half the sail of the sloop and beat her; and yet it was her best point of sailing. She set all her studding-sails. We did not set one, and in a few hours ran her out of sight. When we were off Stromboli she was hull down. This vessel was sent out to survey the islands of the Archipelago without *a single instrument*, except those which were the property of the officers—with only one lieutenant, besides the captain, and two

midshipmen. The consequence was, that the duty became so heavy in the hot climate of Greece, that the two midshipmen died of fever. We sent our chronometer to compare with theirs. They had three on board, all differing with each other. Ours has not been fresh rated since we left Palermo, and makes longitude *within a mile.*

The "Mastiff" wants repairs, but at Malta they were so busy repairing our ships after the action off Navarino, that they could give her no time; so she was sent to convey a nephew of M. Rothschild to Naples, who wanted a passage. This comes of being a rich Jew! If I had been there, and wanted a passage, I should have heard of nothing but "the good of the service not allowing of the King's ships being made passage-boats for individuals," &c.; and if I had been furnished with a passage, the newspapers would have been filled with the abomination of my being conveyed in a King's ship, &c.

At Malta there was a strong rumour that Lord Goderich and Lord Lansdowne had resigned. The cause not given. Sir E. Codrington had some narrow escapes in the action at Navarino. His epaulette was carried off by a shot, a heavy shot tore off the coat from his back without touching the skin, and a langridge shot went through his coat and shirt-sleeve without touching the skin.

As we passed under Stromboli the view was very fine, although the crater was not clear, owing to the volume of smoke which hung upon it. But we saw the jets of smoke darting upwards, and then rolling down the mountain side, very plain; and at night, although we were at a good distance, the flames looked, upon the sky, like a great harvest-moon rising out of a misty horizon. The sea runs very high, and all, except myself and the sailors, were very sick. I never felt better, and,

thank God, to-day breakfasted in the great cabin for the first time since I reached Palermo.

10th. In the morning we were close to the island of Capri, rocky and precipitous. The wind fell, and we had a stark calm, which lasted all the evening. The sea went down, and, only that we were prevented from going on, the weather became very pleasant. Our view of the Bay of Naples was intercepted by a thick haze which overspread the whole coast. It was occasioned by the vapours drawn up by the sun from the Apennines, which we could distinguish covered with snow. Vesuvius, of course, did not strike us as it would have struck those who had not seen Etna. Very little smoke issued from its crater. Of Naples we could scarcely see anything. The calm was so dead that at one time we were somewhat apprehensive that we might be driven upon the rocks of Capri by the swell, as we were close to them, the water out of soundings, and the vessel had no steerage way. At length, however, we got her head round, and she slowly drew off from the island.

The "Mastiff" appeared, hull down, in the offing, and for some time she appeared to keep on upon the breeze which had left us in the morning. At last we had the satisfaction of seeing her brought up as we had been, and lay like a log upon the water full twenty miles astern of us. Thus we passed the evening, and the night closed in calm.

11th. This morning the head breeze sprung up, and we slowly drifted and beat into Naples Bay, but in a fog as thick as those the Italians say exclusively hangs over the Thames, and which it was not necessary for us to come so far to find. We could see nothing, and Vesuvius could scarcely be distinguished through the haze. A dull easterly wind made us feel just as we were accustomed to feel in England at this time of the year. When the

pratique boat came alongside, the moment they were told the vessel's name, and who she belonged to, they gave us free pratique instantly, without further inquiry.

12th. The Minister made a great fuss about letting me land my effects and books—especially the latter, as there is a commission of priests established to examine every book imported into the country, and there is a heavy duty per volume on their introduction. At length the Minister gave me a free order to introduce my effects free of duty, and "seven or eight sets of books, if they were not amongst those previously prohibited." The priests must see the names of them; and this cannot be done before Monday. Although I had the Minister's order, the douaniers had not, and they strenuously resisted the establishment of so bad a precedent as the landing goods unexamined, pertinaciously insisting on opening my writing-box. I declared they might open everything else, but that they should not open my writing-box after I had shewn them Monsieur de Medici's letter. They still persisted, and I had just ordered them to quit the vessel, declaring that I would not land until they had been taught better manners, when a peremptory order came off in a boat, commanding my books, effects, &c., to be landed without examination; with license to shoot, and an order to land my guns. This was accompanied by an invitation from the King to go into the country with him that evening to shoot. This I was obliged to decline, as I was not strong enough to undertake such an expedition. The place is above twenty miles from Naples. I must, then, have slept in a barrack-room with three or four other men, on mattresses shaken down on the floor in the wretched outhouses of a wretched place, where the King alone has a little room to himself. I was, therefore, obliged to write a letter of excuse to Il Duca de Sanvalentino, le Grand Veneur, which I

begged him to lay before the King, pleading my late illness, but begging an audience whenever the King was at leisure, as I wished to pay my respects to him, and had no other means of doing so, in the absence of Mr. Fox, the British Chargé d'Affaires. I received an immediate answer, appointing an audience the moment the King arrived from hunting.

This is the name-day of the Prince of Calabria, the eldest son of the King, and a grand gala-day at Court; and Mr. Fox is gone off nobody knows where—somewhere in Calabria—to meet dispatches from Mr. Stratford Canning[1] at Corfu—and thus no English can go to Court, because they have got no minister to present them.

On my landing, Abbé Campbell, an Irish priest, who is known to everybody, and is a great friend of the English at Naples, introduced himself to me, and brought all sorts of messages from his "friend Medici," as he called him, and, sticking to me, did me all sorts of good offices and obliging things, got all sorts of jobs done for me, and, in short, made himself very useful. I found that he was considered a bore, and a bit of a hanger-on. But still I found him very active and civil, and he did many things for me which I could not have well had done without him. He told me all the gossip of the place, and put me *au courant* as to all that was passing. I have got for the present, apartments at the Albergo delle Crocellé, on the sea-side, but not looking on the Chiaja. The apartments are tolerable, but they will do until we find a piano[2] in a house looking on the Chiaja. Several are to be got.

In the evening, having secured a box, I went to the

[1] Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

[2] A floor.

San Carlos, which was illuminated in honour of the Festa. I never saw anything so splendid. It is beautifully lit with wax torches. The King, Queen, and royal family all appeared in boxes on the same side, and situated as those are in which our king goes to the play in England. It really was a fine sight to see the King and Queen, surrounded by all their family who could go out. There are twelve children altogether, the youngest only four months old. I was on the same side of the house with them, so saw little of them; but they stretched their necks to look at me as soon as they found out that I was there. As they entered there was applause, but not vehement; when they retired there was *none*. In short, in England we should have called it a very cool reception. The splendid dresses of the women, the gala suits of the men, the royal family, the different uniforms, &c., made a very fine spectacle. Both the opera and *ballet* were new—the former bad in composition and execution, the latter very good. Ronzi Vestris and his wife, and Eberleg, a German, and a very handsome woman, danced beautifully.

The Andersons, whom I met in Sicily, asked me to a ball, but I did not go, for two reasons. One was, that I was knocked up; the other, that, not having been presented, and being known to be in Naples, I did not think it right to go to a private ball until I had paid my visits of ceremony—especially as Il Duca di Sorrento, the King's brother, was to be there. The Duca sat by the King in the royal box.

13th. In the forenoon I had a letter from M. Keppel Craven, informing me that the Margravine of Anspach,[1]

[1] Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley; first, married to William, sixth Baron Craven, and after his decease, to Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburgh, Anspach, and Bayreuth. This lady figured prominently

my aunt, was in extremity. I wrote off immediately, offering to come if he thought it would be any comfort to her. He returned for answer that it was too late, that she was insensible, but that, had I been a few days earlier in Naples, it would have been a great comfort, as she expressed a wish to see me.

At two o'clock, just as I was setting out in my carriage to pay my visits of ceremony, I received a letter from Mr. Keppel Craven, telling me that his mother was dead, and desiring to see me, in order that I might witness the opening of her will. I merely left my card at the Chevalier de Medici's, the Prime Minister to whom I had sent to say that I was coming to visit him. I sent in my card, and my reason for not coming up, and then proceeded immediately to the late Margravine's. I found with Mr. Craven, our Consul General Sir Henry Lushington, Sir William Gell, and two other friends, whose names I forget. The will was opened and read. The Margravine had left all her property, real and personal, to Keppel Craven, but the former *for his life only*, giving it in remainder *to Sir George Berkeley and his heirs.* The personal property to Craven entirely, and he is left sole executor. Craven asked me whether I thought the words would give him the large sum which she had a claim upon from the King of Prussia, which claim is not yet established. I thought it doubtful. The words are,

in the fashionable world, both in England and on the Continent, for half a century, and was the authoress of several works that were held in considerable esteem. Among them were two sets of letters describing her travels—from the Crimea to Constantinople, 1789, and in France, Germany, and Russia, in 1785-7; and two volumes of Memoirs of herself, published in 1826. Horace Walpole, in 1771, printed at Strawberry Hill her "Sleep-walker," and she had privately printed, in 1796, a small work called, "Pleasant Pastimes for Christmas Evenings, or the Predictions of Cosmopolitus Occultarius."

"all the personal effects of which I have the power of disposal." My own belief is, that the Prussian Court will consider *an unsettled claim* as one which she had not "the power of disposing" of; and I am not quite sure whether the Margravine *meant* to give away the price of the Margravate to the Cravens. It is evident that, with all her affection for Craven, she took especial care to benefit him *alone*, and none of the Craven family, by the demise of her real property.

Craven asked our opinions as to her funeral, respecting which she gave no directions. But it appeared that she had always in conversation expressed a desire not to be carried far from where she died, and especially expressed a hope that her body would not be travelled about Europe like the last Duchess of Devonshire's.[1] As our opinions were asked, we unanimously agreed that the whole thing must be left to Craven's feelings, but that, under similar circumstances in cases affecting our own families, we should recommend the burying her in the English burying-ground here. I privately took an opportunity of ascertaining from Craven that she had died a Protestant. I wrote off an account of all this to Sir George Berkeley, as I thought it right that he should have immediate intimation of it. This will confine me to the house until my mourning is made and the funeral over, which I must attend.

Vesuvius was capped, but the bay was clear, and the effect of the sunlight upon the whole range of Naples, its towns, villages, palazzi, and villas, all along the mountain's brow, and up its lava-encrusted side, was beautiful beyond expression.

14th. I went out an airing in my carriage as far as the new road would carry me, opposite the Isle of Nicida. This

[1] Elizabeth the second wife of the fifth Duke. She died in 1824.

is a new road leading out of the Chiaja over the hill, instead of passing through the grotto of Pausilipo. After passing the Chiaja, we came to what is called Il Palazzo della Regina Joanna; and this name sticks to it, although by a vulgar error, as it was built the end of the sixteenth century, by a princess of the House of Caraffa, named Anna, by an architect of the name of Fansaga. It is situated so entirely upon the water, that it projects into the sea, which washes its walls on three sides. It was never finished; and the water having washed portions away, the weather crumbled others, and earthquakes crushed the walls—the whole has the appearance of a beautiful and splendid ruin. In summer the situation would have been delightful. From thence the road winds up amongst the hills, covered with vines and orange trees, and villas shadowed usually by large umbrella pines, forming the most picturesque scenery imaginable, until we come to the top of the hill, when the whole coast of Pozzuoli and Baiæ, as far as the promontory of Misseneum bursts upon the eye, with groves of poplars, on which the vines in summer hang in festoons. The view to the right extends towards Capua, and the range of hills which separate the Roman from the Neapolitan States; and to the left the islands of Prosida and Ischia bound the prospect; whilst the beautiful, picturesque island of Nicida, and the small rock on which stands the Lazaretto, are at your feet. The whole coast is intersected by romantic bays and inlets, usually lost and overshadowed by pines, orange trees, and poplars, intertwined with vines; and little villas, the retreats of the Neapolitans in summer, and during the hot weather. We passed by the villa of the late Margravine of Anspach, beautifully situated, hanging over the bay, and looking over it and commanding Nicida and part of Baiæ. The lodge of entrance is a neat Doric

pavilion, looking on Naples. Here she caught her death. Her great amusement was in her garden; and she persisted, about three weeks ago, in remaining digging in it in a wet day until she got quite wet through, and caught a chill and fever.

15th. I went through the grotto of Pausilipo along the road to Pozzuoli. The grotto is a curious tunnel, when we consider the age in which it was made, and the entire state of preservation in which it now is. It was worked, in the time of Nero, through the vast mass of tufa rock which forms the quarries out of which Naples was built. It is an exact Italian mile in length, lit all day by lamps, aired by spiracles opening into the air above, but still is extremely damp, and, I have no doubt, in the summer and autumn very unwholesome. Now the exterior air is in no respect different from that in the grotto, only a little warmer. At the entrance is a great group of painted wood or stone figures of the Crucifixion, as large as life, where a Capuchin friar attacks you with a box, for the benefit of souls in purgatory, with all the energy of a regular beggar. Indeed, for some way he ran on one side of the carriage, and two or three children and lay beggars on the other, and he beat them both in rapidity of running and loudness of vociferation. In the middle of a populous grove stands a chapel, dedicated to Santa Maria del Sohtudine; and never did any name suit better. The background is formed by high hills, crowned with villas and pines, which overhang the sea. Both entrances into the grotto are extremely picturesque, as the wild vines and creepers fall down in beautiful festoons over the mouth of the cavern, and adorn the tufa rock very much. The Abbé Campbell still sticks to me. I find upon inquiry that he was secretary to the Marquis Circello, in London, and still has a pension from our Court, for which he gives our Minister infor-

mation of what is going on. He has, also, one from the Court of Naples, and has entirely the ear of the Neapolitan Ministers, and makes himself useful to them. He is *supposed* to have a *private* department in the Post-Office; and the belief is, that he takes *impressions* of every *English seal* that passes through the Neapolitan Post-Office. How this may be, I know not; but this I know, that he has the means and the disposition to make himself very useful to any Englishman, and has certainly manifested that disposition towards me.

Another will has been found of the Margravine of Anspach's at her banker's, dated several years previous to that which was opened at her house. By Mr. Keppel Craven's desire, Sir Henry Lushington brought it to me to be opened by us. Finding the date within to correspond with that on the outside when we opened it, we gave it to Mr. Keppel Craven to be destroyed. It was a more favourable will to Craven than that under which he takes her property, as it gave him all her real and personal property *wholly at his disposal for ever;* and her servants, also, were remembered in it. I now find that her hatred for the Craven family almost counterbalanced her love for Craven, who deserved everything at her hands. But it was with great difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to give her property to Craven on any terms, merely because he was a Craven.

In the evening we went to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's, where we met the Principe de Buttero, and some other men. We had a little music, and returned home. In the morning I left my cards with the King's Minister, the Cardinal Archbishop Ruffo, and paid all my visits of ceremony.

My books were landed this morning, without a word being said or a book looked at. I find that in *Galligniani's Messenger* there has been a report of my illness at

Syracuse, and even that I was dead. Having a quantity of English sovereigns on board my yacht, I found upon inquiry that gold was a drug in the market, and that they would fetch no more than their intrinsic value. Having, however, accidentally found out that Rothschild, who has a house here, was sending off a courier with gold for England, I sent Mr. Lunn to him, and he readily took 1,000 sovereigns, giving me a credit on his house at the par of exchange of the day, and charging no commission.

16th. I went on the Portici road. We passed by the Palais Royal. A covered passage communicates with the sea, and the royal yachts are always kept in the arsenal close by it, ready for sea. A strong guard regularly mounts in the palace. Cavalry vedettes, by night and day, are posted at the corners of the streets communicating with the Palace square; and a strong detachment occupies the corridors which communicate with the Castello Nuovo, in which is always kept a strong garrison.

17th. I this day attended the funeral of the Margravine of Anspach. We assembled at eleven o'clock in the morning at her late house in Chiaramonté. I went with Mr. Keppel Craven in his carriage. The body, in a coffin covered with red velvet, was placed in her open barouche, drawn by her four grey horses. Then came a great many carriages. The procession moved very slowly through the streets of Naples to the new English burying-ground, beyond the church of St. Anthony, in the Faux-bourgs. It is a very quiet, good burying-ground, shut in by gates and surrounded by a high wall. Dr. Nott performed the ceremony.

The difficulty of getting salt water out of the sea for a bath at a private house is very great. A regular certificate, signed by a physician, must be sent in to the board entrusted with this branch of economy, stating

how much is wanted, and for what time; and not more is permitted to be drawn than a couple of buckets at a time. This is not for fear of the cleanliness of the Neapolitans draining the Bay dry, but to prevent the people, under pretence of bathing, from getting the salt water home and evaporating the salt for use, and thereby cheating the Government of the duty on that article, which is extremely high, and farmed out, as all duties are—so much so, that even the duties foregone by the custom-house on my goods and books must be repaid by the Government to the Fermiers Generaux. This is the only place in the world where the douaniers will not take a bribe, as they are employed by the Fermiers Generaux, and not by the King.

An Englishman now here had his bible and prayer-book stopped on arrival. He remonstrated to M. de Medici, who gave an order that they should be given up; but the board of inspection refused to obey the order, and to this hour they are not returned. There is a house of confinement here for women who maltreat their husbands or run away from them. The King is very devout; the Queen not so, and is supposed to be *galant*. She is kept up very strictly, and watched, and has no means of gratifying her propensities but with the *employés* about the palace. Whenever the King finds her out, *he beats* her, and sends the man away; and then kisses, and is friends again. She is very fat, coarse, and red-faced, and has had twelve children. The idea is, that she prefers the beating to the kiss.

18th. Immediately after my return home, I was met by the Cardinal Archbishop, on whom I had called three days ago. This is an extraordinary honour, as cardinals are exempt from returning visits. He is an old man, of seventy-nine years, as deaf as ten posts, but could speak a little French. His attendants, who alone can make

him hear, understood nothing but Italian. My Italian being very bad, the scene was an entire repetition of the Tower of Babel. When he took leave of me, I kissed the old man's hand, and he immediately kissed his own hand where I had touched it. He had been with the Pope at Paris in Napoleon's time.

26th. To-day, for the first time, I got out in my carriage. I went up to the Capo del Monté. This is the Carnival; but, as yet, it is very dull. The King has sent me a wild boar, with a most civil message. On the 17th of this month was the fête of St. Anthony, and the King's horses, and all the hackney-coach horses, are regularly blessed, dressed in gaudy rosaries, and sprinkled with holy water! This ceremony is performed at the church of St. Anthony, in the suburbs.

From the noise and manner of the Neapolitans in the streets, especially amongst the women, you would think the city was in a constant state of war—eternal scolding and warfare. Every mouth is open, and every hand appears spread open under its opposite neighbour's nose, and in his eyes; and then at once all is calm again, until either some other cause arises for dispute, or breath is gained to begin again. Words here are never followed up by blows, or even by revenge. In Rome it is quite different, and the knife very frequently ends the broil. There is so much misery and starvation here that robberies in the streets are frequent. I know an instance in which, owing to a reduction of military expenditure, and, consequently, of some regiments, not fewer than *twenty* officers in the Neapolitan army, and *their families*, were found living together in one coach-house in the outskirts of the city. They had but few clothes amongst them, and they were worn alternately by the party *begging* for the rest, who remained scarcely covered at home! This

happened last winter, and the English in Naples made a subscription to relieve them.

It is a common case to talk of the *laziness* of the *lazzaroni* here. They are seen sleeping and lounging about all day, because they are at work all night. To them Naples owes her supply of fish; by them her vegetable and meat markets are exclusively supplied; by them messages are run, and all sorts of inferior duties are performed; without them Naples would starve. The lazy *noblesse*, who never walk a step, or carry on foot even an umbrella, loll about, and see these miserable wretches, without homes, clothes, or food, lying about in the sun, seeking rest, or at least oblivion, in a sleep—and they call them lazy! No London mob would bear one-tenth part the privations and misery the *lazzaroni* do without breaking my Lord Mayor's windows, and helping themselves to everything which violence in London could give them, at least once in every night in the year. In the streets of Naples, after nightfall, you see *no one*; but the *lazzaroni* are not then asleep, whatever *il principi* may be.

The mixture of apparent blasphemy and religion here is horrid. Punchinello is to be seen at the corner of every street, dividing the attention of the people with the Virgin Mary, and the painted cloths on which are representations of what is passing within the houses—in order to tempt the gazing populace to enter in, as in our English wild-beast shows—which are divided into partitions, shewing off the feats of rope-dancers and the crucifixion, the humours of Punch and the sorrows of the Virgin Mary, the broad jests of Scaramouch and representations of souls burning in purgatory; and you never see all this going on, amidst the vociferations of clowns, the ringing of bells, and the blowing of horns,

without seeing two or three padrés in three-cornered hats, or friars with bald heads, in the crowd.

27th. This being Carnival time, and Sunday being one of the days on which the whole population of Naples turns out into the streets to enjoy it, the spectacle was very cheerful. All the way along to Mesgelina and the Chiaja the country people, dressed in their gala habits, filled the road. In the Toledo a line of cavalry videttes was posted down the middle of the street, along its whole length, and turning to the right by the Studii, as far as the Botanical Garden. Then dragoons kept the line of carriages, going regularly one way and returning the other. At intervals were bodies of police, with picquets of infantry. The whole centre of the street was filled with mob and foot-passengers of all kinds, and the balconies and windows of the houses in every stage crowded with people. The utmost good humour prevailed. Some parties were masked, both in the carriages and on foot; and all the pretty women in Naples outvied each other in setting themselves off to the best advantage.

I got a very severe blow from a complimentary dragèe, as big as my thumb, in the face, and it requires great skill and good humour sometimes to avoid, and to be, or to appear to be, pleased with the shot. Sometimes the mischievous boys throw stones instead of sugar-plums; but this is severely noticed immediately by the police, who are in active attendance. This scene lasts until dark. Some few of the characters were good, but the tide of the Carnival is not yet at its height.

In the middle of it all, the King and Queen, with Princess Christine, in an open carriage and pair, with only one avant-courier, and an orderly dragoon, drove through the crowd, and were well received. They were followed by another carriage, in which was the King's

brother, Le Prince de Salerno, and his princess. The people seemed pleased with the open, confiding manner in which their Royal family went amongst them and participated in their amusements.

CHAPTER XV.

Excursions—English Society at Rome—Lady W. and her *Tableaux*—Private Reception at the Palace by the King—Earthquake at Ischia—Miraculous Picture—Outrage by a Priest—Jollity and Death—Wild Boar Shooting with the King and the Royal Family—Visit to the Prince of Salerno.

JANUARY 28th. About four miles from Naples the road descends through a cliff of tufa rock, in which I saw the remains of Roman reticulated work, and at the end of the vista, the crater, embosomed in hills and clothed in wood, appears, in which is the Lago d'Agnano—on the right is the Grotto del Cané. We saved the poor dogs the usual torture, and saw them eat their dinners instead. Peter of Toledo, for the sake of experiment, shut two criminals up in the grotto, who died in a very short time. This surely sufficiently established the fact, which the daily torture of two innocent animals cannot further verify. The sulphuric acid gas rises in great abundance from the ground, and the smell of it as you descend the hill is very potent. On the left as you go to the lake are the vapour baths, which in the summer time are much resorted to in cutaneous, gouty, and

rheumatic cases. Above the baths, on the face of the cliffs, are many ruins of Roman baths, and of the ancient city of Angulanum. It is curious that although the sulphuric vapour baths and the Grotto del Cané are mentioned by ancient writers, the lake is not, and no evidence exists of its formation or identity. It is probable that the ground sank, and the lake was formed by an earthquake, the effects of volcanic fire still active beneath, in some period posterior to the writings of classic authors. The air is impregnated with the mephitic effluvia of the flax of the whole surrounding country, which is brought and steeped and macerated in the waters of the lake. Their taste is slightly sulphuric, but it is just potable, and contains fish, eels, &c., which are eaten by the common people. The lake is covered with wild fowl, which are preserved strictly for the royal chase. On the other side of the woody hill is a crater, overgrown with wood, full of wild boars, equally preserved for the royal sport.

From thence I proceeded to Bagnuoli, situated on the sea-shore, remarkable for the goodness of its oysters. The view of Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misseneum, &c., to the right, of Nicida and the Lazaretto, with the high grounds above the grotto, is magnificently beautiful. The convent of the Comandolesè monks, an order equalling in severity of its regulations that of La Trappe, stands high over Il Lago d'Agnano, and commands the whole country.

Returned to Naples again through the grotto, and received the news of the change of ministry in England. The friends of arbitrary monarchy here are rejoicing very much at the scene of confusion now existing in the only two constitutional representative governments in Europe—England and France. The news from Navarino is, that the feelings of the

whole of our fleet, from the lowest cook-boy to the admiral, are decidedly against the Greeks and in favour of the Turks.

The King of Naples sends me a message, and is desirous of seeing me. If I get back to-morrow I will apply for an audience. Mr. Fox returns from a fruitless mission. Either the despatches which he went to meet were not sent at all, or sent by Ancona to England direct.

30th. Here and there reticulated work of Roman brick is to be seen in the old walls and tufa rocks, the slender remains of Roman magnificence and comfort. The rock is of volcanic origin, although not decidedly the result of volcanic eruption. It is formed of calcareous matter, mixed and conglomerated with cinders and *lapillo*, which is a collection of little pieces of lava and pumice-stone. As the rock descends to the edge of the sea, the rocks of lava become more visible and determined, and form a natural barrier, which protects the softer sand and calcareous stone from the inroads of the sea. Of this tufa all Naples and its environs are built.

31st. Chabot[1] and Lord Garlies[2] leave me for Rome. The society there is wholly English, and of course made up of very different and contending elements, all counteracting and jealous of each other—all intriguing, caballing, whispering, and tale-telling among themselves —all endeavouring to lay hold of any unfortunate Englishman who may come there, and drag him within the vortex; and the society is so limited, it is impossible

[1] Vicomte Chabot, in the service of Charles X. Some of his letters to the Duke are preserved in the "Memoirs of the Court of George IV."

[2] Randolph, eldest son of George, sixth Earl of Galloway, whom he succeeded in the earldom in 1834.

to avoid being mixed up with one or other of these contending currents. In London this can be avoided, in Rome it cannot. Lady Westmoreland is at the head of these factions. She is just now mad about acting *tableaux*, and she drags everybody she can lay hold of to partake in this amusement. If a handsome woman or young man arrives, she seizes them to make a *tableau*, and if they resist she quarrels with them. If she sees a beautiful child of the lowest class in the street, she carries it and its mother home to her house, and studies the effect which the child may produce in some *tableau*. A ridiculous story is told of her, which se non e vero e ben trovato. She is said to have seized in this way on a beautiful little boy, and to have carried him and his mother to her palazzo. She crammed them both with sweatmeats and bonbons, they knew not for what. She had the boy's face and hands washed, and praised his beauty; she took off his little jacket and admired his looks. The boy and mother were delighted. She took off his waistcoat and ragged shirt, and eulogized his shape. The boy and mother stared, but still eating bonbons, and swallowed with them the praise. She then began taking off the child's breeches; but this was too much. The child roared, and the mother scolded, and Lady W. turned them both out into the street, pelting them with the child's clothes, and abusing them both roundly in French.

February 1st. Went out in the carriage, and returned visits of people who had kindly called during my illness. Saw some cork models of the ancient ruins of the country. They are very beautiful, but ridiculously dear, so I bought none. Visited also the manufactory of terra-cotta. The models are all from the antique, lamps, pateræ, stoves, &c., and copied from the originals in the Museo Borbonico. They are very beautiful and

classical. They are fabricated from the same clay with which the ancient lamps and Etruscan wares were constructed, but cannot rival the antique. The articles which they make are one-third heavier than the ancient models.

I write to the Principe del Campo Franco, il Primo Magiori Domo del Ré, to fix the day for my audience, as I am getting better, and am anxious to have this over.

2nd. Received an order to attend the King on Sunday, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in his private apartment, in evening dress.

3rd. Went to the palace accordingly. The King's private apartments are at the furthest extremity of the palace from the entrance, and on the highest stage, nearest to the Castella Novo, with which his apartments communicate. I had five flights of stairs to mount, and endless galleries to go through, full of all sorts of people —but no attendants, even to shew me the way. A private of the guard, at my request, shewed me to the door of the King's ante-room! The passages were full of frotteurs, garçons, peruquiers, restaurateurs, women selling oranges, priests, and soldiers idling about. No sentries after I passed the first entrance. At the door of the ante-room I found some pages and royal attendants, in a room not more than ten feet square. In an ante-room, not near so good as that to my apartments at the inn, were the two chamberlains in waiting, in court dresses, and in a few minutes the king came out of his own closet, and received me in the doorway. The two chamberlains immediately knelt and kissed his hand. He received me very graciously, thanked me for the attention which I and my family had paid to the King of France and the Bourbons, and me especially for the support which I had always given to the cause of

Royalty. I disclaimed the first, saying that it was my father to whom the praise was due, and that I had only followed his example; that as to the latter I had, in always maintaining the principles of a *constitutional monarchy*, done only my duty as a good subject and citizen. We conversed some time on indifferent subjects. He said he had the gout as well as myself, and regretted that I had not made use of the chair which he had offered me through Chabot.

I find that he has a regular room or cabinet for four people, which by a counterpoise is raised up the well of the staircase to the top, and he can stop it at pleasure at any piano he chooses. In short, it appears to me like a large parrot cage or staircase lanthorn. He invited me to a chasse some days hence, and then, after thanking me for my visit, withdrew. Altogether he kept me about half an hour. I, of course, thanked him for all his kindness to me, and so we parted.

In my letter to Lord G—— I sent him a friendly return on his resigning, and on his endeavouring to bring in Lords Holland and Brougham, which I wish he had not considered necessary. I think it is plain that no compromise will take place between the Duke of Wellington and the Whigs, which will exclude me from any advantages from the change.

To-day news arrived of a horrible catastrophe in the Island of Ischia, where, either from an earthquake or the sea gaining admittance into the volcanic caverns beneath and undermining the place, the whole town of Lucco fell in, and was swallowed up by the earth opening. It happened on Saturday last, which was a jour de fête. Many people were at high mass in the church at the time. The building fell in and crushed them. About sixty people are known to have perished, but the exact number is not yet known, as many were at work in

the fields or out fishing in their boats, and many fled from the scene of horror. It happened at eleven o'clock A.M. Young Mr. Marsham and some Englishmen were there half an hour after the calamity, and they describe the screaming of the women and the horror of the scene as dreadful, especially from the mangled corpses lying about half crushed or with their limbs severed. I send my barge over there with a party to-morrow morning to make inquiries, and to report what really is the extent of the mischief. I was to have gone to this very place to profit by the vapour baths there.

5th. My letters of the 20th of December, including one from my wife, arrived from Messina. That of my wife had been opened. I find, too, that one which I wrote from Palermo had been opened and sent on to its address unsealed. I have made, through Abbé Campbell, a regular complaint to the Government here of the Sicilian post-offices, and am determined to persevere.

6th. A subscription is making by the English for the relief of the poor inhabitants of the village in Ischia overwhelmed by the earthquake. The Government as yet have done nothing, but send people to dig out the dead bodies. Sir Henry Lushington is at the head of the subscriptions. He is very charitable, and goes by the name of the overseer of the poor. It is observable that the English put themselves forward always in these works of charity, and never get thanked for them. "They are all so rich," is the invariable answer. "What can they do better with their gold?" The day voted too stormy for the Ischia party.

In the evening I find myself so much better that I go to my box at the opera, and hear Madame Tosi for the first time. She is a good singer, but her voice is rather reedy. It is quite observable how in all their music here the Neapolitans discard all meretricious ornament,

and what we call execution, in their singing. In the two operas which I have seen there has not been a single shake or exercise of what the French call *mobilité de gosier*. Braham would literally be hissed off the stage.

7th. I went out airing along the Portici road, and turned off into a road to the left which runs to the church and village of La Madonna del Arco. Here is a picture of the Virgin, which performs all sorts of miracles, and cures all sorts of complaints. The poor of Naples and its environs flock in crowds to get cured by the intercession of this miraculous piece of daub; and the church, which has a handsome cupola and portico, has its walls inside literally covered with ex voto offerings pictures, representing the sick scenes in which the Madonna has interested herself, and models of the limbs, legs, arms, noses, and toes which she has restored and set right. A splendid representation of a woman in a sick chamber, throwing up a perfect cascade of blood, was remarkably interesting. This village is situated at the foot of Monte Somma, which here rises in rugged majesty, and completely hides the real summit of Vesuvius. To the right stands the Hermitage, half-way up the mountain, backed by trees, where travellers who ascend Vesuvius repose themselves. The whole base of Monte Somma is covered with poplar groves and vines, in the midst of which this village and many others stand beautifully embosomed. In approaching it we cross a large canal, now dry, but meant to drain these flat lands, which originally were marshes, and to carry off the sudden torrents that rush down the sides of Monte Somma, and would, without this outlet, overflow the whole country between this and Naples. This canal runs into the sea, nôt far from Il Ponté della Madelina.

The weather is now very clear, cold, and dry. The

Apennines are covered with snow, and the day is very like a warm sunshiny winter's day in England. Everybody is now watching Vesuvius, which has been perfectly quiet since 1822, and still continues so, hardly throwing out even smoke. But this state of long peace is considered as suspicious—the earthquake in Ischia has made the natives look sharp after their own mountain, which generally sympathises with its volcanic neighbours; and the favourite expression is, that the mountain is in parturition.

To La Madonna del Arco a regular pilgrimage is made by all the neighbourhood at the beginning of the vintage, to obtain the intercession of the Madonna in its favour; and this is a scene of all sorts of merriment, joyousness, and delight. A large Albergo della Poveri receives the poor, and the whole town is filled with priests, who here have a large etat-major established. Just as we entered the village we saw three priests in the middle of the road, in high altercation with a Calabrian peasant, whose head was all bloody, one of the priests having literally torn his earring out of the man's ear. Loud were his outcries and threats, but he walked on upon the road, looking back occasionally with looks of vengeance and hate. The three priests pursued their way, and, after a little consultation, two friends of the assaulted peasant followed them. Had they not been priests the business would have been settled by the knife. But to touch a priest would be excommunication. As it was, however, I think that if this priest is caught alone he will be made to repent his assault; and so the people thought too, for they turned out to see the result of all this, and at a distance followed in the rear of the contending armies. Nothing, however, happened during my stay in the village, and probably the injured peasant will "bide his time." The lower orders of priests un-

attached to any specific religious orders, are very ill thought of here.

When we returned we went through La Strada del Toledo, crowded with people and carriages enjoying the Carnival. There was much pelting of bon-bons, but few masks. Prince Leopold (Prince of Salerno) was in domino with a party, all masked, in a car drawn by six horses, all trapped and dressed. They pelted my carriage profusely, which was a great compliment. The King and his party were also masked, in another car; and the Queen and her party in another, also all masked, but it was known who they were. The King's party, horsemen, postilions included, were all dressed as Tartars. The Queen and her party in dominoes. The "sets out," or "teams," as our dandies would call them, were very superb. In returning from thence we met a splendid funeral, with a magnificent sarcophagus, coffin, and pall, and an immense crowd of white penitents in white hoods entirely covering their faces and figures, with holes for their eyes, carrying lighted torches—a strange contrast with and melancholy accompaniment to the gay scene with which the procession was obliged to mix in carrying its splendid burthen to its last home!

8th. I received an order to attend the King to a Caccia de Sanglier to-morrow. As it is close to Lago d'Agnano, and I can return in the evening, I mean to go. Rifle guns are not allowed, for fear of accidents; and the King has offered me guns of his own. I mean to take my own double-barrelled Manton guns. A party went off in my barge to-day to Ischia to see the extent of the earthquake, returned at night after a very fatiguing row for ten hours, and after all saw but little. The damage has been much exaggerated, but still it has been very great. The town is much shaken and some of the houses down. Thirty bodies have been found,

and two more are missing. One woman has been dug out alive, having been imprisoned in the ruins of a house four days. She was protected by a chimney. There were, of course, many narrow escapes and many afflicting cases. The earthquake was felt all over the island. The clefts of the earth are closed.

The Government has sent over a commission to examine into the construction of new, and the pulling down damaged, buildings, and a detachment of soldiers to dig and work. There was no appearance of volcanic fire.

The trade of Naples has fallen off very much this year, owing to the very absurd system of the Neapolitan Court in imposing duties and burthens on commerce, which Austria of course encourages, in order to throw all the trade she can into the Adriatic, and on the shores of her own Italian dominions. The Sardinian system is much more liberal, its duties being chiefly protecting duties. Chevalier de Medicis is said to have declared at one time that he did not wish to see a single foreign vessel in the harbour of Naples—that he wished to make the kingdom of Naples *wholly agricultural*—as if agriculture could exist without commerce. However, he has found his revenues diminish, and he wants to back out of his agricultural system; and he is beginning by trying to raise a loan from Rothschild.

9th. At ten o'clock I proceeded in my carriage to the Lago d'Agnano. The King reached it just before me. Here we alighted, and got into droschis of the King's, with his horses, which dragged us up the hill above the lake until we came to the edge of the crater of Astroni. It is about three miles round, and surrounded by a wall. The inside is of a great depth, and is covered, as well as the sides, with underwood and trees, particularly ten, of a great size and age. In the

centre is a small pool, about forty yards deep, and full of fish. In the bottom of this crater runs a high fence of wood, with gates and openings which can be shut at pleasure. This is an extinct volcano—the King assured me, a primeval one. Certainly there is no tradition even of any effect of volcanic fire; and even in the days of the Arragonese kings it was a royal chase. Fire, however, has reigned here in its time; and the lava which runs into the sea at Pozzuoli has been traced to this crater. It now, however, is stocked with wild boars, and a few deer. It is the largest boar preserve the King has.

After we had driven round the crater, the King took me to the Casino, or sporting lodge, where he dismounted and walked about, giving his orders about some alterations and improvements. I observed how accessible he was to his subjects. At any place where he stopped they crowded round him and presented petitions, all which he kindly received, speaking Neapolitan to them, and not Italian. He had no guards, except an orderly dragoon to carry messages, &c. Whilst we were lounging about, the courier announced the approach of the Queen and the rest of the party. We went to meet them, and I was presented to the Queen, who is fat and stout, rather red-faced, but having fine eyes, and, when she chose, a pleasing expression of face; the Princess Christina, a very pretty, pleasing, amiable girl, but entirely secluded from society. She has just refused the hand of the Emperor of Brazil—very wisely, as I think. Two boys, princes, and the Prince of Salerno, brother to the King, formed the rest of the royal party. They were extremely civil to me, and very affable—putting me entirely at my ease.

Prince Pagnatelli, a very amiable, clever man, a Sicilian by birth, a famous cavalry officer under Murat, and

whom the King constantly keeps around his person, and has great confidence in him—and some other officers of the Court, furnished the shooting party. We were sixteen guns in all, including the Queen and Princess, who are great shots.

We were then dispersed to our different posts, which consisted in a sort of little parapet, walled round with a dead hedge, about breast-high. In this was a mat for the feet, and a chair. Your guns and the *chasseur*, with your own servant, are also in the enclosure, and under the hedge sit crouched two attendants with boar spears. We were shown in what direction to shoot, in order to avoid doing mischief to each other; and when we were all placed, a battalion of soldiers, dressed in a peasant uniform and armed with sticks, together with dogs, began the *battue*.

The effect was very fine. The scenery was grand and romantic to a degree, and the echoes of the horns, men, and hounds, very cheering. The day was extremely fine, but, being a sirocco wind, too warm. We were placed within the inner inclosure, about a mile and a-half round, where the boars had been tempted to enter by feeding them several days in succession. The night before the *battue* the issues and doors in the paling were shut, and the boars thus inclosed.

They soon began to run about, and the firing was incessant for about three hours, at the end of which time 236 boars and 3 deer were killed! The moment you shot a boar, the men with the boar-spears rushed in and put an end to the poor wretch's pain. But it was but tame shooting after all, and bloody work. After it was over, all the killed were brought together, and the different shots discussed; and then, to the sound of horns, we returned in the King's carriages as we came.

It certainly is a magnificent sight, and I should

have been very sorry to have missed it. But it is dangerous work, as, in spite of all our precautions, the balls flew about nearer than I thought was prudent. One cut a tree not ten yards before me. But the danger was greater for the beaters, none of whom, however, were hurt; and accidents, I am told, never occur. I killed seventeen boars myself, Prince Pignotelli twenty-one, Prince of Salerno thirty-five, the Queen thirteen, Princess Christina twelve, the King twenty-five—the others in proportion. Before we had done the day had changed, and became very cold; and by night it blew a hurricane, and rained very hard,—so changeable is this winter climate. There were refreshments sent to all our stations.

In the evening I went, although quite knocked up, by the Queen's command, to the opera, it being the benefit of a favourite singer — Lablache — the finest bass singer, I think, I ever heard. The King, having a little gout, was not present; the Queen and the royal family were. She sent me a very civil message by Prince Pignotelli to my box, hoping I was not fatigued, &c. The house was crowded up to the ceiling. The performance, *pasticcio* of the first act of "l'Esule del Roma," and the last act of "Il Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii," the last scene of which is a beautiful representation of the eruption of Vesuvius, taken from the life.

10th. The King has given me permission to go on horseback or in carriage through all the royal parks and Pompeii, which will be a great relief to me.

11th. This evening some English friends and one or two Italians came to me—Prince of Buttera, Duc de Laurenzana, Mr. and Mrs. Buller, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, the Townshends, Marshams, and the Misses Wilbraham, &c. I was to have gone to the Prince of Salerno early; but he put me off, owing to the King having sent

to him to dine with him. The King has sent me a wild boar and a deer, killed at Astroni.

12th. The weather continues horrible—the wind so strong at south-west, as to threaten to drive in our windows. The earthquake at Ischia has not done all the mischief that was thought. Thirty bodies have been dug out, and one girl alive, who had been buried five days. She is quite recovered. The earthquake was felt on the Sound of Baiæ. I find, to my great amusement, that much curiosity is excited by my remaining what is called *incognito*. My illness has been thought a pretence, and my retirement is considered very mysterious. People begin to consider me here, as they did in Sicily, the King's brother, travelling *incognito*. This foolish idea prevailed to such an extent that it reached even the Greek pirates, who had orders to look out for me, and, at all events, to take *me alive*.

I found that the Austrian Minister, Count Figuelmont, had not returned my visit. I had it tenderly hinted to him, and he sent me a card immediately, laying the blame upon his servant, whom he had ordered, as he said, to leave it many days before.

This evening, at five o'clock, I called upon the Prince of Salerno. As at the royal palace, I had to go up and down staircases, and to thread galleries, without a guide or a soul to announce me; and a squall and exclamation only prevented me from going into the Princess's dressing-room, at the door of which I found myself, after wandering for some time. I was then conducted to the Prince's apartments, on the other side of the palace. He received me very kindly, in very handsome apartments, furnished by Murat. After conversing with me half-an-hour, he dismissed me. He is tall and large, very unlike his brother the King. His Princess is very retired and timid. She is supposed to be imbecile by

some, but by others to be only cowed and borne down by a court where she is not much esteemed. She is not at all pretty, and the Prince has put a *dame d'honneur* about her, of his own choosing, very handsome—a Princesse Brancaccio. She is supposed to be a very staunch Catholic, but not quite settled in her faith—doubting whether to believe, because she is bid to do so, or because she ought on principle.

CHAPTER XVI.

Masked Ball at San Carlos—Opening Private Letters at the Post-Office—The Ladies of the Austrian and Russian Ministers—State of the Observatory — Ball at the Academia — An Indiscreet Question—The Englishman's Good Fortune—Juvenile Ball at Count Stacklebergs—Connection of the Solfaterra with Vesuvius —Superstitions, Ancient and Modern — Natural Daughter of Lord William Fitzgerald—Pic-Nic Party—Surprised by the Queen—Court Ceremonial on a Birth-day.

FEBRUARY 14th. This evening I went to the masked ball at the San Carlos. The *coup-d'œil* of the house illuminated is very fine. The pit is boarded over; and those who have boxes sit there, receive their parties, and sometimes have suppers, either masked or unmasked. The fashion is for people, even strangers, to come in masked into the boxes, and carry on the conversation of the masquerade. But it is very dull work. There were but few masks, and almost all to sport beauty. Scarcely any attempt is made to support a character. The few that did were English. The Italians go disguised, more for the purpose of carrying on their own little intrigues, than for any other object. Ladies can, and do walk in the pit with their husbands, brothers, or friends, and

then retire to their boxes. But the company is very mixed. To prove it, my box was on the ground tier, and people could, consequently, address my party from the platform of the pit. A young unmarried English lady was one of my party; and two masked characters came up and addressed us. After the usual masquerade talk one of the characters, who had addressed himself to the young lady, gave her a nosegay, made great love to her, and squeezed her hand at parting. We found out afterwards that he was a waiter at one of the principal hôtels. My own servants and *lacquais de place* were there, and so were some of the royal family, walking about. I did not think it half so good as an English masked ball.

By my letters from England I found that many of my letters were missing. As this system of opening letters is carried on to a very culpable extent, in Naples especially, I determined to take the opportunity of remonstrating against it. I therefore wrote an official letter to Mr. Fox, complaining of it; another to the Chevalier de Medici, and a private letter to l'Abbé Campbell. In all I distinctly said, that unless my letters were found, and if ever this happened again, I would immediately quit Naples, publicly declaring to all the English that I did so because my private correspondence was opened; and that I would request an audience of the King, and lay the affair before his Majesty; and that, probably, the Neapolitans would see that by thus disgusting and keeping away the English, they would lose more in character and revenue than they would gain by reading my letters.

As I was writing, l'Abbé Campbell came in to make a morning call, and I read him my letter, as he is suspected by some of knowing something about the matter. He was much embarrassed, and blushed deeply,

and hastily retired, promising that every exertion would be made, &c. &c., and that he was sure it would never happen again, and that he would speak to Medici, &c. &c. Mr. Fox, too, made a great fuss, and I got the most positive assurance from Chevalier Medici that everything should be done to satisfy me, and to prevent the recurrence, &c. As I told everybody, right hand and left, what I had done, the affair got wind all over Naples; and I am certain that the public exposure has done good. The people at the Post-office also declared that everything should be done to satisfy me, but, of course, denied that my letters had been stopped or opened at their office, declaring that the Neapolitan bag was opened by the Sardinian Post-office upon the frontiers of that kingdom, and, in fact, the Neapolitan letters all being timbré at Pont Voirin or Chamberry, the ground of complaint rested there. My answer was, that all this was nothing to me; that my letters were directed to Naples, and that, if the Neapolitan Government was not strong enough to protect its own mails from being opened on the frontiers of another kingdom, the insult rested with the Neapolitan Government, and I should look no further for redress. The fact is, that the office here endeavour to open *all* letters. If this can be done so as to enable it to seal them up again, they are sent on to their addresses; but if the letters are torn in the operation so as not to be closed again, they are destroyed.

15th. I drive out along La Struda Capuana. The view of Somma and Vesuvius, and all the plain of Somma, as well as of the Apennines, covered now with snow, is beautiful. The air keen, but dry. I dined out (for the first time) with the Andersons, where I passed the evening. There was *une soirée dansante.* This was the first Italian ball that I had seen. Some of the women very pretty, and a few beautiful; but certainly

there was not the same number of pretty women that would have been seen in London at the same sort of party. Madame La Comtesse de Figuelmont, the Austrian Minister's wife, was at dinner; and I had the charge of her.

Prince Buttero met with a very unpleasant accident a few days ago, galloping on horseback on the Champ de Mars, where there was a horse-race. A carriage came against him, and the pole tore away all the flesh from his shin-bone. He, however, came to the dinner and ball, most imprudently, carried in in a chair. Sir Richard Acton is here, an Englishman by birth, but considering himself so wholly an Italian that he is one of the King's chamberlains. I sat next him for some time, and spoke French to him, taking him for a foreigner, until at last I heard him speak pure English to Mr. Fox.

The Neapolitan finances are in great disorder. Their revenue is thirty million of ducats annually. But the expenditure of the royal family is enormous—their standing army, 30,000 men, much too large—and their commerce annually failing—so much so, that three-fifths of the interest of their debt, which in itself is not very large, goes out of the country in *hard cash*. Their Swiss troops, the only soldiers they can depend upon, although well paid, don't like the service, desert, or commit suicide, impelled by the melancholy *mal de pays*, of which one has heard so much as attaching itself to the Swiss troops in France. Their navy is not too large and is good, but their army is *worth nothing*.

16th. Went this morning to the observatory built by the late King—a very fine building, admirably adapted to the purpose. It is situated on the Capo di Monte, firmly constructed, on one floor. The only disadvantage is, that although so high that you see the whole country round, far into the Apennines, and as far as Caserta and Capua, yet, being built on a tufa rock, it is very damp.

The instruments are a transit, a repeating circle, and an equatorial, all beautiful and well mounted; also a very fine powerful achromatic telescope and four clocks—the first by Arnold, second by Grimaldi, third by Bryant, and fourth by a French maker whose name I forget, decidedly good and very fine. The instruments were not kept in good order or clean, and being a holiday, nobody was there except a steward. It did not even appear to me that there had been a meridian observation taken that day.

There was a good deal of smoke from Vesuvius. Another earthquake has taken place in Ischia, on the same spot as the last, which, however, has done no mischief. All this shews much internal volcanic action, and, considering that Vesuvius has been so long quiet, portends some disturbance there.

In the evening I went to the ball given at the Academia to the King and royal family, by the club called the "Casino Nobile." It is a sort of establishment to which foreigners are admitted, and where balls are given to which they are invited, the company paying for the refreshments. But this was an extra concern, and great interest was made for tickets. Mr. Fox was applied to to give a list of such English as he thought ought to be invited. This he declined doing, and very properly. If he had been asked for a list of *all* the English, or of such as had been presented, or, in short, of any rank, or within any prescribed limits, he would have done it; but if he had given in a list only of those whom he thought it right to ask, he would have offended all the rest. So he refused to interfere or to get a ticket for anyone. As it was, there were 115 English at the ball. The King and royal family were there, and extremely civil to me. I saw a great quiz sitting by the King, and I asked a lady who he was? She did not know, but said to an

Italian next to her: "Son Excellenza vent scavoir qui est l'individu qui parle au Roi assis?" Upon which the Italian leant across and said to me: "C'est la Duc de Buckingham, il est grand favoir de sa Majesté." Whereupon I burst out laughing, and a considerable confusion of explanation and introduction took place, including much speechifying, apologizing, and bad French and Italian. To my surprise, a little cardinal who is here, (not my friend Scilla Ruffo,) goes to all the balls. The royal family always make it a rule to call an English country dance to begin with at every ball they go to.

17th. Tired with last night; I stay at home all day. The last Sunday of the Carnival. The Bielby Thompsons are arrived. She called upon me, and made me happy by shewing the same affection for me as of old. It is like a gleam of warm sunshine to see so old and dear a friend.

18th. Went with Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Anderson to the terra-cotta manufactory, and bought a few specimens for presents. In the evening I went to a ball at Madame Figuelmont's, the wife of the Austrian Minister. Prince Leopold very civil. Remained until two o'clock in the morning.

19th. Mardi gras, the last day of the Carnival. No fun, much crowd, few masks, much pelting. A Mr. Stapleton is here, a wild young man, an English Catholic, who went as volunteer on board the "Asia," was in the battle of Navarino, and behaved very well. At the last masked ball a woman in a mask spoke to him as he was walking with Mr. Lunn and some friends; and, after some talk, gave him a ring, and, speaking very good Italian, French, and English, desired him to meet her on a future day at a place she mentioned; said she was of high rank, could not at that moment tell her name, but would shew herself to him, and tell him who she was

when he attended the appointment. Stapleton was fool enough to tell this to Lunn and his friends, and to spread it amongst his female acquaintance of his bonne fortunes. Lunn told me with much gravity, and mentioned it as a proof of the corruption of morals here amongst the highest order, &c., &c. Some of Mr. Stapleton's young friends traced the woman, and found her out to be the *dresser of one of the opera dancers!*—a good joke against Stapleton. But this is a proof how John Bull persuades himself that foreign women select him out *pour ses beaux yeux* and sacrifice themselves to him. Lunn, if he were writing a tour, would inevitably have inserted this incident, as one happening within his own knowledge, and cite it as a proof of the manner in which all Neapolitan Principessi, without distinction, conduct themselves.

I dined with Baron Rothschild. A man dinner—diplomacy, &c.—but very pleasant. In the evening I went to a ball at Count Stackleberg's, to close the Carnival. It began with a child's ball. There were some very pretty children—and I was glad to see them romping about and playing at "puss in the corner," and children's games, like English children. But a circumstance happened very illustrative of Italian manners: A little girl was desired to recite some Italian verses, which formed part of a play. The end of the exhibition was the child's stabbing herself with a roll of paper and falling down dead; whereupon a little boy of the party, thinking the whole a reality, and that the girl was dead, immediately dropped down upon his little knees and, blubbering, began praying for the repose of her soul! So near Lent a regular band is not allowed them to dance to, only a pianoforte; and this is permitted during the whole of Lent. The San Carlos theatre is shut, but the Fondo and all the minor theatres continue open, and Punch remains in all his glory. At twelve o'clock the dancing

stopped. But the doors were shut, and a supper was given, at which Protestants and Catholics ate indiscriminately. The cardinals here and at Rome go to balls, but are supposed to go early before the dancing begins, and to retire the moment the music strikes up. On Sunday last was the last masked ball. Of course I did not go; but 3,000 people went. The King and his family supped in their box, and the Prince Leopold remained until six o'clock that Monday morning.

20th. I went with my own party and the Thompsons to Pozzuoli and the Solfaterra. The drive to the former place is very beautiful, along the sea-shore from Bagnuoli, with the view of Nicida, Baiæ, Misenum, Ischia, &c., on our left hand, and high tufa cliffs, festooned with vines, on the right. At Pozzuoli are the remains of the famous bridge of Caligula, which he made from thence to Baiæ, and which when finished he amused himself with riding over for two successive days—on the first, dressed in armour, on a barbed horse, with a hatchet in his hand and a crown of laurel on his head. The second day he was habited like a coachman, and drove in a little car with two horses, carrying with him the little Darius, the Parthian hostage, and followed by his guards and friends, also in chariots. To finish the sports attendant on the opening of the bridge, he called upon it all the people on the banks, and when he had collected them there he ordered his guards to drive them into the water, and those who endeavoured to save themselves by clinging to the bridge and boats, he had cut and forced away into the stream.

In fact, what is now visible are the remains of the mole, from the extremity of which Caligula threw a bridge of boats. The people will endeavour to make you believe that a bridge of masonry was thrown across the whole way. The mole is of Grecian architecture,

formed of three great pillars, joined by vast arches. It was repaired in the time of Antoninus, as appears by an inscription found in the sea in the year 1575, and now put upon the Neapolitan gate. Thirteen pillars still remain. Here is made the famous mastic called Puzzolano. Just before you come to the gate of the town you pass the rock of lava which is traced to the crater of Astorni.

We proceeded to the Solfaterra along the old Appian way. On the sides of the road are still remains of sepulchres, and a large Piscina, or cistern. The Solfaterra is the area of a volcano, still active, but over which is a crust of earth, which bears a horse in most parts, and in some a few stunted alders and poplars. At the entrance is a range of buildings, serving for the sublimation of the sulphur drawn in large quantities from all parts of the area. Its diameter is about 2,340 feet in its largest place—in its smallest, 1,800 feet. Its shape is elliptical. It is elevated 288 or 290 feet above the level of the sea. The nature of the abyss below you is made evident by your guide throwing a heavy stone upon the ground, at some distance from you, which makes the earth beneath shake; and the hollow sound, like the report of a distant cannon, denotes the hollow space beneath your feet, in which rolls the echo of the sound. In many places in the area and on the sides of the crater, within twenty feet of the top, smoke rises from different apertures, but from one it rises with an immense roaring, like a steam-engine, produced evidently by the boiling water beneath. Murat caused a well to be sunk in the Solfaterra: ninety-six feet of earth were perforated when they came at once to twelve feet of boiling water, which stopped all further progress. *They tell you* that there evidently is a communication with Vesuvius, and consequently under the city of Naples;

because when there is an increase of volcanic action in Vesuvius there is a diminution of it in the Solfaterra, and *vice versâ*. This is positively affirmed by the labourers and guides in the Solfaterra, but denied by the philosophers in Naples. The first thing to be ascertained is *the fact*. But that the whole country about the Solfaterra is actively volcanic at this moment is proved, because all the springs are hot, and evident signs present the proofs of existing fire.

On a hill over the Solfaterra, about a mile distant, is a convent of Capuchins. In their garden is a cave, from whence the holy fathers tell you is to be heard the complaints of the souls in purgatory—and of this they make much *spiritual use*. In fact, the noise is that of the raging of the volcano beneath. In a well in the Castle of St. Elmo they tell you the same noises are heard. *If so*, they proceed from the same cause. To me it appears evident that the Solfaterra is the safety-valve of Naples. If ever it should cease to act, an immense explosion must inevitably take place, which probably will destroy Naples.

23rd. I hear that an eruption is hourly expected at Ischia. Covelli is there watching it, and is in daily communication with Monticelli here. The warm springs have latterly increased very much in heat, and are gradually increasing. This was observed before the late earthquakes. I find that Solfaterra threw out flames and stones in 1198. The guides tell you that the red tints of the earth and stone are derived from cinnabar—this is not true; they contain realgar and a little selenium. In the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli Nero gave a great festival to Tiridates, King of Armenia, before he was crowned in Rome.

I dined with Comte de Stackleberg. I sat between Madame de S. and Madame de Figuelmont, the Aus-

trian minister's wife, the great beauty of Naples; she is very pleasing, natural, and good-humoured, but not the *great beauty* she is reported—however, she has the credit of it. She is, I believe, very well behaved, and very closely watched by M. le Comte de Figuelmont. During dinner I observed, upon her asking me for the salt, that in England I must not help her to it, as we should quarrel; I was surprised to find her take this *en grand serieux*, and she told me that the same feeling exists, and very strongly, in her country. She is, I believe, a Livonian. She said that she believed in it, and was most anxious, upon my pointing out to her a little salt spilt, to throw it over her left shoulder, and this not in joke, but in earnest. This led us to talk of superstition in general, and Madame de Stackleberg mentioned that of the "Mal Occhio," still existing in Naples, precisely the same as our "Evil Eye" in England. Against this, she told us, the Neapolitan women wear a charm, in the shape of little *horns* of bone, ivory, or gold. The poor woman little knew that what the women in question wear now are what the ancient Romans wore as a charm against the same witchery, viz., little *phallic* ornaments, which have gradually taken the more decorous shape of little *horns*. Such proofs of still remaining superstitions, and similar protections against their effects, are very curious.

The three Miss Wilbrahams, who are in the same house with me, attended divine service in my apartment. After service I went up the Strada Nuova, and got out of my carriage at the late Margravine of Anspach's Casino. The gate is ornamented by a very pretty little Tuscan lodge, from which the road leads to the Casino, consisting of only two rooms, coach-house and stables, and servant's apartments. It forms a Tuscan portico, and commands the finest view of the Bay of Naples and

its scenery that I have yet seen. Below it is a steep bank covered with vines, through which a winding walk, which must be beautiful in summer, leads down to the lodging-house, that overhangs the sea. In this are eight bedrooms. The terrace on which stands the Casino above is planted with evergreens and flowering shrubs. I passed the morning here rambling about, and then returned to dinner.

There is a lady here, a natural daughter of Lord William Fitzgerald's, who, having married against her father's command, he refuses to see her, and she is starving. Madame Figuelmont and the Baroncsse de Delmar have asked me to state her situation to Chabot, in hopes that he will interest himself in her favour with Lord William. I have agreed to state the fact to Chabot, leaving it entirely to him whether he will interfere in so delicate a matter.

I find, from Professor Monticelli, that there is no truth whatever in the assertion made at the Solfaterra of a sympathizing communication between it and Vesuvius, and that he has sent persons to the former during eruptions of the latter, who have declared that no difference whatever appeared in the smoke of the former.

26th. The police at Syracuse have seized a parcel sent to me from Malta on board a Neapolitan vessel, which put into Syracuse on the 26th January. I have complained to Mr. Fox, who has made an official complaint to Medici, who pretends all sorts of sorrow and regret, and promises satisfaction.

27th. To-day I took the Wilsons, Thompsons, and my own party, to Portici, and found an order to admit me everywhere in my carriage. The park is beautiful: the finest evergreen oaks I ever saw—the underwood myrtle and Mediterranean heath. The gardens and orangeries are beautiful, but in the Italian taste. The

park is overgrown, just like an English park, with the finest views of the bay on one side, and of Vesuvius on the other, breaking in at every turn. About half a mile up at the back of the hill is a regular fortified work, enclosing "une maison de plaisance." Here the late Queen amused herself with sham sieges and battles. In the dining-room is what is called here "une table muette" —much such a one as we saw near Palermo, but larger —where all the dishes, plates, &c., come up from below on ringing bells, without the appearance of servants. The table would hold about ten persons. We visited the machinery below, where we found *four* men were necessary for the management of the trap-door alone— more fuss and trouble than the thing is worth. In the courtyard of this "fortress" was an ostrich, walking about tame—*i.e.*, pecking and striking at everybody it could come near; different sorts of water-fowl, some kangaroos in an enclosure, and some wretched eagles and vultures confined in cages, in a room which smelt like a dog-kennel in the dog days. In the stables was a very fine leopard in a cage.

From thence we went to a very pretty botanical garden, with an apiary. It was planted exclusively with plants and flowers, in which the bees delight. There were about a dozen hives, all of wood. Further on is an enclosure filled with wild boars, and the whole park abounds with game of all sorts. Swiss cottages, and summer-houses, hermitages, &c., are dotted about in tolerable good taste. In one of the latter my party voted it necessary, *à l'Anglaise*, to have their luncheon; and immediately, to the horror of all our Catholic conductors, who had assembled in some numbers to stare at us, an immense collection of pies and cold chicken, *on Wednesday in Lent*, was produced and attacked; and, just as every soul of us had got our mouths greasy and full, an alarm.

was given that the Queen was coming, having arrived from Naples.

In an instant our chicken-bones were thrown away, our baskets. and scraps disappeared, and, just as we had got into decent and presentable order, I saw her Majesty and the Princess Christina at the further end of the walk. I immediately went up to her, leaving my party formed in single line, like all Englishmen and women, in a fuss, not knowing what to do with their hats, their heads, their fingers, and their toes. I had to exhaust myself in apologies and speeches, in delights and sorrows, in horrors and rejoicings. She was very good-natured; asked what had become of my gout, of which it was evident she did not believe one word; asked who my party were, and desired the ladies might be presented to her, which I immediately did, with all the form of a Lord Chamberlain. We then took our leave. She told me the king was also *dans le parc;* so, as I found the groves were peopled with grand folks, we all bundled into our carriages, and drove off without ever looking behind us. The place is certainly beautiful, and I propose going there again. I did not go into the palace, as I found that the King was there.

March 1st. A gala and circle at Court for the birthday of one of the princesses and the Princesse di Salerno. I went there with Mr. Fox, who kept me waiting. Seeing a number of carriages at the palazzo of the Prince of Salerno, I asked Mr. Fox whether it was not the etiquette to go there first. He said he did not know, but believed not. I went direct to the palace, and, when there, I found out that not only it was the etiquette, but that everybody—even the King and royal family—went there before the circle. So, as the King had returned and the circle had begun, I determined to tell the circumstance of my having asked my own minister, Mr.

Fox, and his answer, to the Prince himself, as I did not choose to be accused of incivility because Mr. Fox was ignorant of the forms which he ought to have known. I accordingly told Prince Pignatelli, the *chambellan de service* of the Prince, and the Prince also, who was extremely civil and obliging about it.

The form of the Court prescribes a great, staring, scarlet gown, embroidered with gold in the richest manner, to all the ladies, young and old, of the household. The consequence is, that these old yellow damsels, thus equipped, by daylight looked frightful. They are all seated on tabourets, with their backs against the wall. The ministers' wives, foreign women, ministers, and persons of every nation standing with their own ministers, range themselves opposite these Gorgons, and, a door at the end of the room opening, in march the whole royal family, children and all. On great galas, even the infant in arms is borne in by its nurse.

The first ceremony is for all the chambellans in succession to kiss the hand of the King, Queen, and all the Royal family, even down to the infant in arms. Then the Royal train move down the line, talking to everybody, the King leading, the Queen following, and the rest in seniority. The King is very civil, and holds long conversations; all those who follow, and move down in succession after him, must talk to the people as long as he has done; the consequence is, that you have to go through as many long Royal conversations as there are Royal personages. In this way they move along, the scarlet ladies kissing the Royal and Princely hands as the procession moves. The Royalties then enter another room, where are the dignitaries of the church, the army, and the law; then return into the first room, and again talk to those whom they had before spoken to, but to whom they mean to be peculiarly civil. To me they..

were particularly so. The consequence was, that the circle lasted three mortal hours, during all of which time I stood on my poor legs. The King desired me most kindly to go and sit down; but I would not do anything so particular, and so stood it out.

On my return to the inn I removed to a piano, which I have taken for a month, on the Chiaja, which the Bullers left yesterday. It is very large, commodious, well-furnished, and airy, and commands a prospect of the whole bay. I pay 200 ducats per month for the whole thing, including linen, plate, &c.

The court apartment where we were received to-day was a handsomely fitted up gallery, with a fine Raphael and some other tolerably good pictures. It must be dreadfully hot in the summer, as the windows let in the south and west sun.

CHAPTER XVII.

Herculaneum Excavations—Capo di Monti—Pompeii—Private Search for Antiquities—Ancient Temples and Houses—A "Scano" by direction of the King—Dinner and *soirée dansante* —State of Vesuvius—Caserta—The King's Summer Palace.

MARCH 3rd. Went again to Portici with the same party as before, and the Miss Finches, Lord Aylesford's cousins. I saw the palace. The apartments very extensive, and many of them beautifully fitted up by Murat—particularly the apartments of the King and Queen. Nothing could exceed the beauty and the magnificence of the furniture. Some Parisian, but much Neapolitan; and all with the best taste and to the extremity of luxury. No good pictures; one room is fitted up with a set from "Don Quixote." There is a very pretty private theatre and chapel. One room filled with portraits of Murat, King Joseph and his wife, Marshal Massena, and other French characters; and one large portrait of Napoleon in his imperial robes. I was surprised at their being left there. The view from the terrace of the bay, &c., &c. —looking over gardens and bosquets of evergreen oaks —beautiful. From thence we went again into the park

and bosquets. The Queen's garden is divided into two parts—one a slip devoted to roses of all species; another with beautiful magnolias, orange-trees, &c., &c. We drove about for some time; the different views of Naples, Vesuvius, &c., very fine. Vesuvius smoking more than I have yet seen it, in five spiracles; no fire, stones, nor noise. The smoke probably only steam, as much rain and snow had fallen.

From thence we proceeded to Herculaneum, which is under the town of Portici. Turning down a narrow lane to the right hand, we reach the subterranean way, which opens by a flight of steps down into the excavations. The thickness of the body of lava, stones, ashes, and mud which lay over the city is eighty palms. The effect of the heat was very unequal. In some cases marble was calcined and bronze melted. In others, papyrus and fragile articles remained comparatively uninjured. The fiery matter shrinking in cooling from the buildings which it overwhelmed, they and the articles within them remained covered up by, but not amalgamated with, the fluid fire, which formed a sort of mask over them. The first discovery of the ruined city was made by Emanuel of Loreno, Prince of Elbœuf, in 1707, who, on his nuptials with the daughter of the Duke of Salsa, of the house of Strambona, built a house in Portici, and, in searching for marble to build it with, struck upon the ruins of the ancient city! For some years the excavations went on, and many magnificent objects were discovered, which were given to Prince Eugene, of Savoy. In 1734 Charles of Bourbon the Third, building the palace of Portici, took the excavations in hand himself, and placed all the objects which were found in a museum which he formed within his palace; but everything is now removed to the grand musuem in Naples. All the sepulchres, houses, &c., were filled up as fast as they were

examined, and no further examination is now taking place here. In fact, the rumbling of the carriages, and the different noises of the town above our heads as we explored the subterranean city, proved how dangerous it would be to continue excavations, by which the living might be sacrificed to the dead. The celebrated Papyrus MSS. were discovered in a country house, situated under the garden of the Augustine convent in Resina. But the discovery which promises the greatest interest is now making in an excavation commenced in a field on the slope of the hill from Portici, nearer the sea, where evidently the lava that overwhelmed the city began to slacken in its career and to expend its force, driving before it a mass only of earth and ashes, which have filled in, and not destroyed, the houses.

To this place I proceeded after I had emerged from the subterranean theatre, and found the workmen uncovering and clearing away the front of a house just discovered, of two stories. This house is about fifteen feet from the surface of the ground. Its roof was perfect, as well as the flooring of the upper room. In short, it looked like a house which yesterday might have been destroyed by an earthquake. The beams of the roof, the rafters of the ceilings, the jambs and posts of the doors, all perfect, but carbonized; not so much so as to prevent one from ascertaining that the wood is chestnut. The fresco paintings on the walls quite fresh, but falling in as they became long exposed to the air. The excavation had taken place evidently in the garden or court of the house. The angle of the house, consisting of two pillars and a pilastre, has been cleared with two or three pillars on each side. Probably they will soon come to the fountain in the middle of the court. The pillars are of stucco, painted; but I regretted to see, when parts of shafts only had been discovered, that they were plaister-

ing them up with modern stucco, in order to restore them and make them correspond with the rest—by this means undoing much of the interest attaching itself to the old work.

The roof, although perfect, was obliged to be taken off, lest it might fall upon the heads of the workmen. It was flat, of mastic work, laid on upon wooden beams. The floor of the upper story is quite perfect, so that the workpeople walked upon the floor. On the eaves were tiles fixed so as to carry off the rain-water into the court below, where it was caught by channels, which probably conveyed it into the central fountain. The lower rooms have not been excavated. In one of the upper rooms was found a magazine of amphoræ, containing wine, or oil, or corn. A large glass urn had been dug out of the court, and many bronze utensils, handles of doors, &c. Behind this house they had just found out the beginning of another frontage of columns similar to those in front of the first house; so that probably there was a street or narrow lane which ran between them. The fresco paintings were pure and fresh, but contained nothing remarkable. The lower part of this building is embedded in yellow lava.

4th. I went to Capo di Monte. The situation of the palace is magnificent, commanding a view as far as Capua, Caserta, the Apennines, and plain of Somma, &c. The architecture of the house is somewhat in the style of old Wotton, but much more extended, and built round a vast court. The apartments many of them are repairing, but the spaces are very fine, and some beautifully furnished by Murat. There are scarcely any good paintings. The King's library is handsome, and well furnished; and the Queen's apartments very beautiful. The state-room, consisting of an immense ball-room, with rooms opening into it, degagements, &c., without end, are the

most magnificent I ever saw. The ball-room measured thirty-four of my paces in length, and fifteen in breadth, with columns of Sicilian marble at the two extremities, and the whole floor was laid with squares of Sicilian marble. Twelve magnificent chandeliers light up this immense apartment. The height is very great, and the ceiling painted beautifully in fresco. The King lives here very much in summer. One wing remains unfinished. Within the wall of the enclosure is a house, painted white, for the hereditary prince, which takes away from the beauty of the palace, as do those of a range of Neapolitan houses, which the King has permitted to be run up, very like the new buildings about the Regent's Park, and which contract the view from the palace, and wholly destroy its privacy.

We then drove into the Bosco, which is a large wood, partly allowed to run wild, and partly cut into regular drives and alleys. Upon the whole, the effect is very beautiful, especially of the evergreen oaks. There is a *berçeau* drive, of upwards of a mile in length, of evergreen oaks, meeting at the top, and wholly impervious to the sun. The drive round shows a variety of rough ground, of valleys and deep ravines, covered with wood and undergrowth, chiefly evergreen, which surprises one greatly so near the capital, and is beautifully romantic and private. This wood is full of pheasants. I know not the extent of the ground; but the drive could not be less than three or four miles round.

5th. Went to Pompeii. The road through Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunciata, is beautiful. At Torre del Greco are to be seen the ravages of the eruption of 1794, which overwhelmed and destroyed the greater part of the town. But the houses are rebuilt. St. Januarius is stuck up at all corners, reproving the mountain, and his pious votaries are satisfied that he will

protect them—*till the next time!* The lava reached the town from the summit *in ten minutes.*

We drove on to the further gate of Pompeii, along the great road to Salerno. The mountains of Calabria, with the town of Castella del Mari at their foot, and the Bay, furnished a beautiful scene in our front, and to the left hand. A great tract of level garden, vine-clad ground, spreads to the sea, which evidently was once under water, as the sea came up to the mound on which the walls of Pompeii stood, in one part, and formed a port now no longer existing. Turning short to the left you come to a small barrack, in which live the veterans who have the care of the city; and a Roman gate of reticulated brick-work lets you in to the city of the dead, which at once opens in all the scenery of desolation upon you. Its general effect was that of a city but lately overwhelmed by an earthquake. You see nothing at first of excavation, or monuments of Roman grandeur; but the roofless houses and ruined gable ends give only the idea of a modern Italian town, ruined by its ferocious neighbour, which frowns upon the desolation it has made. You take very few steps, however, before you find yourself in the midst of ancient grandeur. I was allowed to ride in.

The chief director met me by orders of the King. Under cover of my order I had provided asses for my female party; and thus we commenced our antiquarian research. Contrary to usual practice we began at the amphitheatre. Although, by the shape of the ground, it was apparent that the amphitheatre was in this spot, it never was excavated until the time of Murat, when he put 200 workmen upon the job and cleared it out at once. At the same time the whole circle of the walls was traced, so that the extent of the work necessary to be done to clear out the whole city is ascertained and

known. The amphitheatre is at the south-easternmost part of the whole area, and close to the wall between the gates of Stabia and Sarno, and is calculated to hold 15,000 spectators. Its form is elliptical — one side resting against the mound which formed the city wall, the other resting on high arches of solid masonry. Small flights of stairs from the outside of the building reach to the corridor which runs round the upper part and communicates with the upper seats. A corridor runs under the lower part of the building communicating with the lower seats. This is most solidly constructed, because, in fact, it bears the whole weight upon its vaulted roof of the entire building. It is perfect to this day, and you can go round it as in the days of Titus, when it was overwhelmed. The women and the populace sat in the upper seats; the senators, magistrates, &c., below; and the place where the Bisellium was placed for the Duumviri is still to be seen. Two large openings conduct into the area; besides which, there are several private entrances. The entrances and corridors are all paved with Vesuvian stone, with regular channels to carry off the rain-water. On each side of the great entrance is a niche, which contained the statues of C. Cuspius Pansa the son, and of C. Cuspius Pansa the father, both Duumviri. The former is described as "Pontifex."

From the top of the amphitheatre the view is very fine. Round the arena, and in front of the lower seats, is a wall to protect those who sat in them from the wild beasts during the combats. But this could not have been a sufficient protection, and, in fact, holes appear on the top of it, in which a grating was inserted. This parapet wall was painted throughout in fresco; but the weather has almost entirely destroyed every trace of these

paintings. They represented chiefly combats of animals and gladiators.

From the amphitheatre we returned through vineyards, which cover the parts of the city not yet excavated, to the market, close by the walls and entrance to the city. At one end of this was the guard-room, where the skeletons were found of soldiers armed, and of prisoners in irons. This forum is now a garden, and usually serves as the place where travellers refresh themselves after visiting the ruins. From thence we proceeded to the Comic Theatre or Odeum. This was, as appears by an inscription on its walls, a *covered* theatre. The streets communicating with these buildings are paved with large volcanic stones, in which the marks of Roman wheels appear, and the stepping-stones for foot passengers to cross over in rain. Painted houses and shops are on each side.

Next we came to the Temple of Esculapius, so called without much good reason. Indeed, the names attached to these buildings are many of them only the creations of antiquaries' brains, who think it right to give a name to everything. But, in many instances, inscriptions have been found verifying the names. Throughout the whole city the names of the proprietors of houses and shops are daubed on the front in red paint. In many places the populace have evidently amused themselves with giving their opinions of the principal characters in the city; and published advertisements, of the nature of Day and Martin's blacking.

In the streets are multitudes of shops, the different articles sold in which were discovered in different states of preservation. But it is remarkable how many places there must have been where they sold warm wine, or other liquors, the apparatus for heating and containing which remains. Many of the doors of the houses and

apartments appear to have been what we call half-doors, communicating both light and air from the upper part. The windows almost entirely open into the inner court, in the centre of which is always a canal or receptacle for the rain-water, and sometimes a fountain with a bronze statue. The little bedrooms were round the court, with the kitchen and dining-room. The women slept above. The pavement always of mosaic, more or less rich. The house of Sallust, and that of Diomedes, are the two best. But quite lately two have been excavated in the Vesuvian street, the courts and fountains of which are superior to any yet discovered. The cabinets surrounding the courts are extremely high, and painted in arabesques and frescoes from the ceilings to the floor; the pavements all beautiful mosaic, and at the extremity of each court a fountain of shell-work formed just like ladies' shell-work of the present day, the water flowing out of masks, or in *jets d'eau*.

The excavations are going on in the direction of the Vesuvian street, and some fine fronts were clearing when I was there. In some of the houses are private baths, fitted up with every luxury. A large room for cooling yourself; the room for vapour bath, the floor of which is hollow, and supported by small brick columns, in order to let the heat pass entirely under it; a hot bath, with the furnace cocks and pipes; a basin, with a *jet d'eau* in it, to throw warm water over you, and a marble cold bath; the seats and heaters of bronze, and of beautiful shapes. Such, also, are the public baths; the beauty of the carved ceiling surpassing all description. Here the cold bath was lighted by a circular aperture, the glass of which was found in the bath below. In several of the shops is designed upon the wall the device of a serpent, with an apple in its mouth. This is supposed to have been an emblem of health and prosperity.

Passing out of the great gate of Pompeii, which leads to the Herculaneum road, and which consists of one great entrance and two lateral ones, you come to the street without the walls called the Street of Tombs, ornamented on each side with a row of magnificent sepulchres, public seats and alcoves. Here, amongst the remembrances of their ancestors and their friends, amongst the testimonies of public respect to public virtue, and private tribute to personal affection, the people of Pompeii walked and assembled. One of the tombs is now closed with a marble door, which opens upon the same hinges and with the same lock which it had in the days of Titus. Here can be seen the urn containing the ashes, and the amphora which held the funereal wine of the person to whom it was dedicated. Two large semicircular stone seats, and a covered alcove with a front and pediment of good architecture, served as seats for the loungers.

On the left, down the hill, is a large villa, which they choose to call Cicero's, because Cicero had a villa near Pompeii, and because its situation as described by him somewhat accords with this villa, inasmuch as he says you can see Misenum from his villa, and you can see Misenum from this! Further on you come to the house of Diomedes, which is the largest private house yet found. In the great court is a small temple, with a sanctuary and cella, which they say was the place of Diomedes' private worship, and was dedicated to his Dii Penates. I cannot but doubt it, as it was upon too large a scale. Being on the outside of the gates, it is more likely to have been a temple for travellers to lustrate themselves in, and return thanks for the safety of their return, or to offer up prayers for the success of their journey. There is a vast crypt which runs under the whole house, beautifully constructed and vaulted.

Here the skeletons of many of the family were found, who must have perished miserably, shut up from escape by the ashes which blocked up this horrid place in which they had sought refuge.

Opposite to this, but a little higher up nearer the town, is a range of arcades, forming the frontage of a public inn, just like that of the Sicilian Fundaco of the present day, in which were found the iron hoops of wheels of Bijæ and other carriages.

8th. I write to the Bishop of Norwich to say that I have appointed Wilson my domestic chaplain, to do duty in my house on Mr. Lunn's leaving me, and, therefore, desiring leave of absence for him as a private chaplain.

A London druggist lodges in the palazzo where I live, and sports the fine gentleman. He gave a dinner on Thursday to twenty people, some Neapolitan officers and apothecaries amongst them. They got drunk with champagne, and in their folly broke all his china, and some of his furniture. There was a foolish, stupid horse-race to-day — I rejoice to say between two foreigners—on the road of Pausilipo. At the end of it, an Englishman, riding at full speed, rode over Le Comte de Figuelmont, who was on foot, and threw him with violence down. He lay for some time insensible, and was then carried home. The man who committed the outrage never came back to see what he had done, or to inquire after the victim of it.

We proceed, in company with Lord and Lady Hardwicke,[1]

[1] Philip Yorke, third Earl, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1800 to 1804. His Countess was Elizabeth, daughter of James, Earl of Balcarras. His lordship was a Knight of the Garter, and a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. He died Nov. 18th, 1834.

Lord[1] and Lady Caledon, and a party of our friends, to Pompeii, where the King had directed a *scavo* to be made in my presence. The way in which this is done is as follows:—The street being previously cleared, the houses are emptied of rubbish until they come to within three feet of the floor. The workmen then leave the rooms, and the excavations are finished at leisure, either in the presence of the King or of such persons as he chooses to favour with an exhibition; but no excavation is allowed to be finished unless by his order. The first room we attacked was evidently a glass shop. We came directly to vast numbers of lachrymatories, essence bottles, glass tumblers broken, and a quantity of glass for windows. In one glass vessel was some stuff which the *conducteur* said was carbonate of soda, used in the glass work; but as it produced no roughness on the tongue, I doubted it, and believe it to have been some enamel used in the manufacture. We soon finished this place, which contained nothing of interest.

As a great crowd had collected whom the guards could not keep out, we waited until they had dispersed, when we opened a decorated room, but without any success. Another was then opened, and they were going on until I detected that they evidently were opening a room which had before been excavated, as there was a great dab of fresh modern plaster work in the wall, which extended from half way up the wall down to the floor. The earth must therefore have been removed to get at it, and the room probably filled up by the rubbish thrown in from other walls. Obeying their orders to give me a *scavo*, it was of little interest to them whether my time was occupied by excavating ancient or modern

[1] Dugré, second Earl. He had married Catherine, Lord Hardwicke's second daughter, and died in 1839.

ground, and they naturally were anxious to preserve all that they thought promised best for the King.

At length we opened a room in a private house, in which we found some bronze vessels, a basin and ewer, a kettle, &c., which appeared as if the party had been surprised at table, as the articles were scattered about the floor. Amongst other things were pieces of perforated ivory, with holes in them just of the size and shape of those in flutes, which naturally they would have been expected to be. But the directors told me they found them in every house, and in such quantities that it could not be supposed that "on jonoit de la flute partout." They believed them to be connected with some manufacture or ladies' work. Here one of our party, Mrs. Townshend, missed a very valuable watch which hung at her side, and the remainder of the day passed away in re-digging our ground in search for it, but in vain. Much time having thus elapsed, and our suspicions being excited as to the honesty of our workpeople, we confined our labours to recovering some of the ruins, and at length adjourned to the soldiers' quarters and forum, where my tent was pitched, and had a collation. I had a small caleche, in which I drove about along the streets, impressed with the wheels of the bijæ of the time of Titus. It struck me that our *conducteurs* were far from energetic in their researches, or anxious that we should find much.

13th. Gave a dinner to such persons here as had received me, and in the evening *une soirée dansante*. But in Lent it is difficult to make the Italians dance, especially as the King is very devout and discourages it. However the English kept it up and the Italians looked on. The police have been threatening to take up the young man who ran over Count de Figuelmont, who turns out to be the son of an Italian Duke, and who never had

the courtesy or the humanity to turn back and inquire after the mischief he had done. In the meanwhile the police have shewn their activity in taking up and keeping in prison the coachman who picked the Comte up, and humanely brought him home; and this they have done in order to secure the evidence of said coachman in the matter of the accident! The laws of Naples are most ridiculous in these cases of chance medley. If a man sees another stabbed in the streets, or finds him bleeding to death, if he interferes and calls in a surgeon, he is liable, as well as the surgeon, to a certain fixed time of imprisonment. His right duty is to call in the police surgeon, and him alone, and in the meanwhile the man may bleed to death. The Neapolitan Government is in great alarm on the subject of the threatened war, as the feelings of the country are so decidedly hostile to them, and they expect that in case of war the Austrians may occupy their territory.

14th. To-day at twelve o'clock detonations were heard from Vesuvius, and a small aperture was formed in the centre of the great crater; fire issued with a vast quantity of smoke, and stones were thrown up. This continued all day. Nothing is to be seen from the cone but a great crown of smoke, as the flame is confined to this small aperture, and the stones and fiery matter which are thrown up are not cast high enough to be seen from the exterior.

I dined with Count Stackleberg and a large party. In the evening a *soirée*—very full and dull. Introduced to Mons. le Chevalier de Medicis, a good honest-looking politician, but a bad one; and either he is a stupid man or he despairs of being a successful one, and therefore lets things go on in their old train, which he considers will last his time.

15th. Went to Resira, to the foot of the mountain. Things are going on as yesterday in Vesuvius. Detonations continue to be heard. The aperture is about ten feet over. The guides seem to think that an eruption is preparing. But as yet the decisive symptom—that of the sinking of the water in the wells—has not taken place. An English party at Baiæ to-day report having heard subterraneous noises there while examining the vapour baths. I don't believe the story. Mrs. Townshend went with a party to-day to Pompeii on a forlorn hope in search of her watch which she lost on Tuesday, and *found it* in a corner of the forum civile, where she remembered standing. The King of Naples and all his court went to-day to Castel-a-mare, to see the launch of a brig of war about the size of my yacht. This is a great event in the annals of the Neapolitan Navy, and was celebrated by much clatter, fuss, firing of guns, &c., &c., which by many was believed to be the detonations from Vesuvius.

18th. We went to Caserta, the King of Naples' principal summer palace, about fourteen miles from Naples. The first part of the road lay entirely through the flat country of the plains of Somma, covered with poplars hung with vines, under which are crops of corn and flax. This which is a very rich, and in summer must be a very picturesque country, is also a very unwholesome one, owing to the prevention of the circulation of air by the trees and vines, which form an extensive and impenetrable forest. The uninteresting scene continues until we approach Maddaloni and enter the gorge of the Apennines. The scenery becomes romantic, and the town is finely backed by the ruins of the two Gothic castles which defended it, and guarded the pass through the Apennines to the plain. Winding through the hills the

road turns to the left, and you at once break upon the vast acqueduct which crosses the valley from mountain to mountain, conveying a vast gush of waters twenty-six miles from their fountain-head to the cascades and grounds of Caserta. From thence the water is conveyed fourteen miles further to Naples, through pipes and conduits to the greater part of the inhabitants of that city. The aqueduct consists of three rows of gigantic pointed arches, through which the road leads to Capua.

Turning to the left, the road to Caserta winds up the mountain's side, covered with picturesque olive-woods, until from the summit an immense view opens, limited on the right hand by the mountain of Terracina, the Mola de Gaeta, the whole extent of the Mediterranean and the the plain which it washes, the islands of Prosida, Ischia, Nicida, Capri, &c., Naples, St. Elmo, Vesuvius, and the mountains of Apulia. At your feet is the gigantic mass of the palace of Caserta, the largest royal palace in Europe, except the Escurial; which town, Caserta Vecchia, is in ruins on the hill above it, and the royal silk manufactory beyond. At the foot of the hills you enter a level road, which leads to the palace, a gigantic structure, forming a parallelogram, the front of which is 700 feet long, of bad architecture, there being no breaking into parts, and no prominent centre or portico to break the long extent of stone. Above the principal floor is a miserable row of windows, which degrades the structure. The stables and wing are unfinished still, and the mass of building must of course include a large suite of state apartments; those for attendants and officers absorb so much room and limit the former so much, that it is plain the architect was in league with the royal attendants, and paid more respect

to their accommodation than to those of the sovereign. The centre of this great mass is divided by an immense vaulted corridor, which goes through the whole palace, and lands your carriage at the foot of the grand staircase —thus dividing the palace into two courts, to the right and left of this enormous corridor. The staircase, entirely composed of Sicilian marbles and jaspers, and the finest Italian marbles, is the finest thing in the world of its kind. Ascending by one gigantic flight it separates into two sweeping curves, at length ending in a vast hall, supported by clusters of Corinthian columns, the walls, flooring, &c., all composed of the finest marbles, and the ceiling, as well as that of the staircase, painted in the gaudiest style of Italian fresco, but altogether having a splendid effect. This immense hall, looking more like a cathedral than the apartment of a palace, forms the entrance to all the state apartments.

In daylight, under the sun of an Italian sky, this vestibule is beautiful; but although *one* chandelier hangs from the centre, of a prodigious size, it looks like a speck in the midst of this great space, which can never be lit up; and accordingly wretched wooden posts, like the worst lamp-posts in London, are placed round the vestibule to light the solitary sentry who paces through the marble quarry, and to prevent him from getting the horrors from the sight of the ghosts of the former royal inhabitants. The state rooms are tremendous yawning spaces, ill-furnished, very dark, but high, and with tawdry painted ceilings. Murat lived but little here, and did nothing but decorate one great room by enormous gilt statues of victories and fames, &c., in the worst taste. There are no good pictures. What there are are exclusively royal chases, with Austrian emperors and Bour-

bon kings, in laced clothes and cocked hats, gallantly killing prostrate boars, &c.

There are *two* theatres in the palace. One a very large one, with five rows of boxes, all richly and heavily gilt. The back of the theatre opens upon the great court of the palace, and is thrown open to the air whenever the piece acted requires processions, combats, or great space. The other theatre is a small one, for the young branches of the royal family to amuse themselves with.

From the palace we drove into the grounds, which are in the extremity of bad taste. Immediately fronting the arcade, and about a mile distant, is a long fretted riband of artificial cascade, falling out of a great temple of rough stonework, down a mountain's side, into a large artificial marble basin below, where it is received by marble groups of Actæon, Diana, dogs, and nymphs, who spout it out of their mouths and tails into a lower marble basin, from whence, by a succession of spouting divinities and monsters, it is conveyed into repeated marble canals, surrounded by marble and iron balustrades, where his Majesty, in a little gilt boat, sits in the sun and fishes for eels, which are very fine in these pure waters. On each side of these canals, which thus conducts the imprisoned waters down-hill, are cut hedges and trees of evergreen oak, that long to grow up into avenues and shade, but are kept in due and regular succession by the gardeners' shears. On the top of the mountain, from whence these waters fall in trickling cascades, like those in a London tea-garden, is the King's chase of wild boars, which is very extensive; and on one side of the canal near Diana and Actæon, who thus find themselves all bathing together in a huge marble pond, is a Jardin Anglais, very small, but rather

pretty. The underwood is full of tame pheasants. From Caserta the view is fine of Naples, &c. We return home to Naples direct over the plain—Vesuvius as before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A visit to the Studios—Pompeiian Relics—Extraordinary Statues—Ascent of Vesuvius—A French Suicide—Edge of the Crater—Appearance of the Volcano—A False Alarm—Signor Monticelli—The Archbishop of Tarentum and his Cats—Private Apartment in the Studio—Religious Observances.

MARCH 20TH. In the mornings I visit the studio containing the museum, and two or three churches. Some of the statues fine. The Toro Farnese disappoints me. The group is confused and the figures clumsy. The bull only is entirely ancient. Amongst the articles recovered from ancient times is an immense water-cask, like those now used in brew-houses, of bronze, found in Tiberius's bath, in the island of Capri. The cock is of bronze, and unimpaired; the pipes communicating with it at both ends are of iron, and of course corroded in the bronze. Thus the water confined in the cock between the pipes still remains there as in the days of Tiberius, and on moving the cock you hear this ancient fluid wash about and gurgle in its receptacle. The articles recovered from Pompeii present every variety of utensil now used in kitchen, parlour, hall, and dressing-closet. The surgeons' instruments shew how strong the principles of

modern surgery were acted upon in the days of Titus, and how nearly the ancient forms of the instruments then used resemble those in modern use. They are, however, all of copper, brass, and bronze, tempered as we now cannot temper those metals, but even at the best exhibiting a barbarous mode of operating. Instruments for the extraction of the fœtus as now used; articles of luxury now lost to us, but of beautiful patterns; lamps with sliding-rods, capable of being either lengthened or shortened; urns for domestic purposes, with handles of *elastic bronze* forming part of the vase, and shutting down upon them; folding-stools like fishing-chairs, of beautiful bronze patterns and workmanship; urns for heating liquors and water, like our tea-urns, with a placé for the heater in the centre; and, above all, a small portable kitchen, calculated for a pic-nic or a family dinner, roasting, boiling, and stewing by one fire, of beautiful workmanship, proportions, and utility, shewing the greatest attention to comfort as well as to luxury; *loaded* as well as fair dice; arms, &c., &c. Many rooms are filled with a collection of the most magnificent Etruscan, Sicilian, and Grecian vases in the world. Two great court-yards are filled with *litter* and fragments, unappropriated and unfitted together, but forming enough of themselves for a splendid museum.

The Jesuits' church is magnificent, but the paintings bad. Marbles, and jaspers, and lapis lazuli, with gilding, abound and glitter everywhere. St. Januarius has a splendid church, and its treasury once was equalled only by that of Loretto, and is now the richest in Catholic Europe. But the splendid pavements are bespattered by beggars and filth of all descriptions. The French, when masters here, profaned the churches, making barracks of them, and stole the lead and copper from the roofs. These have not been restored, and the

splendid gildings and frescoes are fast decaying from the effects of the rain.

In the chapel belonging to the Palazzo del Principi at San Severo, are the celebrated statues of Modesty, the Man of Sin delivered out of the Net of Wickedness, and the Veiled Saviour taken down from the Cross. The chapel is dark, damp, ruined by earthquakes, and desolate. The figure of Modesty is of a woman, closely covered from head to foot in drapery, but that drapery so transparent as to betray every form, limb, and vein; and "Modesty" is only, in fact, the figure of a naked woman in a bathing-dress, which sits close to her in every part. The workmanship is beautiful. The next is a man struggling to extricate himself from a net which covers him, and is twisted round him in every part. The whole is of white marble, and of one piece. The manner in which the body is sculptured under the net, which stands out in parts from it, and is apparently independent of it, but of the same piece of marble, is wonderful. But the finest work of art is the veiled Saviour, lying on a bed as he just descended from the cross, and covered with a linen veil. The whole figure is covered up, but the veil sits close upon it, as though clammy with the damp of death, and forms really the most extraordinary work of art ever witnessed.

21st. Finding that the symptoms of volcanic process were daily increasing within the mountain, although only visible from without in the shape of daily augmenting smoke, I determined to ascend the mountain. I drove to Resina in my carriage, there ascended a mule and rode to the Hermitage, romantically situated in a grove of fine elms and chestnuts, within two miles of the foot of the cone. We passed over some ancient and some more modern lavas—the former bearing the vines which furnish the wine called the Lachrymæ Christi—

none compact, like those of Etna, but more porous, and decomposing, so as to commence to bear vegetation in about nine years. Here we rested, and here we first heard the detonations of the mountain, sounding like a loud but heavy salute of large cannon. At the Hermitage is a guard of gens-d'armes stationed, three of whom attends every party which goes up the mountain, and remains with it during its stay there; for, three years ago, a party of strangers was robbed; and the woods and roads that skirt the lower region of the mountain are not of good repute.

The view of the smoke as we approached the Hermitage was beautiful, and got more so every moment. Immense *bales* of smoke, like cotton, rose bale above bale—some of bright pink, some a beautiful buff, some of the most splendid white, and others of the deepest black, rose in succession from the crater, and, there being no wind to disperse them, mixed in the blue sky and rolled over and over each other in the most splendid majesty. It is necessary to premise, that Vesuvius is no longer what it used to be—a pointed mountain, with a chimney at the top, always emitting a curling smoke, and sometimes fire, from its apex. The last eruption, in 1822, cut off the pointed summit of the mountain, so as to bring it to a level with its parent and neighbour, Somma, with a crater of about 800 feet deep and two miles round, thus making the remainder of the cone a hollow nutshell. Since 1822 it had scarcely emitted even the smallest portion of smoke, and philosophers had began to shake their heads and to regard Vesuvius as an extinct volcano. People went up and saw its desolate and craggy crater, and came down lamenting its extinguished fires, which gave it so much interest.

On the 14th of March the mountain began to show symptoms of existing life and returning animation; and

the guides, who sorely felt the loss of their former gains, hailed with delight the news, which they instantly spread over Naples, and transmitted to the King, that a small fissure had opened in the centre of the great crater, from which fire was beginning to show itself. At first it had the appearance of a gipsey fire in the bottom of a great gravel pit, so small was the flame compared with the scenery around. But some scoriæ were thrown up; and when the wind blew the smoke away, a boiling of liquid matter was distinguishable within the fissure. Slight detonations succeeded each other with a noise compared by those who heard it to the dash of a heavy surf upon a pebbly shore. The scoriæ were thrown up about fifty feet; and the fissure was about ten feet in width. But the experienced guides still doubted an eruption, because the wells remained full at Resina as before, and those occasional effervescences of the mountain, said not to be of unfrequent recurrence, terminating after a few days continuance.

But when I ascended things had changed. The detonations were louder, and the symptoms and appearances of the smoke denoted much increasing action of fire.

From the Hermitage, as we proceeded to the foot of the cone, we passed the small crater at the foot of the mountain, from whence lava issued in 1822, and into which a wretched Frenchman threw himself, for the purpose of self-destruction, that effectually answered, for not a shred or bit of him was ever seen again. My guide was with him not ten minutes before he took the leap. He appeared abstracted and melancholy; but the guide suspected nothing, and finding that he did not mean to go to the summit of the mountain, consigned him to the care of a boy, and left him. The man went

to this crater, at the bottom of which, as through an arch, the lava was flowing in a clear white heat and liquid stream. He presented the boy with three piastres; and, while the brat was staring at this unwonted generosity, and wondering what it meant, the man gave one spring, and never was seen again. The lad said that he was swept in an instant under the arch filled with liquid flame. In the book at the Hermitage he had inscribed his name, and declared his intention of destroying himself. But the monk did not read the entry until the boy came screaming back with the news, which at first was not believed.

At the foot of the cone the mules were left, and the remainder of the ascent was made up an inclined plane, of thirty degrees of inclination, in ashes, which, letting the water half-way up the traveller's leg, slips from under him, and sends him back at least one step out of three. Up this ascent I was carried in a chair, for undertaking it on foot was out of the question. The guides assured me they could do it; and Prince Leopold, the King's brother—a much larger man than myself—had been carried up with perfect success. The men achieved their task, but with immense fatigue, and even with great fatigue to me. The declivity threw the chair upon its back. Had I leant back too I should have performed an unwieldy somersault over the heads of the bearers in the rear. I was, therefore, obliged to sit bolt upright on the edge of the chair, holding on as best I could by the ropes and poles which supported me, unable to help myself, and depending wholly upon my wrists, as, had I let go, I must have turned over inevitably backwards and gone down the mountain's side.

It seems absurd to talk of *my* fatigue, being thus *carried*, instead of being the *carrier*; but, I declare, I never

was before so exhausted, or so near losing my senses and fainting, from exertion. The bearers changed every ten minutes; and although the ashes retired from under their steps, and immense masses rolled thus to the bottom, they at length succeeded, and lodging me upon the edge of the crater, cried out, with a cheer, "Viva Il Signor Duca!"

Il Signor Duca thus cheered and chaired, found himself upon a saddle back of about eighteen inches wide, with the declivity I have mentioned behind, and another of thirty-two degrees of declivity before, leading sheer down into a scene that I will attempt to describe. I was on the edge of the crater. The detonations, as we ascended, let us know what was preparing for us. The sides of the crater are perpendicular, and composed of rocks, scorched, and sublimated into all the varieties of volcanic colouring. In the bottom of this tremendous kettle were three great openings—one much larger than the rest, about forty feet over—and all three vomiting up continually immense jets of flame, liquid lava, and scoriæ. I lay down, as we all did, on the inclined border of this abyss, having a great stone or rock at our feet, called the Devil's Stone, which alone intervened between us and the sheer descent into the fiery gulf.

The throwing up of inflamed matter and scoriæ was incessant. With a second watch I noted the times of their descent, and some of the masses were seven seconds descending. They did not clear the top of the crater. We calculated that they rose about 500 feet. Sometimes the jets of flame were directly upwards, like the finest fireworks, on a scale proportioned to the scene, amongst which the stones and scoriæ appeared like rockets, and descended as they do, bursting as they fell.

Sometimes the fire was thrown out in vast cupolas of flame and melted matter in exact cylindrical form, and of the most splendid colours of all the varieties of flame, from the most splendid white to the deepest blood red. The noise was incessant, and tremendous. It never for one instant ceased. The loudest roaring of the most tempestuous sea against the most iron-bound shore, the most incessant thunder, and the never-ceasing rattle and clang of iron bars shaken together, combined to form the sound, as far as the idea can be given by comparing small things with great, as no sea, no thunder, no mortal forge ever produced noise so appalling; and at every jet of flame the report of thousands of battery cannons, exposed to the heaviest proof, immediately succeeded or accompanied the effort.

The bottom of the crater was gradually filling with lava. When I first scaled the summit about forty-five feet of the bottom of the crater was filled, and whilst I remained it appeared to increase about one-third. As the matter fell and boiled out it immediately cooled and grew black, and each succeeding jet covered the bottom of the crater with a mass of matter, at first of a bright and dazzling fire colour, and the next moment black and rugged. As the flame swept away the lava boiled up from the three vents, and sometimes the whole surface of the fiery lake was in agitation, and heaving in fiery motion.

The heat was strongly felt by us at the top of the crater, and the shaking of the whole mountain so incessant and obvious, that twice our guides became alarmed, and made us shift our ground, for the Devil's Stone tottered, against which our feet rested, and portions of cinders and rock fell into the gulf beneath. The earthquake was so incessant, that in a glass of liquor

held in the hand the surface was in visible tremor. The guides said that, the crater being so thin a shell, it could not long stand the pressure of the momentarily increasing lava; and although they thought that it probably would break out where the mountain was weakest, towards Il Torré del Annunciata and Pompeii, yet they could not answer but that the whole cone might fall in together.

Some of our party wished to descend by ropes into the crater, but the gens-d'armes, summoned by our guides, would not allow it to be done, for no one could tell the thickness of the crust beneath, and the incessant heavings of the ground shewed that, whatever might be its density, it was in constant motion.

The smoke, that issued in tremendous volumes, and which the wind swept away fortunately from us, was beautifully varied in colours. From one of the openings and from one alone, smoke of the brightest and most enchanting blue colour, formed by the muriatic acid, from the other a beautiful buff colour, formed by the sulphuric acid, and a cottony white, ascended in never-ceasing volumes, mixing together in revolving rolls, and backed by the black smoke from the melted lava. Sometimes these masses were too heavy to roll out of the crater, and rolled about within it in every variety of billowy form and colour, and then in an instant the whole would clear away and leave the crater full of flames and fire.

The effect of this scene was at first so awful as to take away all feeling but that of dread, and all recollection save that of the scene before our eyes. It was long before any of us could speak, and longer before we could lay down at ease. We did so, however, and, wrapped up in our cloaks, remained there until eight o'clock at night,

the darkness making the scene more dreadfully beautiful. At length we descended by torchlight. We immediately lost sight of the scene of fire, which was enclosed in the depths of the crater, and the reflection of which could only be seen upon the clouds of smoke and the sky over the mountain; and the change from the scene of active horror to the pale light of the torches which our guides bore before us, and to the quiet moonlight and delicious view of Naples and its glimmering, twinkling, illuminated bay, studded by innumerable lights in the boats of the fishermen, caused a contrast as beautiful, and produced a feeling as soothing as the former scene had been one of horror, and the immediately preceding feelings those of dread and awe. In the course of the night the flames were seen to increase from Naples.

22nd. I drove out to Resina. The detonations of the mountain are much louder, and are to be heard in a very appalling manner in the King's park at Portici. The smoke much greater than yesterday. During last night the fire was seen very plain from Naples, above the mountain. At two o'clock, P.M., an immense column of smoke arose. I had a theodolite ready fixed upon the balcony of my house upon the chiaja, and I immediately took the altitude. The angle subtended was fourteen degrees, of which four constituted the mountain; ten degrees, therefore, remained for the column of smoke. Probably, according to that measurement, the column of smoke was about 9,000 feet above the summit of the mountain.

The springs have not yet failed. The detonations were plainly heard from the mole of Naples. The column of smoke, of white, buff, and black colours, lasted about an hour, gradually rising. The mountain then became comparatively quieter; but in the evening

the stones were seen thrown up about 500 feet above the crater. If so, the crater is filling with lava, and either the mountain must give way, or the lava must find vent somewhere—probably towards Torré del Greco or Annunciata. The stones are to be distinctly seen from my balcony.

23rd. The mountain has not ceased, throwing up stones to the height of 2,000 feet. Most of them fell back into the crater—some on Somma and the Carmelite convent. There are seventeen mouths now, great and small, all of which throw up more or less of flames. The crater is in parts filled up to the height of 400 feet. About two, P.M., arose a column of black smoke, with ashes, to a considerable height —but not so high as the day before. A curious effect was produced to-day by a large mass of rock, which was projected out of the principal mouth, but which the volcano had not sufficient strength to throw clear, it fell in consequence across the aperture. For some time the mountain endeavoured, as if in vain, to get rid of the load, and it was observed that the fire broke out with greater violence through the minor apertures, whilst it was checked in its course through the principal vent. At length, as if indignant at the resistance, the volcano gave a great heave and explosion, and, sending up its intruding companion, shivered it into numberless fragments.

The shower of ashes was in parts very thick. A party going up the mountain saw one pour off a few yards from them, and, exhausted as they were with climbing up the cone, and gasping for breath, they declared their conviction that, had that shower passed over them, a few gulps of its contents in the existing state of their lungs would have suffocated them. It is ridiculous how

people are ready to be deceived when they are prepared to be surprised.

During dinner I received a message from the lodgers in the piano at the top of the house which we inhabit, saying that a crater had broken out on the flank of the mountain towards Torré del Greco, and was burning furiously. We ran out, but could see nothing. At length it occurred to Wilcox that a Russian frigate in the bay lay right in what he called the wake of the mountain, and that the explosion of her eight o'clock gun had been the new volcano which the Druggist saw—and so it turned out.

24th. The volcanic process continues, but not so violent as before. The crater is gradually but slowly filling. There are now seventeen mouths in all. The smoke is no longer composed of the diversities of colour which made it so beautiful. The lava has accumulated in the crater to such a height that the fire is consuming that substance alone, and the smoke is black like that of an iron furnace. The noise is now only the roar of wind and flame, with every now and then an explosion, but not the unremitting clang which we heard. I went out to Resina. The language of all the guides is, that an eruption is preparing, but not begun.

25th. Signor Monticelli, the great naturalist here, says that none of the usual symptoms of a great eruption has yet taken place—the waters have not sunk, &c. He thinks that the present state of ejection will continue for some time before any discharge of lava comes from the side; and as this will probably take place by intervals, he thinks the lava will not acquire that degree of fluidity which would make its pressure against the sides of the crater sufficient to break through. All this is true; but if the lava does not gain fluidity

enough to burst through the mountain, it will gain substance enough to add to the weight upon the fire below, and compress its force. If the fiery action goes on below, it must find vent somewhere, and its force will increase in proportion to the resistance opposed to it. Unless, therefore, the volcanic action ceases, it will find its vent in the flank of the mountain, if it cannot at the top, or it will occasion a severe shock of an earthquake.

Salvatore was with me to-day. He says that much steam and smoke of vapour is appearing out of the sides of the mountain, quite down to the bottom of the cone, in the place where we quitted our mules to ascend, and also on the other side, towards Pompeii. He thinks those are the weakest parts of the mountain, and that there, in one or both those places, the outbreak will take place. The scoriæ and lava as yet thrown out are exactly what are usually ejected. He thinks there will be an eruption, but not yet, and then he expects the mountain will give way.

26th. I went with Dr. Nott to visit the Archbishop of Tarentum, an old man eighty-six years of age, but in perfect possession of all his faculties. He was a very able man, and, during all the revolutionary storms in this kingdom, maintained his situation in Tarentum with firmness and wisdom. His influence was very great, and by it he kept all the ruling, contending powers here in perfect order. He now lives entirely in Naples, with his books and collections. Amongst other things he is very fond of cats, and has two Angola cats, constant companions. While we were in the midst of a scientific discussion one of the cats came up to him, and made a significant mew, when the old man cried out to his chaplain and secretary, who was in the room:

"——!"—calling him by his name—"mon chat vent shier;" upon which, with an obedient start, the reverend secretary ran and opened the window, and let puss out into the balcony.

"Est ce que mon chat fait bien?" demanded the old man.

"Oui, Monsignor, le chat fait tout ce qui est convenable;" whereupon the old gentleman expressed his satisfaction, and resumed his discussion.

He gave me a small print as a token of his regard, which I found in my lodging when I returned. All the Archbishop's servants waited upon me to demand a *buonmano* in consequence! This abominable practice prevails from the King's servants to those of his meanest subjects.

The mountain is gradually getting quiet. Either the action is entirely subsiding, or it is gaining strength for a fresh effort. All the idle English in Rome have made a rush here to see "the volcano," and are just in time to see it *over*. They all go back on Monday *to assist* in the Holy Week. Last year they, after the thorough John Bull fashion, disgusted the Catholics in Rome by bringing sandwiches into the churches, and scattering ham and chicken bones all over the pavement of the Sistine Chapel during Lent, and especially during the celebration of the Holy Week.

27th. I went to the Studii. The pictures miserably bad, and what few good ones there are mixed up with loads of trash. Madame Murat stole a great many of the best. Some of them were stopped, and are in the palace of the Prince of Salerno, the royal palace, &c. The former has, particularly, got some very fine Salvator Rosas.

The police have lately been very foolishly interfering

with people's beards and whiskers, which used in other days to be the symptoms of Carbonarism. To the astonishment of some Neapolitan gentry who sported large whiskers and mustachios, the police waited upon them the other day, and peremptorily ordered them to shave! Some remonstrances were made, but they submitted rather than be sent to prison.

I saw the private department in the Studii — the statue of the "Fawn and Young Man playing on the pipe," the Fawn and Goat beautifully executed; the sarcophagus with the *alto-relievo*, which is engraved by Marc Antonio, most extraordinary, but of such a character as to defy description, and preclude this, even if it were possible; the glass articles from Pompeii—bread, vegetables, conserves, jewellery, the hand of the female skeleton found in Diomedes' house, with a gold ring upon it—part of her skull, with the earring in her ear; cameos, colours out of a colour shop, silver saucepans and culinary implements, bottle of liquid balm found in a tomb, unopened and unanalysed; ornaments in rock crystal, &c. &c.

28th. The mountain is quiet, smoking occasionally, but no flames. The procession of La Santa Madonna della Scala: she is the protectress of all military and naval men. Her image is carried about, followed by all the officers, military and naval, of the garrison; the streets lined with troops, the officers carrying lighted candles, which many of them dashed out, and all looked ashamed and foolish. The procession passed before the palace, and here all the royal family stood in the balcony, with the Cardinal-Archbishop, and received it.

On Holy Thursday the King and Queen wash the feet of twelve old men, representing the twelve Apostles.

I have several times met the Holy Sacrament in the streets, being carried to a sick person. All go down upon their knees; carriages stop, the coachmen kneel on the box, the servant gets down and kneels in the street, the inside passengers kneel in the carriage, if open—if closed, they get out and kneel; all Protestants pull off their hats — of course not kneeling. A man with a bell leads the procession, and persons with lighted candles follow him. Then comes the Sacrament, carried by a priest in full vestments, under a canopy. I saw the procession pass a puppet-show. All the people, who were laughing their hearts out, turned and knelt. Punch and his wife soon stopped their dance; the mover of the puppets came out from under his cover and knelt. The moment all was gone, the noise and the fun recommenced.

Of course we differ from the Catholics *totò cœlo* in their view of the Sacrament; and perhaps the Catholics themselves cannot, in this respect, get rid of the imputation of worshipping the creature instead of the Creator; although, with respect to saints and images, the idea of their *worshipping* them, in our sense of the word, is a thorough vulgar prejudice. But believing, as they do, that the real body and blood of Christ exist in the sacred elements, however we may differ from them in that opinion and belief, we cannot but allow that the reverence which the lowest as well as the highest pay to what they believe to be the actual present God, is exemplary and meritorious.

29th. A report of another earthquake in Ischia, in the same spot with the two last. Some earthquakes have also been felt in Calabria. A rumour is afloat that Solfaterra is more active. I will send out and ascertain the fact. If it be so, there can be no doubt

that some violent effervescence in this volcanic region is going on.

31st. Determined to ascertain the truth of the stories about Solfaterra, and its sympathy with Vesuvius, I went to the former place myself to-day, convinced that had I sent anybody there I should have had five hundred stories brought back. Accordingly I found that there had not been the slightest variation in the proceedings of Solfaterra during all the varieties of Vesuvius, and that precisely the same quantity of steam was elicited from it that I saw whilst Vesuvius was perfectly quiet. We searched in vain amongst the ancient lavas of Solfaterra for the impression of leaves and seaweeds, which Spallanzani mentions as having been found there. Monticelli has never heard of their existence.

Where the great rock of lava which the King told me has been traced to the extinct volcano of Astroni, runs into the sea, on the road to Pozzuoli, either a slight shock of an earthquake, or a landslip from the ruins, has brought down an immense quantity of the face of the mountain. It fell with an immense crash about five nights ago. The galley-slaves are constantly at work there cleaving blocks of lava for building, mending roads, &c. They are now employed in moving the debris. By the fall of these masses of lava a great aqueduct of water hitherto unknown has been laid open, about five feet high and three and a half wide, regularly faced with Roman stucco and arched. There is no water in it, but the bottom of the conduit is incrustrated with carbonate of lime. Where this conduit led to, or where it came from, cannot be ascertained. Perhaps it conveyed some of the mineral waters which abound in the vicinity of Pozzuoli, to some Roman baths or villa, the traces of which are now destroyed. We get some

good minerals amongst the newly broken down lava. This lava, the formation of which antedates all history, is not compact but cinereous, and probably conglomerated with water. The mass forms a cliff of not less than 200 feet high.

END OF VOL. I.

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